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THE

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

EDITED BY

S. B. BRITTAN.

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*New Series.*

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## To the Reader.

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THE Seventh Volume of the "TELEGRAPH PAPERS" is herewith submitted to the Public. To those who are acquainted with the previous volumes of the same Series, no explanation of its character and contents will be needed; and to others it is simply necessary to say that it is made up of the more important articles published by us within the three months ending January, 1855, in our weekly Journal, entitled "THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH"—which articles, being deemed of permanent interest, we have stereotyped in this form convenient for preservation. These articles are for the most part short, and treat on a great variety of subjects, principally relating, however, to the facts and philosophy of those modern phenomena known as "SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS." A COPIOUS INDEX is appended to the Volume, by means of which the transient reader can readily turn to such articles as may be suited to the nature of his inquiries at the time; and the patient investigator who reads the book somewhat in course, will, as we modestly conceive, find in it the MOST FAITHFUL REFLEX THAT IS EXTANT of the

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spiritual developments during the period wherein these papers originated.

The value of the present Volume is enhanced by the addition of over thirty pages of ORIGINAL POETRY, under the title of HYMNS OF THE INNER LIFE, dictated from the Spirit-World through the mediumship of Rev. T. L. HARRIS. To those who are acquainted with the magnificent productions which have come in a similar manner through the same channel, no commendation of these Spirit-effusions will of course be needed from us. In view of these various attractive and useful features of our volume, we confidently offer it, with its predecessors of the Series, as a suitable candidate for a place in the library of every intelligent Spiritualist.

PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN.

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# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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## POSITIVE AND SPECULATIVE KNOWLEDGE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONGREGATION ASSEMBLED IN DOD WORTH'S ACADEMY, ON SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 30, 1854.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

THERE are two sorts of knowledge in the world. *Positive* knowledge, or that which is certainly ascertained and known, and *Speculative* knowledge, or that which is merely hypothetical and conjectural. All human knowledge, of whatsoever kind, belongs to one or the other of these classes—is either certain knowledge or theoretical knowledge. It is very true that what man knows, including both positive and speculative knowledge, bears no relation to that which he does not know, just as a point bears no relation to infinite space, or time no relation to eternity. His knowledge is but a single ray of that light which fills the universe; and his brain no more comprehends all knowledge than his eye takes in all the light. We don't, therefore, mean to class theoretical knowledge with utter ignorance; for it is consistent with, and frequently the offspring of, a high degree of learning and philosophy. But it is that species of knowledge which rests in theory, hypothesis, or conjecture, and is, of course, dubious, contingent, doubtful, and

immutable; whereas positive knowledge is fixed and determinate, and admits of no cavil, doubt, or mutability. The one is the cognizance, memory, sensational perception, and intellectual apprehension of the economy and laws of the varied phenomena of the universe, while the other is only the *supposititious explanations* of those phenomena. Speculative knowledge supplies the place of positive knowledge when and where we have not yet reduced, or are unable to reduce, phenomena and their explanation to the positive degree; and, as I shall by-and-by show, it often *usurps* the place of positive knowledge, even long after the subjects and phenomena it undertakes to explain have been studied and reduced to the positive grade. Theoretical knowledge often aids and assists the philosophic investigator in ascertaining the true laws and science by which any phenomenon, or class of phenomena, are governed. It invariably precedes positive knowledge, which comes after it and affirms it, or repudiates and overthrows it. Its nature is always provisionary and temporary, while positive knowledge is invariable and eternal. For instance, that the earth is many thousands of thousands of years old is positive knowledge, attested by the records of the "Great Stone Book," or the discoveries in the science of geology; but that it is only five or six thousand years old, according to the Mosaic account, or the Jewish cosmology, is merely conjectural knowledge. That thunder and lightning are meteoric, and that they are occasioned by an electrical discharge consequent upon the proximity or contact of positively and negatively charged clouds, is positive knowledge; but that the lightning is the flash of Jupiter's anger, and that he did the thundering, is speculative knowledge. That Christ lived and was a very upright and self-sacrificing man, is positive knowledge; but that he was God himself is highly conjectural and hypothetic. That a man lives a man in the spiritual world, after physical dissolution, is

now positive knowledge ; but that his soul goes millions of miles to a place called heaven, or as far in the opposite direction to a place called hell, is extremely dubious and theoretical. Positive knowledge includes all the facts of history, the phenomena of the universe, and the scientific exposition of the laws and principles which regulate and govern them. All the ascertained facts, laws, and principles of the various sciences, such as astronomy, geology, mineralogy, meteorology, numbers, mensuration, natural history, archæology, anatomy, psychology, phrenology, physiology, pathology, sociology, agriculture, chemistry, mechanics, etc., belong to the realm of positive knowledge ; while speculative knowledge includes all the various theories, systems, and hypotheses invented or projected by the human mind to explain that which is yet unknown or unknowable in the various sciences and branches of human inquiry, including all religious systems and speculative articles of faith—all mythology, tradition, prophecy, theology, astrology, theurgy, demonology, apocrypha, etc.

But why is it that men *will* invent hypotheses and project systems and theories, which they afterward worship, to elucidate and explain problems that arise in their minds, and facts and phenomena that surround them, instead of carefully studying and analyzing them, and ascertaining their laws and principles—their science—as they go along ? Why are they not contented with the slow process of analytic and inductive investigation, instead of guessing and transcendentalizing ? 'Twere surely better to know *certainly* all that can be known in the premises, than to rely upon vague and doubtful conjectures.

The investigation and explanation of the wonders by which man is surrounded, and the laws of his being, his origin, and destiny, is a characteristic of his nature. He is endowed with powers and faculties to be used and exercised upon the explanation and resolution of the phenomena by which he is sur-

rounded. These faculties impel him to the use of them. He has an inherent curiosity to know the truth concerning every thing that meets his eye or arises in his mind. He instinctively seeks to solve the problems of existence presented to him, and is restive and unhappy until he has determined the matter in some way. His native curiosity and thirst for knowledge incessantly prompt him to investigate and analyze, to study and explain the wonders that surround him. It is no mere play or recreation of his faculties, but a normal exercise and want of his nature. It is a necessity of his being—a constitutional law of his life. Philosophy, then, which is but the explanation of the phenomena of the universe, is inherent in the nature of man. Hence, every people, nation, and tribe have their philosophy—their explanation of the universe and its phenomena—their origin and destiny. They have their myths, traditions, and speculations as to their own creation, purpose, and destiny, and as to the Agent or Agencies that created and overrule all mundane things. They have their theology, their systems of religious faith, their astrology, demonology, supernaturalism, etc. Hence, philosophy, in some crude form, marks the history of every people, however rude and ignorant, as it marks the history of the most cultivated and intelligent. When any thing extraordinary meets the eye of man he is at once impelled to seek for the explanation of it; and if he is sufficiently developed to analyze it scientifically, he discovers the law which produced and governs it, and his knowledge touching it becomes positive. It is no longer a mystery or wonder; it is no longer dubious, conjectural, and contingent. He sees through it, comprehends its cause, and is assured that the same law, circumstances, and conditions will always produce the same or similar phenomena; and he can accordingly always calculate upon it, and order his conduct and adapt his aims in accordance with it. But, on the other

hand, if he does not use his faculties to this end, or if he is not sufficiently developed to study it inductively and scientifically, but is ignorant, and, of course, credulous and simple, he refers it to some supernaturalism, or accepts some hypothetical or mythological account of it, and, acting and believing accordingly, leaves it in the domain of speculative knowledge. For instance, when the former sees the lightning flash and hears the thunder roar, he sets to work to investigate the cause of these phenomena, and to ascertain and fix the laws and conditions by which they are governed and controlled. He institutes inductions, makes observations, tries experiments, marks the attendant peculiarities, finds out the accompanying phenomena, determines what conditions are necessary and what unnecessary, and follows up his inquiry step by step, until he learns thoroughly all the laws, principles, properties, conditions, and results of the phenomena, and reduces them to a familiar science, which enables himself with a rod or wand to control their fiery and terror-striking manifestations! While the latter, when he observes them, is struck with awe and terror. He ascribes them to some restless and angry demon, or to some occult and inscrutable cause, known only to God. He knows from experience that it can strike him instantly dead, and to propitiate the anger of the demon, as he knows his own anger is appeased by sacrifices and presents, he prays to it and offers up to it his ox, or his slave, or his enemy, or his child as a sacrifice! Our age and nation is by no means generally developed up to that point where positive knowledge supersedes and dissipates speculative knowledge on all subjects and phenomena relating to our well-being and destiny; more, perhaps, for the reason that the disciples of the ancient supernaturalism and speculative expositions still extant among us connive at or ignore the positive teachings of modern science on all those subjects. Our modern priesthood, upon precisely the same

principle, and from precisely the same motive that the ancient supernaturalist sought to appease the demon of thunders, still prays in times of drought for rain, and in times of storm and rain for fair weather, to the Power which they conceive directly superintends and capriciously interferes with those meteoric phenomena, disregarding or ignoring the established laws and conditions under and by which they are produced. Wherein is the difference? Both proceed upon a speculative or conjectural explanation of those phenomena, while there is a science fully disclosing their *rationale*, and developing the laws and conditions under and by virtue of which they are invariably produced.

The positivist claims that all phenomena are the product of and governed by law; that the Omnipotent Power of the universe works only by and through law, in the minutest as well as the grandest things; that each single thing is constitutionally impressed with the laws of its existence which govern and control it in every period of its history; that those laws are never suspended or contradicted; that they are the will of God, eternal, unchangeable, and omnipotent. Those laws which obtain in the various departments of Nature, and of human knowledge and inquiry, he classifies and embodies in the various sciences. For instance, the laws and conditions which characterize, govern, and control the heavenly bodies he calls astronomical law; the laws and conditions which regulate and control the functions of his physical economy he styles physiological laws; the laws and conditions which regulate and govern fluids and gases he styles chemical law, and so on through all the sciences. But all these laws in their totality he denominates the "*Laws of Nature*." The present advanced state of the sciences, or, what is the same thing, our present knowledge of those laws of Nature, and the conditions under which they operate, is the result of long centuries of continual inquiry

and patient observation. It has accumulated upon us by the slow additions of ages. It is a growth as our globe is, and has passed through various stages of development. The unfailing regularity and uniformity with which those laws have been hitherto observed to act, whenever known in the various departments of Nature, gives the positivist the calm assurance that *all* the laws of Nature yet undiscovered and unknown to him are alike uniform and immutable. In fact, he has an intuitive perception or instinct that such is the case, and hence the idea of caprice, or chance, or contingency is wholly excluded from the universe. The positivist, or man of science, can not, therefore, admit any supernaturalism, or any agency outside of and above the established order, and independent of it, which capriciously interferes with it to suspend, contradict, or change its regular movement and operation. He sees only that the Supreme Intelligence or Power of the universe has expressed itself in this order, and works only in, by, and through its multitudinous harmonic laws. He denies that the Author of all this display of wisdom and love ever changes his programme in the minutest particular, and whimsically interposes to abolish his divine order, and substitute new ones as occasion requires. His will is as invariably displayed in the mote in the sunbeam as in the rolling of the globes through space—as changeless and eternal in the crucible of the chemist as in the decrees of the celestial heavens! The laws of Nature, as disclosed to us in all the sciences, are the outer expressions of the eternal harmonies of the Divine Mind—the great and infallible revelation of God to man, by the obedience to which “Scheme of Salvation,” and in no other way, is he saved with an everlasting salvation! There is no coming at the divine favor by any other means than by the study and understanding of these laws, in all that concerns our life and happiness, and bringing ourselves into harmony with them. Science is in-

trinsically hostile to all special Providences, and declares that God interposes on no occasion, and answers no prayers or petitions, but in a scientific way—but through the order he has established. When that order is discovered—when we extend our knowledge of the laws of Nature in all the different spheres and departments that concerns our lives and happiness, we can not only rely upon them with absolute certainty, feeling assured that they will never, like the laws and institutions of men, be abolished, changed, or superseded; but we could then avoid all the million-fold woes that arise from our ignorance of them; for all the misery in the world arises from man's ignorance of and disobedience to these laws. The ills of humanity, of all kinds, and everywhere, must be cured by removing the causes of them—by learning and obeying these laws. In other words, the world is redeemed and saved by *science*, and not by Holy Scriptures, and churches, and prayers, and penance, and peace-offerings. It is redeemed by *facts*, and not by theories and conjectures. Science is the ultimate, the external of the divine spiritual order, and that which we have to do with on earth to attain harmony and happiness, and the wider we extend the sphere of science, or, in other words, the more minute, particular, and perfect our knowledge of the various laws of Nature in its several departments becomes, the more we qualify and enable ourselves to live the harmonic life. Every thing has its science or system and economy of law, from the growth of a potato to the growth of a solar system, and all is patent for the observation and study of man. By the study of chemical law he learns the constituents of the various substances, solids, fluids, and gases which compose the bodies of things, the air and the elements, and how to test, decompose, and combine them to his advantage. By the study of meteoric law he learns how the winds, the tides, the rains, the storms, the drouths, the atmospheres, and the tempera-



tures are regulated. By the study of agricultural law he learns how the barren places are made luxuriant, how the soil is made to yield abundantly the best kind of all the life-sustaining productions, and all the luxuries of earth. By the study of physiological law he learns how to correct and prevent all functional derangements, and how to preserve the physical organization in its harmony and integrity. By the study of health-law he learns how to avoid sickness, contagion, and epidemics. And so forth of all the other sciences, to say nothing of the moral and spiritual effect of all this study and knowledge. The positivist is hence assured that the beneficent God of the universe, having eternally established this order, answers no prayers or petitions but in, by, and through it.

The supernaturalist or speculatist, on the other hand, accepts or contents himself with vague theories and conjectures as to the why and wherefore of the appearance of any extraordinary phenomena; and against most of the positive revelations of science sets up a fantastic creed or religious myth, and believes that God interposes when asked, and breaks through and troubles the harmony and uniformity of his established order to remedy especial cases, which, from caprice, he may choose to care for, and which his primordial law did not reach! Thus we find him in times of drouth praying for rain, and in times of rain and storm praying for fair weather. Whereas, if he understood meteoric law, he might as well pray for snow to fall in summer, or the sun to rise at midnight! We hear them praying for fruitful harvests and abundant seasons, ignoring or disregarding the fact that they altogether depend upon the scientific knowledge and the industry of the husbandman, without which they might as well pray for God to carry the grist to mill and bring it home again! We hear them imploring God to avert his anger from them, and stay the cholera, the yellow fever, and other epidemics, while if they

bore in mind that they were the results of violated health laws and conditions, and that the dark and pestilential alleys, the miasmatic marshes and swamps, meteoric derangement, and the filthy and leprous food and habits of the people were still unheeded, they might as well pray to be delivered from death after swallowing prussic acid. How often do we see the priest stand over the plague-stricken victim and implore God to interpose and save his life, while if he was acquainted with the health laws and conditions that immutably govern the result, and by and through which God speaks, he might as well pray for the African's skin to turn white or the leopard's spots to change !

Modern Spiritualism differs little herein from ancient supernaturalism, when tried by the test of positive knowledge or the light of science. They both proceed upon the same principle, repudiating the immutability and invariableness of natural law, and regarding Nature as the domain whereon the Gods or God display their arbitrary power and caprice. For instance, the Egyptian priests and astronomers, observing the periodical appearance of a flaming star over the source of the Nile, just preceding the rainy season, gave it the symbolic name of the Dog Star, and believed that it was the messenger sent by the gods to herald the coming inundation, and celebrated it accordingly. Observing that during the spring or germinating season the constellation Taurus, or the Bull, was in the ascendant, they conceived that that constellation, or the deity or the principle of which it was but the exponent, was connected with and presided over the fecundity of the earth, and they accordingly sought its favor by sacrifices and prayers, just as thousands of years afterward our modern supernaturalists pray for rain, fruitful seasons, and abundant harvests ! Observing that during the hot and sultry season the constellation of the Scorpion was in the ascendant, they conceived that it was con-

nected with the dearth and sterility of the humid season, and that its malignant influence and hot and poisonous breath parched and withered up the green earth, and bred plague, pestilence, and death, and they accordingly prayed and sacrificed to it to appease its anger and avert its malevolent influence from the earth, precisely as our modern supernaturalists do now pray that God may stay the cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, etc. We might trace the same supernaturalistic ideas and worship from Egypt to Greece, and throughout the Greek mythology (which is nothing but a vast, ingeniously interwoven and complicated system of supernaturalism), and show not only the analogy between the faith and worship of the ancient Greeks and the modern orthodox churches in a scientific point of view, but their obvious identity of principle. We might show that the prayers and sacrifices that then went up to the goddess Ceres for abundant harvests and fruits were the same that are now offered up for the like blessings, involving precisely the same supernaturalistic principle; that the prayers offered up to Neptune for successful voyages, or during marine disasters, were the same that are now made by the orthodox for the safety of the seafarers and during storm and shipwreck; that the prayers offered to Æsculapius for health during the prevalence of plague were the same which are now offered up to avert the cholera and yellow fever; and that the prayers offered up to Janus for the triumph of their battles were the same prayers that the English clergy are now (this very day) offering up for the success of their arms against the Russians! They alike contradict and overrule the established order, and affirm an agent or agencies above it, and independent of it, who arbitrarily interpose as caprice and interest may dictate, and, of course, will be always hostile to and opposed by the positive revelations of science. While the positivist claims that God answers no prayers but through his appointed means of established law;

that he answers the mariner's prayer for a safe and prosperous voyage only through a stoutly-built barque, a well-rigged sail, a good compass, and skillful seaman; that He answers the husbandman's prayer for plenteous harvest only through his plow-handles, his harrows, his scythes, his rakes, his pitch-forks, his hoes, and his muck-piles; and that he answers the invalid's prayer for health only through the health-laws he has established. He believes in no Signior-Blitz-way of securing the Divine favor. His litany is of a vastly different sort. He believes that by the study and knowledge of God's will, as revealed to him by science, or in the harmonic laws of his universe, and the use of the means he has placed in his power, blessings will come without any further prayer; and unless he so obeys his laws, and uses these "*means of grace*," curses will come, though the earth be made vocal with prayers, and psalms, and hymns!

During the early history of the race the world was immersed in speculative knowledge. The people, ignorant and credulous, explained the phenomena of Nature by wild conjectures and fantastic and absurd theories. Corresponding to the period of infancy, the inquisitive and imaginative faculties were predominant, and almost every explanation that was given them, or was suggested to their infantile fancy, was received as the truth. These explanations were elaborated into theological and religious systems; and although the vicissitudes of time have carried them through many mutations and transmutations, their myths have traced on to our times, and the prayers offered up on the banks of the Nile, thousands of years ago, for rain and for plenty, are substantially the same in principle as those offered up to-day at Trinity church! This was the *supernatural or imaginative* era. But afterward, when the wit of man became more developed, other faculties came into play, and they subtilized the phenomena and their explanations, and at-

tempted to look into the *essential properties*—the *abstract entities* of things ; and still credulous, they immersed the world in metaphysical jargon. This was the *abstract or metaphysical* era. Still, as the world grew and men developed, other faculties were brought into use, and science was born. They then began to study, discover, and examine the laws which regulated these phenomena. This was the dawning of the *positive* era. Auguste Comte, the “Bacon of the Nineteenth Century,” who has studied the intellectual history of the world more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other man, claims to have discovered a fundamental law of this intellectual growth, which he calls “*The Law of Mental Evolution*,” and as it has a direct bearing upon our subject, we will state it. He says :

“Every branch of knowledge passes successively through three stages First—the *supernatural* or fictitious ; second—the *metaphysical* or abstract ; third—the *positive* or scientific. The first is the necessary point of departure by human intelligence ; the second is merely a stage of transition from the supernatural to the positive ; and the third is the fixed and definite condition, in which knowledge is alone capable of progressive development.

“In the attempt made by man to explain the varied phenomena of the universe, history reveals to us, therefore, three distinct and characteristic stages—the *theological*, the *metaphysical*, and the *positive*. In the first, man explains phenomena by some fanciful conception, suggested in the analogies of his own consciousness ; in the second, he explains phenomena by some *à priori* conception of inherent or superadded entities, suggested in the constancy observable in phenomena, which constancy leads him to suspect that they are not produced by any *intervention* on the part of any external being, but are owing to the nature of the things themselves ; in the third, he explains phenomena by adhering solely to these constancies of suggestion and coëxistence, ascertained inductively, and recognized as the *Laws of Nature*. Consequently, in the *theological* stage, Nature is regarded as the theater whereon the arbitrary wills and momentary caprices of superior powers play their varying and variable parts. In the *metaphysical* stage the notion of capricious divinities is replaced by that of *abstract entities*, whose modes

of action are, however, invariable. In the *positive stage* the invariableness of phenomena, under similar conditions, is recognized as the sum total of human investigation, and beyond the laws which regulate phenomena it is considered idle to penetrate.

"Although every branch of knowledge must pass through these three stages in obedience to the law of evolution, nevertheless the process is not strictly chronological. Some sciences are more rapid in their evolutions than others; some individuals pass through these evolutions more quickly than others; so, also, of nations. The present intellectual anarchy results from that difference—some sciences being in the *positive*, some in the *supernatural* or *theologic*, and some in the *metaphysical stage*; and this is further to be subdivided into individual differences; for in a science which, on the whole, may be admitted as being *positive*, there will be found some cultivators still in the *metaphysical stage*."

I see no reason to doubt this law of mental evolution. It is not inconsistent with the division I make of knowledge into positive and speculative, or theoretical; because the metaphysical or abstract stage of Comte is obviously included in the speculative division. It rests, like all other speculative knowledge, in theory and conjecture, nor can it ever be reduced to the positive grade, the abstract entities of things being beyond the reach of the human intellect.

Every man of thought, who is able clearly to trace the history of his own intellectual unfolding, from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, will see in himself a demonstration of this law of "mental evolution;" for the history of the individual is but the miniature-type of the race, as the hour is but the miniature-type of the day. He can recollect the various stages or planes of development, and what his thoughts and motives were; what his states of mind; what his purposes, ends, and aims; his hopes and fears, while passing through each. During the ignorance and credulity of childhood, when all was wonder and mystery, his proverbial inquisitiveness was satisfied with any explanation, however wild and fantastic, of the many wonderful phenomena that surrounded him. If

he is told or left to his own cogitations and conjectures, he ascribes them to the immediate agency of supernal powers; and, unable to trace connection and law in their manifestations, he believes that they are nothing but the displays of the arbitrary wills, caprices, and passions of a variety of deities or demons; then, finding in the analogies of his own nature the correspondent of these wills and passions, and believing that they have power to curse and destroy, or bless and preserve him, he seeks to avert their anger and secure their favor by gifts, presents, sacrifices, prayers, penance, etc. Hence, his earliest philosophy is a theology. He believes that God, or the gods, especially preside over and directly produce all the apparently diverse phenomena of Nature, and he prays to him or them for rain in dry weather, health in sickness, plenty in scarcity, and for immunity from all manner of impending ill. The super-terrene and invisible character of these powers carries his imagination into the realm above, and he employs it in the creation and projection of a celestial economy, and peoples it with millions of fantastic hierarchies and orders, of which the antetypes are found on the earth around him! This is the history of the early years of every man of thought. His youth and early manhood are, however, marked by a different characteristic. He is then intent upon explaining every thing, not according to their law (for he has not yet reached that plane), but according to their *essential properties*. He becomes subtle and metaphysical, and tries to penetrate the causes and essences of phenomena, and searches for abstract entities, perpetual motions, universal solvents, elixirs of life, philosopher's stone, etc. But the progressive unfolding of his faculties brings him on to a still higher plane of intellectual development, and he begins to comprehend that phenomena and their succession are regulated by *unfailing principles*. He then employs his talent and genius in ascertaining those principles,

recognizing their knowledge and operation in all the various departments of inquiry, as the ultimate and sum total of human investigations. The theology or demonology of his childhood, and the abstractions or metaphysics of his youth and early manhood, are then replaced by the soul-satisfying apprehension of a God of order, and the uniformity and harmony of his law-governed universe!

These three stages or degrees in the mental unfolding of the individual are conspicuous in the history of the race. The early ages were theological ages, in which the gods or superterrestrial powers were plenty, and figured largely in all phenomena of the universe, and in all the affairs of nations, tribes, and men. They were the times in which originated the manifold theological systems, religious myths and traditions, many of which, undergoing the mutations and changes which all speculative ideas necessarily undergo with the changes of conditions, climates, people, habits, customs, and laws, have come down to our times; and are still respectable and orthodox in the middle of the nineteenth century! Then the succeeding ages were metaphysical ages; wherein men embarked their wits in the search for abstract entities, and bewildered learning and knowledge in metaphysical fogs and labyrinths, and filled the world with scholastic subtilities. Finally, the positive age broke upon us, and introduced into the world universal science, which reduces all phenomena to immutable law and order. Not that every nation, tongue, and people have advanced regularly in this order; by no means. Some nations and people have advanced faster than others; and some classes and individuals have advanced more rapidly than their nation or people. Galileo and his disciples, for instance, had reached the positive degree, while his nation was yet in the theological stage. Some nations, classes, or individuals may have been passing through the metaphysical stage, while others were yet



in the theological, and others in the positive ; just, perhaps, as we find it at this day. But the *general* progressive development of the race has observed this order, and those who are at all conversant with history will recognize the fact at once.

For the last half century there has been an accumulation of scientific knowledge far beyond any thing of the kind in the past. There has been an advance in that species of knowledge which is certain, definite, and fixed, and which is the basis of all true progress and greatness, beyond any previous period. The modern philosopher, by confining his investigations to the laws which govern and control phenomena to the discovery and application of those *principles* that run through them, instead of idly conjecturing explanations, or vainly attempting to penetrate their "*real issues*," has immensely enlarged the circle of positive knowledge. He has, in the various sciences, which are but transcripts or classifications of natural phenomena, mapped out the unerring laws of their existence, and shed floods of light upon their uses, designs, and operations. Human inquiry has at last been turned in the right direction, and its legitimate object ascertained, namely, the discovery of the inherent laws of the multifarious phenomena of the universe. So in this age, every thing, no matter how sacred or profane, no matter whether temporal or spiritual, civil or ecclesiastical, and no matter how tremendous or unimportant the issues they involve, has been submitted to the test of scientific criticism and analysis, and their foundations in the laws of Nature, so far as the powers and appliances of man and their results are yet developed, have been definitely ascertained. The various systems and theories in religion, morality, politics, sociology, government, etc., originating in the theological and metaphysical ages, are fast giving way to *principles*, or the revelation of the inherent and eternal laws of things principally impressed upon them by their unchangeable Creator. The

vast additions made to positive knowledge within the last half century have dissipated the wonders and mysteries that heretofore hung over many subjects and phenomena, and dispelled the fears, and dreams, and delusions of the credulous supernaturalist. Science has arisen like a great sun upon the darkness of former ages, and the ghosts and hobgoblins of speculative belief at its dawn have hied them away to their congenial darkness, among classes and individuals yet in the theologic stage of development. What havoc it has made with old systems of cosmology, astronomy, ethnology, archæology, anthropology, astrology, mythology, and, indeed, with all supernaturalistic theories! What libraries of monkish superstition, dogmatic religion and theology, and scholastic subtleties it has quietly consigned to the silent Lethe of oblivion! Every kind of knowledge that still rests in speculation, theory, or conjecture is now regarded, as it ought to be, with suspicion and distrust, and is losing caste and consequence in the world. It has not the tremendous hold that it used to have on the minds of men. The spirit of the age tends strongly to scientific demonstration. Its great want is "stubborn facts," their analysis and scientific principles. A theory now, unless it is speedily followed up by facts and demonstrations, can not long humbug the people. Among the scientific and philosophic everywhere, there is now a pervading assurance that all things, from the least to the greatest, from the archangel of the celestial heavens to the grain of sand on the ocean shore, have their science or immutable law, expressing the divine will in each. And this assurance inspires in them a holy confidence in the permanency, constancy, and harmony of the divine economy. It excludes the idea of caprice and contingency from the universe, and assures us of a God of love and wisdom, of order and harmony, who adorably works out his eternal ends through eternal laws! and it proves that a God only of discord, of con-

tradition, and miracle—of wild impulse, lawless whim, and selfishness, can answer the impulsive, partial, and selfish prayers and petitions of tens of thousands of supernaturalist devotees!

But the realm of speculative knowledge is not confined exclusively to the conjectural explanations of theological problems, religious enigmas, and the mysteries of our origin, destiny, and final weal or woe. It obtains more or less in all the sciences, and in every branch of human inquiry and research. We have occupied thus much time and space with the consideration of speculative knowledge in the spheres of religion and theology, because they occupy a corresponding space in the minds of men. The creeds, theological systems, and religious beliefs still professed and preached, are almost exclusively speculative, and belong to the first and earliest stage of mental development. There are few tenets of the orthodox churches that have been authenticated by the positive revelations of science; while vast numbers of them have been completely exploded by them. And what seems to me an inexplicable contradiction in their pretensions, the discoveries of science, which affirm as true some of those tenets, such, for instance, as that man lives a spirit after death, that there is a spirit-world, that spirits good and evil can inflow and inspire mortals, that they communicate with man, etc., they utterly reject and deny. The sums total of speculative knowledge in the realms of theology and religion immensely outnumber and outweigh the conjectural knowledge of man in all other departments of inquiry, and the speculatist is much more tenacious of them than of the systems and theories projected to explain the yet unknown laws of Nature in the various sciences. The reason, perhaps, is, that the former are looked upon as peculiarly God-revealed, infallible, and sacred, while the latter are only the idle excogitations of erring mortals. But

this difference is a pure assumption, a theory devised to explain a problem in some of the every-day sciences, such as physiology, geology, or chemistry, is just as valid and sacred as a theory devised to explain the origin of evil, the immortality of the soul, the life after death, heaven and hell, or any other questions adjudicated by the religious sentiment. There is no available reason for any distinction. Theoretical knowledge is but theoretical knowledge, whether it deal with the divine nature, or with the manner of the growth of a blade of grass : and positive knowledge is positive knowledge, whether it marks with mathematical precision the distant returns of a comet or analyzes the components of a hair. They are broadly demarkated from each other, and more or less pervade every branch of human investigation—although in the theological and religious spheres, as I have before said, they claim almost exclusive sway. In astronomy there are theories to explain the yet unknown cause, laws, and purposes of many astronomical appearances. In geology there are theories to explain the yet unknown problems as to the various changes and formations of the strata of the earth. In chemistry there are theories to explain the yet unknown laws and principles of many wonderful results. In physiology there are theories to explain the yet unknown laws, uses, and purposes of many functional adjustments. In psychology there are theories to explain the yet unknown laws and nature of many mental phenomena. Investigators in the various sciences in tracing out the laws, principles, and conditions which rule and explain their diverse phenomena, when they arrive at a point beyond which they are not yet able to proceed, often eke out the explanation or system by a hypothesis. Whenever there is a hiatus or chasm in their exploration, conjecture comes in, and they bridge it over with a theory. There are many blanks in the sciences that are thus filled up by speculation. These

theories have, like the sects in religion, their disciples and advocates, who war against and oppose each other with much stubborn bigotry and intolerance. But the prudent philosopher is he who carefully marks the point where certain knowledge terminates, and where theorizing begins. The disputed regions he merely regards as *terra incognita*, peopled by the imaginations of the explorers, and holds in abeyance all theories and conjectures, until by induction, observation, and analysis they are either exploded or become scientific verities.

Speculative belief is always and essentially contingent and mutable. It is at best but a mere temporary expedient, to be laid aside when the things it undertakes to explain are scientifically demonstrated. When it comes to speculating, every individual, if left to the free exercise of his own private judgment, in virtue of his very individuality, will conjecture differently. Hence speculative belief is, from its very nature, the source of infinite divergence and interminable discord. Hence it is the theater of manifold contradictions, sectarian zeal, controversies, disputes, and persecutions. It opens a wide field, where every individual who chooses may project a system or theory, and is wholly left to the guidance of his own imagination. It has no landmarks, no compass, no law. It gives us no guarantee or assurance of its continued reasonableness and plausibility, and apparent conformity to nature and law. It may change to-morrow, and next day again. No man is wise who stakes important issues upon it. It lacks that character of permanence and stability which is required to act upon, in the great affairs of life and death. In religious matters, it surpasses an arbitrary and capricious agent or agents, who are daily importuned to work miracles and to make it rain or shine, by the suspension or contradiction of established law. The world has been misled, deluded, and afflicted long enough by it, and now is our time of promise—the morning of a new day!

Speculative knowledge is fast sinking into disrepute, and scientific knowledge ascending the throne. It is extending its empire to all things of man ; for each and all things have their inherent, natural, and spiritual law, which to know and obey is life eternal, but which not to know or to disobey is death. The province of science is to search out those laws and principles, in all the various departments of life, and faithfully chronicle them for our application and observance. The redemption and salvation of the world—the peace, and harmony, and happiness, and final glory of the race, depend upon it. It is the study, the knowledge of and obedience to the outer expressions of the infinite harmonies of the divine love and wisdom—the knowledge of all-enduring and all-saving harmonic law, that will redeem, regenerate, and disenthral the human family. It will never ripen into a glorious and harmonic destiny upon abstract theories. It flourishes with an unequaled greenness, and beauty, and strength upon facts and their scientific principles. They are, in social order, politics, morals, and religion, and in all the relations and conditions of man, the only efficient and permanent basis of his prosperity. The scientific philosopher who investigates and teaches these laws, in every thing that concerns the well-being of the race ; in the sciences and the arts ; in man's material, moral, intellectual, passional, and spiritual relations and concerns, is the true watchman on Zion's walls—is the true evangel of the gospel of the Christ. His prayers will never fail to be answered, for he is a priest after God's own heart—a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec.

*August 13th, 1854.*

## SPIRIT-LOVE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

TELL me, ye who long have threaded  
All the mazes of the heart,  
Are not life and death still wedded,  
Each of each a part?

Once a gentle form before me  
Shed a light around my soul;  
Holy eyes were bending o'er me,  
Music through my spirit stole.  
Once my inmost life was plighted  
Fondly with a saint on earth,  
Like two music-notes united—  
Notes that sever in their birth.

Yet not severed we, though parted,  
Still in truth our souls are one;  
Though on earth the gentle-hearted  
Hath her blessed mission done.  
Still for me in sweet communion  
Lives the form that seemeth dead.  
Love was once our chain of union,  
Still with love our souls are wed.

In the spirit's tranquil vesper,  
When the prayer of love ascends,  
Comes a soft, responsive whisper,  
With my voiceless musing blends;  
Then as earth's dim shadows faintly  
Flit and from mine eyes depart,  
Dwells with me a presence saintly,  
Dove-like folded near my heart.

Tell me, then, ye spirit-seeing,  
Is it truth the angel saith ?  
Is not love the chain of being—  
Love the lord of death !

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TRANCE OF THOMAS SAY.—Thomas Say, a distinguished Quaker and most excellent man, was born in Philadelphia in the year 1709. During his life he had many remarkable spiritual experiences, of which the following is one : During a severe fit of pleurisy, when about seventeen years of age, he fell into a trance, and for several hours was thought by his friends and physician to be dead. He, however, subsequently revived, and related that he had witnessed beatific visions, and heard voices of men, women, and children singing in the most enrapturing strains of praise to God. He mentioned that, during his trance, he had also seen three men die, and related all the circumstances attending their several deaths. Two of those persons being acquaintances of the parties to whom his story was related, they sent immediately to inquire whether they had really died, and under those circumstances. They were found to have actually died at that very time, and every item in the attending circumstances as related by Say was fully confirmed. The third person was a negro belonging to the widow Kearney. Some time after the recovery of Say, the widow K. sent for him to inquire whether he thought that departed Spirits knew one another. He answered her in the affirmative, and then told her he saw her negro mar die while he was in a trance. She asked him, "Where did he die?" He answered, "In the brick kitchen between the jamb of the chimney and the wall, and that when they took him off the bed to lay him on the board, his head slipped out of their hands." This the old lady acknowledged was true. In answer to further inquiries, Say said that they had then laid the negro between the back door and the street door. Mrs. K. said she did not remember that ; but when Say added that they had only laid him there while they swept under the window where they afterward laid him, she said it was all perfectly true. Say described the Spirits of these persons as possessing the perfect human form, though he saw their physical bodies at the same time, the walls being no obstruction to his sight.



## THE SPIRITS AND THE CATHOLICS.

THE *Age of Progress*, Stephen Albro's new and excellent paper, published at Buffalo, N. Y., has the subjoined article under the editorial head. The Spirits *will* have their own way in defiance of Papal edicts. They have taken the great "beast" of Rome by the horns, and they will not let him go. When he does escape—should that ever occur—he will have been shorn of his power—he will be one of the "no-horned" kind.

Not having the fear of a Papal bull before their eyes, the Spirits in this city have invaded the sanctuary of Roman Catholicism. A lady who is a medium for spiritual communications, but not known to be such by the people into whose house the Spirits introduced themselves, went, by invitation, with a friend, to spend the afternoon and evening with a respectable Catholic family. When all were seated around the tea-table, the Spirits commenced rapping. No attention being paid to this, they commenced moving the table, turning it around, first one way and then the other, changing dishes and tea with the guests all around the board. The lady of the house asked her sister, who was present, if she was moving the table in that manner; and the question went round; but nobody had done it, and it still kept moving. At length it was whispered, by the friend of the medium, that it was Spirits. Then all with common consent appealed to the invisible guests to declare themselves, if they were moving the table. Hereupon the raps commenced with unmistakable distinctness, giving the name of the Spirit, which was the deceased daughter of the hostess, who acknowledged herself convinced of the identity of her daughter's Spirit, and was affected to tears.

There was much more of an affecting nature, which we can not give without exposing the family to the wrath of the Papish priesthood, which we would by no means do as long as they remain in that connection, which we hope will not be long. When the company got through with tea, they attempted to move the table, but the Spirits were not

ready to have it removed, and they could not stir it. One tried, then two tried, then three; and at length five united their strength; but there stood the table, and they could not budge it. One lady's dress got under a leg of the table while it was moving, and they tried to raise the leg so that she could get it out; but it refused to be lifted. She succeeded, however, in drawing it out, and thereby released herself. Nothing could be done with it but to clear it off as it stood, and it remained there all night. In the morning they found it still fast to the floor; but on sitting around it, and putting their hands on it, the supporters were shoved in and the leaves let down by the Spirits, and it became movable. These facts can be substantiated by indubitable testimony, if, at this day, doubts still remain in people's minds as to the truth of such manifestations.

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### THE SPIRIT BIRD.

THE following lines were received by me while thinking of a sweet little daughter now in the Spirit-world. I was always in the habit of calling her my "little bird;" and she, when asked her name, would reply that she was her "father's bird."

TO MARY, "MY BIRD."

'Twas better for thee, dear bird of my soul.  
To depart at the dawning of life;  
Thou art nearer to heaven, thy ultimate goal,  
Than if living 'mid sorrow and strife.

Being called away for a few moments, I found on my return the following response, written through the hand of Mrs. C.:

Thy sweet little Mary still lives in that home  
Where the music of angels is heard,  
Oh, do not recall her to earth and its gloom,  
Though soaring toward heaven *she still is thy bird.*

ROCHESTER, Sept., 1854.

H. M. R.

## THE "TELEGRAPH" AND THE "TRIBUNE."

THE following communication is from a distinguished literary gentleman who is already widely known as an author. At his particular request we give it a place in our columns, but can not consent to be held responsible for any opinions which either our correspondent or the editor of the *Rhode Island Freeman* may express or entertain, in reference to this particular subject.

MR. EDITOR :

You will confer a favor on many readers of the *New York Tribune*, and also of your own journal, by giving place to the subjoined editorial extract from the *Rhode Island Freeman* of Oct. 7th, a well-known and influential press. It embodies, in a terse and pointed paragraph, the opinion of a large class of the readers of the first-named paper concerning the merits of the recent "passage at arms" between the author of "Ghost Literature" in the *Tribune* and the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*. The course of the *Tribune* with reference to Spiritualism, however it may meet with favor from the unprogressive and sectarian classes (who generally are not its patrons), meets with little sympathy from a large class of progressive minds in New England, who from its commencement have been its warm supporters.

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FROM THE RHODE ISLAND FREEMAN.

S. B. Brittan, in the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* of last week, takes hold of one of the editors of the *New York Tribune* and nearly throttles him to death. The *Tribune* some weeks ago, under the head of Ghost Literature, charged Spiritualism with the free-love doctrines of Dr. Nichols and S. P. Andrews. When challenged for his proof, the *Tribune* quoted Adin Ballou. This was the *Tribune's* principal and only witness; and this witness, as Mr. Brittan shows, testifies that "comparatively few

Spiritualists have become aware of this free-love development." The *Tribune*, with all its ability and excellent qualities as a public journal, displays now and then some of the infirmities common to human nature. Its obvious prejudice against Spiritualism leads it to say many foolish things, which it will some day be ashamed of.

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### A CANDID OPINION.

THE *Portland Transcript*, edited by EDWARD H. ELWELL, is one of the best literary and miscellaneous papers in New England. The editor, if he does not fully believe in Spiritualism, has at least the intelligence to perceive the nature of its claims, and the justice to respect them. The following is extracted from an article which recently appeared in that journal. Speaking of the views and inculcations of the Spiritualists, the editor says :

They teach that we ought to have a higher aim than the mere accumulation of wealth—that by kindness, charity, and benevolence—by the cultivation of every thing that tends to improve the social condition, enlarge and discipline the mental capacity, and refine the heart of man, are we progressive here and hereafter—that there is no such thing as a miraculous change of heart, but that the practice of doing our duty begets the love of it ; "custom becomes a second nature ;" that there is no change at death, but that a man enters the Spirit-domain possessing the same peculiarities precisely that characterized him in life—the good, the just, and educated, the miserly, selfish, and dishonest, just as they were, each to reap his reward "according to his works"—but that the power and opportunities for improvement in the after life are much more enlarged than in this.

And what creed, now preached from the pulpit, furnishes such inducements to lead a correct life as this—what creed is producing such glorious results among mankind as this, where it is known.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY LUCINDA HILL, MEDIUM, AGED 14 YEARS.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,  
Is like the violet flower  
That lifts its modest head apart  
In some secluded bower ;  
And blest is he who finds that bloom—  
Who sips its gentle sweets ;  
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,  
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like the rock  
That every tempest braves,  
And stands secure amid the shock  
Of ocean's wildest waves ;  
And blest is he to whom repose  
Within its shade is given ;  
The world with all its cares and woes  
Will be to him a heaven.

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Mr. SILAS LAMB, of Scriba, Oswego Co., N. Y., " whose locks have been whitened by the snows of seventy-six winters," sends a subscriber, and writes in an enthusiastic manner of the new spiritual light which the modern phenomena have shed upon his declining years. He finds in the present unfoldings " another golden link in the everlasting chain of events, mingling its strength and beauty with all former revelations, the great book of nature not excepted." Quite a number of mediums are in process of development in his neighborhood, and he sends us a specimen of the communications that are

occasionally given through them. The communication, however, seems to have been mostly intended for those who received it, and not so much for the world at large ; and the present crowded state of our columns seems to forbid its publicity.

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E. SAMSON, of Ypsilanti, Mich., writes us an account of the discovery of lost money by Spirits, the essential particulars of which are as follows : On the 24th of August last, Mrs. L., of that village, went out shopping, and on the evening of the same day discovered that she had lost her purse, containing some thirty-six dollars. The ground over which she had passed during the day was retraced, the shops where she had been were revisited, and diligent inquiry and search were made for the missing treasure, but it was not to be found. The search was renewed on the next morning, but with no better success. Finally, despairing of the recovery of the purse by any merely human means, recourse was had to the Spirits, by whom the lady was informed that she had dropped her purse inside the door-yard of her house, between the gate and the door. They searched for the missing article at the place indicated, and soon found it by the side of the path, partly covered up with grass and leaves.

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**A REMARKABLE DREAM AND CURE.**—In another paragraph we have briefly alluded to the history and remarkable spiritual experiences of Thomas Say, the Quaker. We may here add that Say possessed extraordinary gifts of healing, both by medication and manipulation ; and these were called into requisition once in the following remarkable manner : A young woman who lived some distance from Philadelphia, where Say resided, had long been grievously afflicted with epileptic fits, from which physicians could afford her no relief. She dreamed one night that a person appeared to her and informed her that if she would go to the city and make application to one Thomas Say, she would be

cured of her fits by medicines which he would prescribe. Though this impression was deep, she treated it merely as a common dream, until some time afterward the person who gave her the advice appeared to her in another dream and upbraided her for not following his directions. She excused herself by saying that she had no means to go to the city, and that she did not know the road, never having been there, and also that she was not acquainted with the man. She thought that her adviser then left her, but presently returned with two horses, one of which she mounted and he the other, and they both together rode to the city, and to the house of Say, when after seeing the man she awoke. The next morning she communicated her dreams to some of her friends, and shortly afterward a young man came to the door with two horses, which she identified with those she had seen in her vision. She mounted the one she dreamed she had rode, and he the other, and the two thus rode to the city, she anticipating the appearance of the road all the way. Arriving at the city, they went directly to the house of Say, whom the young woman recognized from her previous dream; and on making known her business he gave her some medicine which she took, and never afterward had a fit.

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A DOUBLE.—We have received the following particulars from a gentleman who knows the family in which they occurred, and who received the account directly from them: A lady saw, one evening, what distinctly appeared to be her husband come in at the front door, and go directly up stairs. She ascended immediately behind him, and followed him into his bed-room. She spoke to him two or three times, but he made her no answer, whereupon she upbraided him for trying to frighten her. Arriving at the room she lost sight of him in the darkness; she requested him to strike a light, but not answering her or making any move to gratify her request, she struck a light herself, when to her surprise her husband was nowhere to be found! She was the more astonished at this from the fact that she not only saw his form distinctly, but as plainly heard his foot-fall; and other members of the family also declared that they heard him come in and ascend the stairs. While she was musing on the affair, however, her real husband came in the front-door and ascended the stairs just as she had seen the apparition do; but the form this time spoke when spoken to, and said that he had not been in the house before during that evening.

## MATERIALISM AND MICE.

WE find the following in the last number of the *Advent Herald*, a paper published in Boston, by J. V. Himes, and devoted to that dogmatic and incorrigible form of Materialism comprehended in the doctrines of William Miller. The distinguishing features of the theology of the Adventists, appear to consist in a bold and unqualified denial of the inherent individuality and immortality of the human Spirit, a literal interpretation of the figurative language of ancient prophecy, a belief in the speedy personal coming of Christ, and the immediate destruction of the material universe.

But here is the original paragraph from our columns, and the *Herald's* comments :

## SPIRITUALISM PROOF AGAINST MICE.

Moses W. Newcomb, of Clay, New York, is a subscriber for several newspapers, and among the rest, for the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and the *New Era*. As these papers have been read by his family, they have been thrown into a certain box behind a sofa, which serves also as a comfortable habitation for mice. On a recent examination by Mrs. Newcomb, she found that these meddlesome little *earmints* had completely cut to pieces nearly all the papers except the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and *New Era*, and that not one of either of these latter had been touched ! We glean this fact from the *New Era*, to which it is communicated by Mr. Orris Barnes.

## REMARKS BY THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

The above, if a fact, is a very singular one ; but there is room to question whether the avoidance by the mice of those papers, was because of the regard which the mice had for the truth they contained, or for the distaste which they had for their errors. If, however, those papers are mice-proof, they can be made very useful in lining band-boxes, trunks, etc. We hope that further experiments will be made with them, that it may be ascertained whether they would in like manner



deter cockroaches, ants, moths, bedbugs, etc.; for should they prove useful in this way, they might be of great benefit to the human race.

It will be seen that our cotemporary is disposed to be a little facetious at our expense, which suits us so well that we are strongly tempted to follow his lead. Probably neither the truths nor the errors which may have found a place in the TELEGRAPH served to protect it in the present instance. Without claiming any extraordinary attainments in this department of natural history, we fancy that we can suggest a far more probable hypothesis. All mice and rats, in general, as far as we have observed the habits of those animals, are *materialists*. They live on or in the earth—in dark holes and cellars, under old walls, and beneath innumerable piles of rubbish. Of course the TELEGRAPH, being a *spiritual* paper, was not suited to their appetites. Moreover, it must be obvious, as well from the nature of the case as from the fact cited, that journals devoted to *Materialism* are especially adapted to their wants. It affords us pleasure to know that there is at least one purpose to which such papers may be profitably applied. We trust, therefore, that no indigent or superannuated mouse will want for a comfortable nest during the coming winter so long as there is a single copy of the *Herald* unappropriated.

One word more. We have no objection to "further experiments" as suggested by the *Herald*, and should our Advent friend find on a fair trial that the TELEGRAPH is likely to serve as a protection against *vermin* we will, if required, send *two copies* in exchange, as it may be necessary to double the dose in desperate cases.

We really hope Bro. Himes will never spoil a good joke on our account.

S. B. B.

## OPTICAL ILLUSION.

ON Wednesday, Mr. George Elliot ascended in a balloon from Petersburg, in Virginia. During his trip he witnessed a singular optical phenomenon, akin to the specter of the Broken. It is thus described in the Petersburg *Intelligencer* of Friday :

After Mr. Elliot ascended about three thousand feet he discharged some five pounds of his ballast, when he shot onward and upward with amazing rapidity, till he began to approximate the clouds. He then discharged about five pounds more sand, the remainder of the bag, when he again darted upward among the clouds, which were so dense as to wholly exclude all terrestrial objects from his view, and of course he was lost to all observers below. These discharges of ballast were distinctly seen by his visitors, and on the first occasion some one exclaimed that the balloon had bursted.

While among the clouds, he says it seemed to him as if he was in the midst of a large, ground-glass globe, some two or three hundred feet in diameter, against the side of which, opposite to the sun, the shadow of the Lady Isabella rested, some five or six times larger than the corporal one. About half-way between him and the shadow, which seemed as if resting on the glass wall, another balloon was seen of a size between the shadow and the real one, resting as if in a vacuum, which displayed every color faithfully to the original. He then saw another Elliot, clad and with features like himself, and seemingly self-like. He then extended his own fingers, when he was mimicked by this image ; and whether he extended one finger or more, or whatever he did, this figure duplicated exactly. When he would cause his balloon to oscillate, this balloon would move exactly like his. When he threw out more ballast to elevate himself, this figure sank down instead of rising with him ; and when he arose above the clouds into the rays of the unclouded sun, he left the mimic aeronaut below him.

In the rays of the sun above the clouds he found it so warm as to cause him to perspire freely, a state of heat never before experienced at this height, nearly twenty-four thousand feet, where the air is very rare-

fied, and generally very chilly. He then opened the valve for the purpose of descending, and as soon as he sank one or two thousand feet, which he ascertained by barometrical indications, he felt as if he had entered an ice-house, and a cold chill seized his whole person.

Here he again met his mimic aerial voyager, whom he kept company for some time, from philosophical motives. Whenever he moved sideways, this *mum* gentleman would move in the same direction. But when he moved up or down, the duplicate would move in a directly opposite way; and when he concluded to descend, the image moved upward until the tri-colored flask was out of sight, when he could see the car and the aeronaut still standing in it as if in a basket attached to nothing. He still kept looking until his head was Robespierred, and finally, piece by piece, his body, and at last his feet and basket, ascended out of his sight.

Professor Elliot says that he has been up a hundred and one times, but never saw any thing in the form of an illusion like this before; and he asks the opinions of the scientific and learned as to the probable cause of this remarkable phenomenon, for the information of the public.

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A PERIPATETIC TABLE.—A gentleman from Utica was in our office a few days ago, and related the following singular fact, which had come to his personal knowledge, to Bro. T. L. Harris, who is acquainted with him, and has entire confidence in his word: A gentleman in Utica died some months ago, leaving to widowhood a wife who had most tenderly loved him. The widow in her affectionate grief was afterward in the habit of going every day to the closet where her deceased husband's clothes hung, and handling and kissing them in affectionate tenderness. After she had continued this practice for some time, she received, through a medium, a communication from the Spirit of her husband, directing her to remove his clothes from the closet and carry them up in the garret. She proceeded to comply with the request, and on gathering up the clothes and starting with them for the garret, a small table that was standing near her took a notion to accompany her. Keeping at a certain distance from her person, it walked along behind her, ascending the stairs and entering the garret room, and apparently knowingly, and with an air of *surveillance* looked on the act of depositing the clothes in a suitable place. After this was done, the lady turned and

descended the stairs, when the table again followed her as before; and entering the room from which it had started, it gave itself a good shake, as if to indicate its satisfaction with what had just occurred, and then became quiet.

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**PRESENTIMENT, APPARITION, AND PROPHECIES.**—A few days ago a stranger, but who exhibited every mark of sincerity and truthfulness, related to Mr. Partridge the following curious facts to which he professed to be knowing: One of two young ladies who had always lived together like sisters, was some time since about to depart on a journey. As the hour of departure approached she became exceedingly sad, and commenced weeping bitterly, and when asked to explain the cause, she told the other young lady and her mother that she was impressed that she was now about to leave them to see them no more again in this world. They tried to persuade her that this was a mere hysterical fancy, but instead of succeeding, this same impression soon seized, first the other young lady, and then the mother, and they all three wept heartily together until the carriage came after the one that was to depart. The latter, after being gone for some time, did in fact take sick and die without previously seeing the friends she had left as above stated. Not long after this, however, the Spirit of the departed one began to make her appearance to the young lady aforesaid, who had been her intimate companion while in the flesh. The Spirit-girl would come daily and sit by the other as she would be engaged at her sewing, appearing as plainly as she had done while in the material body. Though no attempt was made to communicate with her, the presence of the Spirit-form seemed to have a remarkable effect in developing the faculty of prescience in the other, inasmuch as she soon acquired the power of describing, days beforehand, particular events that would occur on a certain specified day and hour. For instance, she once said, "On such a day, at precisely such an hour and minute by the clock, a man will come here in whose visit you will be much interested;" and she then went on to describe minutely his dress, features, etc. On that day, at precisely the hour and minute specified, a man perfectly answering her description actually did come in, and it proved to be the old lady's brother who had just come home from sea. Some of the other provisions which she now habitually experiences are equally remarkable.

## MARY IN HEAVEN.

BY C. D. STUART.

We watched the lily on its stalk,  
The white rose on its stem,  
They seemed to wilt from bud to bloom—  
And from the cradle to the tomb,  
Sweet Sister passed like them.

There was no dearth of glad sunshine,  
No lack of dew or rain,  
Yet rose and lily drooped and died—  
And death bore off from childhood's tide  
Sweet Sister in his train.

Untimely! for no frost did seem  
On stalk or stem to prey,  
And yet they died, while other flowers  
Bloomed on—and so in life's young hours,  
Sweet Sister passed away.

Oh, was it that the angels looked,  
And saw how spotless fair  
She grew, in innocence and truth,  
And called her up to heaven in youth,  
To bloom immortal there!

For sure as ever angel's wing  
To one of earth was givon,  
A purer, tenderer soul was ne'er  
By pain and sorrow chastened here,  
Or called to bloom in heaven.

The spring and summer days will come  
And pass, and come again,

But evermore for lily white,  
And rose that died e'er blossom bright,  
Our eyes will look in vain.  
  
Not so, sweet Sister, didst thou pass  
The vision of our eyes,  
For, pointing through death's somber gate,  
Faith bids us see thee shining wait  
For us in Paradise.

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## FROM JOHN NEWLAND MAFFIT.

• MR. EDITOR :

In looking over some papers to-day, I turned up the inclosed communication, which purports to have been given by John Newland Maffit, the eccentric preacher, who created such a remarkable sensation in this vicinity some years ago. Of all communications purporting to emanate from departed worthies, this one, I think, bears the most unmistakable marks of genuineness. So marked indeed is this, that all who ever listened to his almost unearthly eloquence when in the form, will at once recognize the style. I think I never saw a finer, or more beautiful, and at the same time elevated message in my life. It was received in a circle convened for the purpose, somewhere in the West.

SOGGINAH.

## COMMUNICATION.

Mortal minds are seized with fear, as their thoughts approach the shores of that world from whence you have been taught to believe that not a single ray of intelligence could be reflected back to earth. But from the portals of that blest world we come to relieve you from the thoughts of terror—the clouds of horror that brood and hang o'er you like weird phantoms, unhinging the soul, and thralling it in chains of pain and anguish. We come to lift the somber curtain which hangs

like a gloomy death-pall o'er your minds and hearts, and give you a glimpse of the bright, glorious light that illumines our Spirit-home. We are as lamps to you, suspended from the pedestals and domes of heaven—mirrors, to reflect light upon the broad road of life along which you are journeying toward the vault of death. Discard us not, for we come to do you good, and lead you to that crystal fount that bubbles forth sweet waters of peace and harmony! List through us to the voice that spoke creation into existence. Learn wisdom from the bright page of inspiration; it will fit you to partake of the banquet prepared by the Master of the Feast! While I sojourned on your earth-girt shores, I preached Christ, and him crucified; but the flock I fed with crumbs from my Master's table followed me with persecution after persecution, till death burst the chains which bound me. And then, oh, then! my spirit-eyes opened on one vast plain of immortal beauty, all blooming with ambrosial flowers of every tint and hue; groups of bright beings clustered round me, and the sunbeams of immortal glory danced upon their features as they bid me welcome to the pearly shores, and crowned my new-born being with diamonds of fadeless luster! We are clad in garments pure as the snow-flake that falls upon the highest summit of the earthly hills; and we bear in our hands waving plumes, symbols of triumph o'er death, hell, and the grave; and songs of praise to God Most High burst from our enraptured throng, as the gentle zephyrs bear us on through the azure skies. Angels catch the theme; they touch the golden chords, and awake the glad, sweet notes of their Spirit-harps, and all heaven resounds with the sweet cadence of celestial music, gushing from ten thousand times ten thousand harp-strings.

And we return to you as carrier doves, bearing news to earth from the courts of glory. Receive our messages, for they are richly freighted with love divine, wisdom, peace, and harmony; and they will introduce you to the shining hosts of heaven, and the holy Fount of Truth itself.

Be kind to the poor and oppressed, for they are thy brethren, the children of the Father.

Love each other tenderly: be ever ready to do thy Master's will in all things, and when death shall unlock thy prison-house, the released spirit will rise on pinions of light, and wing its way to the Eden of Rest—the Spirit's sweet home in heaven.

## SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE.

WE are under many obligations to Mrs. Smith for her beautiful contributions to our columns. The accompanying poem, "Sunset on the Prairie," is an elegant composition, displaying remarkable delicacy and strength of feeling, with a corresponding power of thought and expression.—ED.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

'Tis sunset on the Prairie. A bright flood  
Of crimson glory gilds the western sky ;  
And o'er the smooth, broad, undulating plains  
Floats like a sea of gold. The autumnal mists  
Rise faintly on the breeze that wanders o'er  
The broad campagna, as sad memory wakes  
Some loved remembrance of kind friends afar,  
And dims mine eye with tears.

Far, far away

'Mid the green hills, where lies a quiet vale,  
Embowered 'mid green trees, of stalwart growth,  
Gleams a sweet river, like a silvery thread  
Winding its sinuous way along the vale,  
Anear my childhood's home. There are kind hearts  
In that green valley ; sprinkled here and there,  
Lie many a home beloved, where farewell words  
Seemed freighted with the mist of unshed tears.  
Ye viewless winds, bear back upon your gales  
To each loved dwelling, like a hymn of peace,  
The blessing of the wanderer.

How brightly luminous  
The golden haze 'round yon horizon's verge,



And the concentrate rays that gleam and quiver  
O'er the bright plains! How clear against the sky  
Loom pleasant villages and shady groves,  
Full many a league away! while here and there,  
Like ships upon a calm and windless sea,  
Riding at anchor, with their canvas lowered,  
Gleam rural cottages, embowered 'mid trees,  
Where art aids nature to reclaim with ease  
Her genial gifts for man. The summer blossoms  
Have parted, one by one, and in their stead  
Bloom those of hardier growth. The pink acacia,  
The graceful sosum-weed, and purple asters  
'Mid the wild grasses wave their bending heads  
In prayerful homage at the close of day.  
Along the marge of yon green sloping vale,  
Where a deep brooklet wanders murmuring by,  
The wilding broom waves her long yellow hair  
Unto the breeze.

Here seeks the eye in vain  
Some rougher form of beauty. No mountain gorge  
Or cliff, nor cone-shaped hill, nor craggy steep  
Attracts the view. The boundless space around  
Is of a penciled smoothness, covered o'er  
With a rich garniture of waving grass  
And golden grain. At this lone, quiet hour  
Of musing, when a solemn stillness rests  
O'er the vast Prairie, ere the dusky brow  
Of twilight darkens, or the solemn stars  
Look down from heaven—'mid the deep hush of nature—  
The burning crimson of yon glorious sky,  
O'er-canopied with gorgeous sapphire clouds,  
Fringed with the rainbow's variegated hues,  
From whence, unlash'd, bright chariots of gold

Ride down triumphant to the nether verge  
Of the horizon, widely circling round,  
Seems like heaven bursting on this lower world,  
And flooding it with splendor. Then viewless harps  
Wake that high note of melody, which wafts  
On the still, ambient air far down to earth,  
And those who list may catch the swelling strain  
Which bears our wingéd thoughts far, far above  
The painful jarrings of this riotous world,  
From whence returning, freighted with deep peace,  
With naught to break our reverie.

"Tis then

Pure Spirits hover near, and man doth hold  
Commune with angels. In hours like these  
The soul casts off the cumbering cares of earth,  
And journeys onward many a goodly league  
Toward heaven. Surely they wind the woot  
Of that bright tracery, of whose inwoven threads  
Is wrought the robe immortal, with which we  
Shall be re clothed, when we shall lay aside  
The vestments of mortality.

EARLVILLE, LASALLE CO., ILLINOIS, *Sept.* 25.

NOTE.—The artistic farmer, with an eye to utility as well as to beauty, in breaking up the virgin soil of the Prairie, leaves around his dwelling (which is generally located near the outskirts of a small grove) the young and straggling shrubbery, which he forms into straight lines by filling up the intermediate spaces, or leaves them in natural, though irregular clumps, which are not on'y pleasing to the eye of taste, but of vast benefit in sheltering his large herds of cattle, not only from the winds and storms which sometimes spend their unbroken force upon these vast plains, but also from the glittering and scorching rays of the sun during the summer season.

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"LEARN BY HEART:" a profound expression which shows the power of love over intelligence.

## REMARKS OF MR. TOOHEY

DELIVERED AT THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

WE, my friends, can understand this, because life to us is a perpetual unfolding, in thought, speech, and action. Here we come and hear fact after fact; but do we make the use of them we should? It seems to me we should place those facts one upon another, as the mason lays his bricks, so that as we ascend into the *heaven of thought*, we may catch the first gleams of new and diviner inspirations, so that as we look to earth we may see all things baptized in the rich and holy radiance of eternal wisdom. What facts, however, do we bring as we meet week after week? What additional stimulant do we bring from the storehouse of knowledge, to make these meetings harmonious and instructing? When we go to spend an evening at a friend's, we think beforehand of some story or thought, which, added to the common stock of the evening, will tend to the general happiness; but do we gather the facts of life and appropriate them to the illustration of Spiritualism? Do we gather facts that we may build the great temple of Spiritualism? Spiritualists, above all others, should be the wealthiest in spiritual culture, for if the ends of the earth should meet, it would be only to multiply the sources of their wealth. As for myself, I never walk the street but I feel that I tread on consecrated ground, baptized as the very bricks are, with the divinity of thought. I never look into the face of man, but that I am reminded of the deep meaning of the saying, "In the image of God was he made." I never hear him speak but I think of the time when that fine and wonderful instrument shall be the medium and organ of speaking divine melody to the awakened and developed soul. I never shake hands but the warm grasp of friendship awakens new joys that send new hopes and happy consolations dancing through my being—all speaking hope for the future—all telling of the deep, deep wealth within. Still, as has been said, there are thousands who know no higher happiness than that which associates itself with the grog-shop: and New York lives in the minds of many with no better connection. But why should we not think of the joys of society as

well as its woes? Why not think of the loves that come into being with the dawn of this evening, as fathers, brothers, and sons, hasten home from the workshop, the counting-house, and the store, to meet the loves of mother, sister, wife—to feel the warm grasp of friendship, the affectionate caress and loving kiss—to know that life has its blessings if society has its duties and responsibilities?

Simply, we do not think nor rightly appreciate the wealth we have at our command, so that we lose time in looking after the *means* of happiness, when we have it in rich abundance all around and within us. In this way we impoverish life, and make heaven in the image of our poverty. Many there are, who, like the poor woman who worked hard for her daily bread, and consoled herself with the conviction that in heaven, “she would not have to *go out to a day’s washing*,” because they find that all pleasure and true happiness *costs* labor and work, and sigh for the emancipation from ills, which have a being only in our ignorance. Labor is the talisman by which all mystery is solved and wealth acquired. The divine stimulant of earnest enthusiastic labor sweetens and sanctifies the offices of life, because the divinity that shapes the offices of destiny wills that all work should be educational to a high and holy purpose. Thus do we make heaven, or limit its unfolding, just as we are true to the hour and ourselves. There is a great mistake among us on the value of time, for many think they can let such and such things pass for the time, and do it at a more convenient season, but no such season comes, for it, like *hope*, which has been called the “morrow of the mind,” never dawns!

No—an hour, it never can be made up, for there is a stitch dropped in the stocking of time which you can not pick up, except you unravel the subsequent work. The lesson of all this is plain, for before coming to conference, we should devote an hour or so to *thought*, that we may have something useful and beautiful to say, so that time may not be lost. I have already intimated, that if there is a class of persons who should be religious, it is Spiritualists. In what is all this rapping, tipping, and testing to end, if not in spiritual culture? Surely it must be evident, my friends, that the discipline and labor of life must end in making us acquainted with the deep importance of spiritual, vital religion—a religion that will work for and with the striving of the poor and needy. There is a divine work to be done, and I am determined—the spirits helping me to work and live—that when I go home I may know the spirits of the good and holy of our kind, even as I am known by them.

In doing this I work the good of all, for living I bless many while educating myself, and, dying, leave behind me a memory which will come to others like a blissful benediction to awaken thought and sanctify life. If this is not the nature of that divine emulation that warms the soul, and prompts it to deeds of noble daring, why do we aspire to be good at all?

Why does the soul grow strong in the sunshine of friendship; and why are we subjects of sympathy and love? Why are we benevolent and called on to "weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that do rejoice," without it be that in this expanding life we learn the great secret of existence in understanding the wisdom of its discipline?

Friends, let us be religious; I do not mean that religion that simply goes to church and looks sentimental—no, but that inspirational and rapt ecstasy of spirit that finds happiness in life, bliss in labor, and inspiration in that divine emulation that shines in the lives of the good and true.

We need a religion that will make heroes of men, and in the unfolding beauty of their greatness consecrate humanity; so that courtesy will be in social and business life as much the offspring of religious culture as going to church is to-day.

Friends, if we work for this end, our souls will be full of the richest melody and harmony. So that in our conferences and religious associations we will not need opposition to warm us into fellowship with angels and men.

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**A REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.**—In Albany, on Wednesday, a man named Ryther, foreman in Pruyn's Iron Works, was attacked with the prevailing sickness, and, after a few hours, apparently died. The physician called in the evening, for the seventh time, and found the body prepared for the grave. While standing by the corpse, he thought he detected a movement in one of the hands of the deceased, and, on looking closer, two or three of the fingers moved distinctly. Those standing by also noticed these movements of the fingers, as also of that of the muscles of the arm. The physician then remarked that the sense of hearing was always the last which left the body, and he would soon ascertain if the man was still alive. He then took one of his hands within his own and said, "Ryther, if you can hear me, and can not speak, answer by pressing my hand." This was promptly responded to by a very distinct pressure, felt by the physician, and seen by others, and it was repeated. Resuscitation, however, was impossible.

## T R A N C E .

A GIRL named Shorigny, about twenty-five years old, residing in Paris had been, for two years past, subject to hysteria. On the twenty-eighth day after she was attacked, the physician who came to visit her was informed that she had died during the night, which much surprised him, as when he had left her the night before she was better than usual. He went to see her, in order to convince himself of the fact; and on raising the cloth with which she was covered, he perceived that though her face was very pale, and her lips discolored, her features were not otherwise in the least altered. Her mouth was open, her eyes shut, and the pupils very much dilated; the light of a candle made no impression on them. There was no sensible heat in her body; but it was not cold and flabby like corpses in general.

The physician returned the next day, determined to see her again before she was buried, and finding that she had not become cold, he gave orders that the coffin should not be soldered down until putrefaction had commenced. He continued to observe her during five days, and at the end of that period a slight movement was observed in the cloth which covered her. In two hours, it was found that the arm had contracted itself; she began to move, and it was clear that it had only been an apparent death. The eyes soon after were seen opened, the senses returned, and the girl began gradually to recover. This is an extraordinary but incontestable fact. The girl is still alive, and a great many persons who saw her while she was in the state of apathy described, are ready to satisfy the doubts of any one who will take the trouble to inquire.

The remote causes of trance are hidden in much obscurity, and, generally, we are unable to trace the affection to any external circumstance. It has been known to follow a fit of terror. Sometimes it ensues after hysteria, epilepsy, or other spasmodic diseases, and is occasionally an accompaniment of menorrhagia and intestinal worms.

Nervous and hypochondriatic patients are most subject to its attack; but sometimes it occurs when there is no disposition of the kind, and when the person is in a state of the most seeming good health.

## SONNET.

BY ION.

'Tis said that what we do in these few years  
 Of this earth's life, makes life for us in spheres  
 Of life to come. This inner life of ours,  
 Evolved and generated in the hours  
 Of this earth's time, arises like incense  
 To make a new life for us, free from sense ;  
 And so we shall enact all glorious thought  
 That we do have, and find our dreams are brought  
 From a real home—anticipations were,  
 And not delusions, as cold mortals dare  
 To call them ; Imagination ! Fancy !  
 These are of future spheres the prophecy !  
 And all that Poets sing of life and love,  
 Are expectations of our life above.

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CHURCHMEN'S TESTIMONY 200 YEARS AGO.—Strange as it may appear in view of the attitude of the professedly Christian Church at this day, the firm belief in spiritual manifestations generally, if not almost universally, prevailed in the Church until within the last two or three hundred years, and clergymen, even in times still later, would often make their most successful onsets against the nascent infidelity of those days by appeals to just such occurrences as they would *now* fain persuade their people that it is dangerous to believe. We have now a book lying before us entitled "SADUCISMUS TRIUMPHATUS" (Saduceeism Triumphed over), written in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by Rev. JOSEPH GLANVIL, who held the no mean rank of "Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society." The weapons by which Saduceeism is "triumphed over" by him consist mainly of abundant facts set forth in this book, of which the following is a specimen: On Sunday, the 15th of Nov., 1657, Richard Jones, a sprightly youth of twelve years, began to be strangely exercised under the influence, as he

supposed, of two distant persons, one Jane Brooks and one Alice Coward, who were undoubtedly mediums, but who received the then fashionable cognomen of "witches." From that time up to the 25th of the next February, the boy occasionally exhibited unaccountable phenomena, when, on the latter date, "being at Richard Iles', in Shepton Mallet, he went out into the garden. Iles' wife followed him, and was within two yards of him when she saw him rise up from the ground before her and so mounted higher and higher till he passed in the air over the garden wall, and was carried so above ground more than thirty yards, falling at last at one Jordan's door in Shepton, where he was found as dead for a time. \* \* \* The boy at other times was gone on the sudden, and upon search after him found in another room as dead, and at sometimes strangely hanging above the ground, his hands being flat against a beam in the top of the room, and all his body two or three feet from the ground. \* \* \* Nine people at a time saw the boy so strangely hanging from the beam."

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THE SPIRIT-BOY APPEARS.—A few nights after the Spirit-manifestation mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, the father of the boy was alone in his room, lying on his bed reading. While deeply absorbed in the contents of his book, his attention was diverted by a single loud rap, apparently in the middle of the floor. He looked toward the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, and there saw a *luminous cloud* about the height of his departed child, but which did not assume any definite shape. Without mentioning this apparition to any one, he afterward sought the presence of Catharine Fox, when the sentence was immediately rapped out: "Dear father: It was I that caused you to see that light."

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SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS.—One of the lads sent from Bridgeport, Ct., to the Reform School, some time ago, writes to a brother in these terms: "Please let Mr. Hall know that I, John Fay, and Wm. French, are very thankful to him for sending us here, for it is going to make men of us, and it is going to make men of all the boys here. There are seventy-three boys here at present. I am to be here for two years, and when my time is up, I expect to be a good boy; I know I will. We have a good opportunity to get a good education. I am now learning to make shoes. I have not been a fighting since I came here."



## SECTARIANISM TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

IF we look at the popular theologies we shall hardly fail to observe the traces of a corrupt and speculative philosophy—of dark mysteries and unfounded superstitions, long blended with the precepts of heavenly wisdom. The increasing light and knowledge of our time is rapidly disclosing these errors to the world. A vail that has long covered a multitude of sins is torn away. Many of the church dogmas are found to be mere phantoms. One after another, like shells, they explode, and the people are alarmed when the danger is past. Though men cling to their errors with a firmness and resolution only equaled by the force of their early prepossessions, it must be acknowledged there are many indications of reform. It is true that men are beginning to entertain a higher regard for whatever is consistent and reasonable, even in religion. There are some intrepid spirits who will no more be driven from this field of inquiry. They will venture to examine the doctrinal superstructure of the Church, and if it consist of “wood, hay, and stubble,” it will be given to the flames, and consumed with the multitude of human devices. What though the whole be cast into the fire? The truth has nothing to fear. Like the fine gold, it will only shine with a purer luster when separated from the commingling elements of ignorance and superstition. We regard it as a part of our mission on earth to assist in removing these errors and corruptions. The truth, long buried beneath the superincumbent mass, must be exhumed. We must seek for it as for a hidden treasure. We desire to follow

Truth, though it lead amid cloud and flame, or through the unyielding earth. This shall be the object of our pursuit, for the experience of every day evinces that nothing but *truth* can pass the ordeal which is to try every man's work.

There is a power employed that is rapidly changing the faith of the Church and the opinions of the world. We live at a period in which the mere dictum of arbitrary men is not mistaken for the oracle of God. The *ipse dixit* of the priest is not the foundation of faith. *Evidence* is necessary to produce conviction, and nothing short of this will command our assent. There are many Christians who are disposed to subject the doctrines of the nominal Church to the test of a rigid examination. He reasons falsely who is lead to suppose that this characteristic of the age indicates a growing spirit of irreligion; on the contrary, we regard it as the surest evidence that man is beginning to feel a deep and abiding concern in the investigation of revealed truth.

Let no one imagine that we design to carry on a direct warfare against existing modes of faith. We have a higher object and aim. It may be necessary occasionally to glance at the so-called Evangelical ideas and doctrines, in order to direct the attention of our readers to their influence and results as developed in the condition of society. What, we ask, has the popular theology accomplished in the great work of removing the existing evils? What have all the old theories in morals and religion done to refine the nature and improve the condition of man? Have they been instrumental in working out a higher destiny for the race, or is the world become more debased in morals, and in the circumstances of its social condition, with each succeeding generation? It is our privilege to press this question. If you had a friend sick, you would have an undoubted right not only to inquire into the nature of the remedial agents employed in his case, but also to witness their

operation. If he continued to grow worse, or the disease to assume a more aggravated form, or if he failed to recover under the peculiar mode of treatment adopted, you would naturally conclude that the physician did not understand his case, or that his prescriptions were not adapted to the condition and wants of the patient. In such a case you would most certainly resort to other remedies. But this mode of illustration will equally well apply to universal humanity. That there is derangement or disease in the great body will not be questioned. But that there is any proper adaptation of the treatment to the nature of the case, is not sufficiently evident. If the world is possessed of an evil spirit, will you send forth legions of like spirits to cast him out? If the involuntary motion of the great system is irregular—if the whole body is fearfully convulsed—is it likely that any galvanic process, such as the ordinary revivals, will restore a proper action? If some of the members are greatly inflamed, will you expose them to the action of everlasting fires to reduce the inflammation? If the patient exhibit symptoms of madness, will you persuade him out of his reason? True, this is the characteristic treatment of the Church, and thus its doctors have tried for ages to cure the world; and what is the result? Is there any improvement? Is the system generally in a better condition? Why, those who feel the patient's pulse, affirm that there is but little hope—that the world is waxing worse continually. Many think that the one true faith is in danger from the influence of a vain philosophy that is closely allied to infidelity. Indeed, if the world be half as vile as some would have us believe, surely the poet hath described it well:

“Good men are here and there, I know; but then—

\* \* \* \* \*

Like a black block of marble jagged with white,

As with a vein of lightning petrified,  
Looks blacker than without such."

But *we* are not without faith in man. We are not prepared to relinquish our confidence in God. We believe that the world is advancing; that the general tendency of things is upward. In our judgment, the past history and present condition of society indicate at least a gradual improvement. Whether this is to be placed to the credit of popular theological influences, or whether it be the result of other causes, we shall not stop to inquire. But if it be true that the present tendency is downward, that the general movement is retrogressive, we desire to know who is to be held accountable for the results. How can the advocates of the received theology escape from this responsibility? They have had every opportunity to direct the course of the world, and to remove the existing causes of evil. They have opened the channel in which the current of human affairs is rolling on from age to age; they have explained the duty of man, and determined his destiny; they have fixed the standard of faith, and defined the limits, beyond which there is no hope. Around the domestic fireside, and in the schools, where the young mind receives its first and most enduring impressions—in religion and morals—in all the departments of business—indeed, in every field of thought and action, they have wielded a controlling power. For centuries they have guided the Church and State. The voice from the altar has found a response in the hearts of millions, while the influence that has gone out from the throne has been felt by the remotest subject of the empire. In their hands is lodged the power which has ruled the world. Their authority is so extensive, so generally acknowledged, even now, that *Truth* itself will only pass current when under seal of the Church; and *Virtue*, to practice on her own account, must have a license!

In this country they have had a period of two hundred years to make an experiment in morals. They have framed the institutions and formed the character of a great nation; they have occupied the seats of learning, and controlled the legislation. It may almost be said that they have made society what it is, and molded the minds and manners of the people at pleasure. We would not admit, even by implication, that all the master spirits of our country have entertained the popular opinions in theologies. We are aware that a Washington, a Jefferson, and a Franklin—that the Nation's Father—that the chief of the Apostles of Liberty, and he who took the thunderbolts from the armory of heaven—that many of the illustrious dead have secretly cherished a better faith; a faith not so much like firmness, but closely allied to that CHARITY that never faileth. Give to these men all the influence they have possessed and exercised, and still it is true that the power of the Church has been felt in all the departments of government, and in every walk of life. And yet, with all these means and opportunities at command, instead of performing a great work for humanity, they have, according to their own confession, accomplished nothing. If any one is disposed to question the entire correctness of this remark, let him listen to the communications from the pulpit, and read the popular religious journals. The great theme is the manifest declension in morals and the general apathy in religion. The priests apprehend that the Church is in danger, and as for the world, it is about to experience a relapse, alike fatal to its present happiness and future salvation. If there is any ground for these apprehensions, we may repeat the question, On whom is this fearful responsibility to rest? If society is in a bad condition, why have they not made it better? If the standard of morals is low, it is well to raise it up. They have the power, and they have had ample time and opportunity to exercise it. A period of centuries is

quite sufficient to give any system a fair trial. If their principles have been preached and practiced thus long, and still the condition of society is in no way improved, it is surely high time for the doctors to take their own nostrums, and for the world to test the efficacy of other means. There must be something intrinsically weak in a system that is productive of no better results. Is it the part of wisdom to attempt to renovate the world by means and instruments so long employed in vain? An illustration in this place will enable the reader to form an intelligent judgment.

Suppose you were ill, and in a condition to require the professional services of a physician; let it be supposed that his first prescription is *calomel*; the second day, being no better, you are directed to continue the same; the third day, finding that you are still worse, and the symptoms more alarming, he deals out double the number of grains of *calomel*, and orders the same prescription continued every day for one year. If you are alive at the end of that time, you would doubtless think it advisable to change the treatment. Now the world has long been ill. There is a diseased moral action that affects the whole body. The Church has applied its remedies to check the disease. With little variation it has pursued the same mode of treatment from year to year, through a long succession of ages, and what is the result? Is the world any better? Why, the doctors being judges, it is in the condition of the woman who came to Jesus: she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." We therefore submit to the judgment and common sense of the reader, whether it is not time to give up the patient. Let others try their skill—for every century of the past give them only *ten years*, and if in the period thus allotted they do not effect a great and happy change in the physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual

condition of mankind, let them also resign, and spend the remnant of their days in penance.

But before the people will acknowledge the justice of our claims, and apply our principles in the affairs of life and the government of the world, they must be satisfied that they are founded in truth. It is our privilege to furnish the evidence required, and it becomes our appropriate duty to show that the principles we advocate harmonize with Reason and Nature ; that they correspond to the essential constitution and philosophy of all things.

We regret that the acknowledged faith and opinions have done no more to elevate the innate affections, and improve the external condition of man. They have utterly failed to correct the heart or the life. They have disturbed his present peace and darkened his prospects for the future. Thousands of the young and innocent have been induced to relinquish whatever is most beautiful in life—to give up all that renders religion attractive and divine, for a miserable superstition, which, like the Upas, fills the very atmosphere with death. We are reminded that this dark theology, like a great Idol, has been rolling its ponderous car over the world for ages—we follow its desolating track by the wreck of noble minds—by the fearful wail of the lost spirit, and the crushed hopes and affections and bodies of those we love !

It is with no unkind feelings that we expose the errors of the world ; whether they have their existence in opinion or practice, in the theories of men, or in actual life, we must be allowed to speak with all boldness, and without fear or favor. We love to tell plain truths in a plain way ; they are better understood. Yet we will speak the truth in love. Others may dogmatize if they will ; we shall address the rational faculties in their appropriate language. “ Come, now, and let us reason together.” It has been said that he who will not

reason is a bigot, that he who can not is a fool, and that he who dares not is a slave. We cherish the conviction that our readers are not wanting in the disposition, the ability, or the courage. We approach all subjects with the consciousness that the mind was made to be free ; that it is our high prerogative to think for ourselves, and our duty to speak and act for Humanity. The authorities of Church and State may look coldly on, but the MAN can not be indifferent to the claims of his nature. To live like rational beings we must be all attention and action. The true Reformer will labor with a willing and a loving spirit to correct the errors of men and to remove the evils of the world. To live truly we must live in generous feelings, in holy thoughts, and illustrious actions. The poet has given our idea of life :

“ We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial,  
       \*       \*       \*       He most lives  
 Who thinks most—feels the noblest—ACTS THE BEST.”

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**PROOF OF SPIRIT-IDENTITY.**—A gentleman of this city, who is a believer in spiritual manifestations, but who had grown somewhat indifferent to the subject, recently had the misfortune to lose a fine little boy, an only son. In the depths of his affliction, and desiring to receive, if possible, some substantial assurance that the Spirit of his darling child was still hovering around him, he invited a medium to his house, and with her took seat at a table in the nursery where all the child's playthings were still kept. Not long had they been seated there when the child's hobby-horse, which was standing in one corner of the room, and some ten or twelve feet distant from them, began to rock and move toward them with no visible hand touching it. It moved up to the table and there continued to rock just as it had been wont to do while the boy was mounted upon it. A great variety of other manifestations characteristic of the boy was also given, tending to demonstrate his presence and identity, and giving great consolation to the bereaved parent.



## SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

IN view of the gross, injurious, and unmanly falsehoods circulated by a thoughtless, corrupt, and pandering press, I can not but express what I think, feel, and know in regard to the subject of spiritual ministration. It would seem that quite a number of the conductors of public journals are reprehensibly ignorant of the growth, development, and tendency of a rational belief in the doctrine that spiritual intelligences are more or less cognizant of us and our actions, and have the ability to give palpable evidence of the same. That there is any thing particularly monstrous, diabolical, blasphemous, profane, absurd, or silly, in entertaining such views, is among the many lessons of wisdom I have yet to learn. Many of the professed disciples of the reformer who taught this idea—Jesus of Nazareth—lovers of long prayers, long sermons, long creeds, long faces, a *very* long day of grace, and *very* high steeple, raise one great shout of holy horror as if utterly overwhelmed by the tremendous enormity of the doctrine. Yet this very class assume to be in direct communion with Jesus Christ, and God himself even. Oh! does not the pious sneer and the pharisaical groan of godly compassion come from such with an ill grace? Of what use are Bibles and Testaments to those who reject, with sanctified scorn, the doctrine of spiritual guardianship? What divine comfort can they glean from the vision of Moses and Elias, living and conscious, cognizable and cognizing, willing, acting, speaking? They weep and wail over the death of the mortal body, forgetting that “God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him.” And ministers, when

dissolution comes to the outer husk, send forth a mournful cry of sorrow, long-drawn and direful, like the prolonged, dismal drone of a Scotch bagpipe, as though that had befallen which was out of the manifest order of things, not knowing that death is as necessary to the development of man as birth.

These teachers discourse of "heaven and immortal glory," as if it were their exclusive privilege to know more about both than other people; but let a human hand be controlled to write about "heaven and immortal glory," or let writing to the same purport take place without any visible intervention, and lo! the old stereotyped accusation comes up, "He hath a devil;" or, possibly, it sinks into the sorry sound of "humbug." Our brethren of the churches as well as our friends of the press, do wrong; they do not judge righteous judgment, condemn without hearing, punish without mercy. Where is that divine exhibition of Christian charity which we have a right to expect—that respect for human evidence which our testimony ought to secure? Alas! both are covered with sectarian rancor, buried in old traditions, crushed down by superstition.

What is Spiritualism? Simply a belief that spiritual beings communicate with man in an intelligible manner.

Is *that* all? That is enough to entitle one to be called a Spiritualist—and a host of epithets that ought to fit better the mouth of a Hottentot than that of a Christian. Do our opposers imagine that every thing which comes up is to be hung on to some projecting horn of Spiritualism, and baptized by that name? If they do, they labor under a serious mistake. They will learn anon, that there are in the ranks of this faith a multitude of men and women of cultivated, refined, logical, and practical minds. And there is a powerful reserve force yet to appear and bear testimony—hundreds of thousands ready to take the stand to-day, and testify to facts that can not be explained on other than the spiritual theory. The course of the

doctrine of angelic ministry is like a sweeping avalanche, and can not be withstood.

The Boston *Olive Branch* says, with a beautiful simplicity really quite refreshing in these days of disingenuousness, "Whether the destruction of one of their gods, the 'wooden savior,' in New York, which was lately exhibited in Lynn, Mass., will have the effect to scatter this fanatical band, remains to be seen." This charming *naivete* on the part of the worthy *Olive Branch* speaks better, perhaps, for its belief than for its knowledge. I have pleasure in informing that curious sheet, that there are something like fifteen hundred thousand Spiritualists in these confederate States; there were *two* of this number engaged in the construction of the mechanism, not *ten* who had faith in its ultimate success, and but *one* who believed in the extraordinary claims put forth in the columns of the *New Era*. And do my very good friends of the *Olive Branch* suppose that the failure of a mere mechanical experiment and its subsequent destruction will scatter the "fanatical band" of a million and a half of sensible persons, the majority of whom have never so much as heard whether there be any "wooden savior!" I am forced to the conclusion that they have not availed themselves of the means of information within the reach of all, and so very imperatively necessary to the proper conduct of a public journal. There may possibly be a few hundreds of this "fanatical band" on the subscription list of the *Olive Branch*, who will, probably, through its columns receive the first intimation that has yet reached them of the former existence and recent destruction of the "wooden savior," or their own consequent annihilation. A little judicious reading and candid reflection would have saved those acute critics the perpetration of a paragraph exhibiting their entire innocence of all correct knowledge of the spiritual movement. The reasonings of the *Olive Branch* are predicated on the following logic:

Men commit suicide with the Bible in their hands; *ergo*, the Bible ought to be burned.

People tell lies, swear, and vilify their neighbors with the tongue; *ergo*, the tongue ought to be cut out.

Many persons are driven mad by preaching; *ergo*, preaching is dangerous, and ought to be restrained by penal enactments.

Young ladies have been seduced by clergymen; *ergo*, the clergy are "infernal," and ought to be exiled to Australia or Demerara.

A Methodist Protestant has been discovered guilty of polygamy, and teaching its adaptability to human happiness, based on the rather extensive experience of Solomon; *ergo*, all Methodist Protestant fellows should be destroyed.

Not a word of comment is necessary to expose the fallacy of such logic as this; but this kind of reasoning is applied to Spiritualism with a vigorous hand. I can not say that I like whine and cant, and "Hot Corn" piety.

Recently the opposition has saddled a new piece of infamy upon those who believe in the ability of departed human spirits to communicate with their friends in the body. This last miserable subterfuge is labeled "Free Love," and was never heard of by the great body of Spiritualists until it was bruited abroad in the papers, after having unjustly fallen from the lips of the Hopedale prophet. I have been conversant with the spiritual movement over five years, have seen nearly every variety of development, visited several States of the Union, mingled much with believers and media, and yet never heard a single word about "Free Love"—which opposers construe to mean unbridled licentiousness, affecting the whole "fanatical band" to a lamentable degree. I unhesitatingly and advisedly pronounce this report an unqualified libel—a slander so gross that I marvel how it can find even temporary entertainment among the bitterest opponents of Spiritualism. Where Adin

Ballou found this bantling. I am at a loss to know ; I am quite sure it was never conceived and born in Boston. He may have witnessed "indescribabilities" at Hopedale ; but I have not yet seen any thing of that character in any place where I have been. On the contrary, it has always been inculcated that spirituality thrives best on the ruins of sensuality ; and that moral purity is the main pillar in the spiritual temple. It is singular that a doctrine so opposite to what is generally taught, should be brought to Spiritualists with the hope and expectation that they will take the infamous credit of its paternity. Mr. Ballou probably did not intend, when he alluded to that subject, to fasten its stigma upon Spiritualism, or give the impression that it had a tendency to generate unmitigated prostitution. While agreeing with many things he has written, I can not but regret his positiveness on this point, and the haste with which he seized the mantle of prophecy, and wrapped it about him. The purity of his motives I do not impugn, neither do I question his right to express his opinion, when, how, and as often as he pleases. But I am restive under this blistering-plaster, which has been clapped upon our backs without our knowledge or consent. It is an imputation so unfounded that thousands of excellent persons consider it too palpably unjust to merit the notice of a refutation. Let it be known and understood, that the majority of Spiritualists are sticklers for purity of life and conduct, conscious that it is essential to health, happiness, and the exaltation of the immortal nature. Let the press be just and generous, nor judge a million of people by a single isolated case.

The charge of the tendency of Spiritualism to insanity is false *in toto*, as the statistics of insanity and its causes prove beyond a doubt. While the number of spiritual believers has doubled within two years, the number of the insane has decreased one half. Figures are inexorable—stronger than

theories. Some of the editorial fraternity, while writing about lunacy, had better drop their pens and read the hospital reports for the last few years, and compare them with the admitted growth of Spiritualism. According to the thoughtless statements of several journalists, there ought to be an alarming increase of insanity with the increase of Spiritualists, which is not the case.

Not long since the Boston *Mail* made the kindly, courteous, charitable, and gentlemanly remark, that "Judge Edmonds and seven hundred other fools" had gone to Framingham. Judging from this polished paragraph, of what particular religion might the *Mail* man be? He belongs to a tolerant system, obviously; but not to the Christian faith, probably, because he employs an offensive epithet, the use of which Jesus forbids. If the editor of the *Mail* had accompanied the Judge (providing the Judge had been there, and permitted him that liberty), how many of the class designated (so gently) would there have been at Framingham? Will the *Mail* be good enough to figure it up, and see if the sum total will be the same? Suppose, now, that those "seven hundred fools" who went, and the several hundred who didn't go, should be so absurdly and ridiculously foolish as to pronounce the *Mail* a foolish paper and refuse to patronize it, who would, in such a case, feel the most foolish? Those who have regard to the very trifling and extremely earthly consideration of *circulation*, may possibly, in process of time, feel the reaction of their unqualified unfairness; although I wish them nothing of the kind, being willing that every body should enjoy their own opinions and prosper. We would commend the editor of the *Mail* to the attention of those distinguished disciples of Spurzheim, the Fowlers, feeling confident that his head must present an extraordinary "manifestation" of the bump of benevolence. (I presume the great American traveler—Daniel Pratt, Jr.—may be able

to direct the anxious and excited inquirer to the editor's sanctum.)

Again, the "ghost" editor of the *New York Tribune*, in a sudden exacerbation of anti-spiritual fervor, listeth up his resonant voice, and incontinently declaimeth that, "Spirits communicate nothing new."

The *Tribune* has been in circulation several years, and carried many thousands of columns of matter to various parts of the Union. It has done more real, radical, practical talking than any paper in this country. Now will the frisky "ghost" editor, who loveth to haunt the columns of the *Tribune*, and flitteth darkly about the editorial kennel, be so very kind and obliging as to inform me, and the world generally, what new principle in Art, Science, or Philosophy it has sent forth to enlighten the world, of which it can justly claim the paternity. Gentle specter, I pause for a response! What has the organ you delight to honor with the playful children of your brain originated, that nobody ever thought of before?

Still, has not the *Tribune* exercised a strong and lasting influence on the minds of men? Would it be too charitable to suppose that it has been the instrument of positive good to the human family. And yet the *Tribune* has not made a single grand discovery, notwithstanding it has communicated with the world so many years, and done so much hard rapping. Is the worth of any thing to be measured by its absolute newness? What did Jesus of Nazareth, the most noted of reformers, teach that was positively and unconditionally new? He proclaimed the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and insisted on the practical acknowledgment of the "Golden Rule." Had not Confucius and several other "heathen philosophers" taught the same doctrines? Many think that he was the "very God," yet find not a word of fault because he preached no doctrines entirely new. If a God could teach nothing higher and nobler

than brotherly love, what can Trinitarians expect of departed human spirits, in all essential respects beings like ourselves? Does the specter editor feel inclined to undervalue the ministry of Jesus, because he inculcated such plain and simple truths? Far from it, I imagine. He is quite aware that that personage has exercised a very great influence on the destiny of the world. As a *reformer*, the majority of Spiritualists receive, believe in him, and love his pure and peaceable doctrines. They desire nothing better than the full realization of his prophecies. They believe the churches have the form without the power of godliness—the external code without the inner life and spirit of Christ, written on the tablets of the mind. Churchmen *hope* they shall have a conscious existence after the death of the body, Spiritualists *know* they shall. Hence most of the latter class have a strong faith in the practicability of many of the strange things recorded in the Bible, and believed miraculous or contrary to the laws of Nature.

The *Tribune* has been in operation longer than the marvels of modern Spiritualism, yet it has convinced nobody of the immortality of the soul; Spiritualism has convinced thousands. Horace Greeley (the responsible editor) is a man of genius—as much a special instrument of Heaven as Henry Ward Beecher, or a clever shoemaker, blacksmith, or anybody else—but he gives us nothing wonderfully *new*.

Pleasant-hearted specter! will you not please try and be reasonable? Come, look at us again, and see if you can not discover some good in us. And, gentle editor, remember that life is short, and the “ghosts” will soon “get hold of fellows” like you and I.

J. H. ROBINSON.

LEICESTER, MASS., Oct. 30th, 1854.



## A DELICATE ILLUSTRATION.

THE present writer lectured on Sunday morning and evening last at Dodworth's Academy, to intelligent and appreciative audiences. The theme in the morning was, The Redeeming Power of the Beautiful and Spiritual ; and, on entering the desk, we found that some unknown friend had furnished a pleasing and appropriate illustration of the subject. It consisted of a large bouquet composed of choice flowers, which some fair hand had tastefully arranged in a porcelain vase, and accompanied the same with a card bearing our own proper name, etc.

Flowers are among the most delicate and suggestive forms of the beautiful ; sweet and eloquent symbols are they of much that is unspeakably precious to the soul. We can never be insensible to their influence. In their pure ministry they appeal to the only sense that has never led the human heart astray. By the favor of one unknown, our thoughts on Sunday morning took wing on a perfumed atmosphere. Should they be permitted to fold their pinions in the immediate presence of that person, or in any congenial mind or heart, may they diffuse over the realm of thought and feeling the incense of truth, beauty, and holiness.

S. B. B.

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INTERIOR MONITIONS.—There are many phenomena that would be scarcely observed by the superficial mind, which seem to intimate that the soul in its interior depths often feels the pressure of important future occurrences, when the outer man is totally uncscious of such movings. This is often evident in the strange and apparently unconscious

actions and speeches of persons when on the eve of some calamity or fatal accident. For instance, a distant family connection of the writer, an aged man, was, some months ago, about to depart on a journey. When about to leave home he embraced and took an unusually affectionate leave of his grandchildren. He then went to the *dépôt*, which was near by, but soon returned and embraced and kissed the children as before. Again he went to the cars, and again he returned to embrace the children; and so he repeated the form of taking leave several times before the cars started. He had never been known to act in that manner before, and one of his friends observing it, remarked to another that he would probably never return home alive. Accordingly, when about sixty miles from home, he was fatally crushed between two cars at a *dépôt*. A similar occurrence lately took place in Williamsburg. A carpenter, one morning before going to his work, affectionately embraced and took leave of his children—a thing which he had never before been known to do. At noon the lifeless body of that same man was brought home, he having been killed by a fall from a building. Neither of these men perhaps was conscious on the *outer* of any gloomy forebodings, and they were made to act as they did by the mysterious movings of the unerring monitor within, which had already foreseen the catastrophes. The catalogue of facts of this kind might be indefinitely extended.

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A SPIRIT APPEARING BEFORE THE DEATH OF ITS BODY.—The following is among those well-attested cases which form the most difficult problems of spiritual science. It is published in the "Pocket-book for the Friends of Religion" for 1814, by Jung Stilling, to whom it was communicated, as a personal experience, by Baron von Sulza, chamberlain to the king of Sweden. The Baron relates that having, on one occasion, been on a visit to a neighbor, he returned home about midnight, at which hour, in the summer time, it is so light in Sweden that one can see to read the smallest print. He says: "On arriving at our estate at Dienstdrop, my father met me before the gate of the court-yard, in his customary clothes, with a stick in his hand which my brother had ornamented with carved work. \* \* I saluted him and conversed a long time with him. We then went together into the house, and upon the level floor into the room; on entering which I saw my father, quite undressed, lying in bed, in profound sleep, and the apparition had disap-

peared. He soon awoke, and regarded me with an inquiring look. 'My dear Edward,' said he, 'God be thanked that I see you again, for I was much troubled on your account in a dream; for it seemed to me that you had fallen into the water, and were in danger of drowning.'" The Baron said that he had, on that day, gone to the river with the friend whom he was visiting, in order to catch crabs, and at one time was actually in danger of falling into the stream. He related to his father that he had seen his apparition at the gate, and conversed with it, when the latter replied that a similar phenomenon had often occurred to him. This case favors the idea entertained by some, that the spirit, even during the life of the body, may at times wander forth in its ethereal organism, and appear and act in distant places, forgetting all as it returns and awakes the body.

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REMARKABLE MONITIONS.—At a recent spiritual conference, P. B. Randolph, medium and clairvoyant physician of this city, related some facts in his early experience, among which we regard the following as specially remarkable: He said that some eight or ten years ago he followed the sea in the capacity of cabin boy. The captain and mate were severe men, and he was subjected to much abuse from them. On one occasion they had beaten him cruelly and driven him to utter desperation, when he felt an interior impulse to cast himself into the sea and so end his troubles. He ran, for that purpose, toward the side of the vessel, but just as he was about to take the fatal leap he saw the apparition of an arm and hand rising above the water, and beckoning him to go back. He suddenly stopped and nearly fell backward; but after persuading himself that this figure was a mere phantom of the imagination, he rallied for a still more desperate effort, resolving not to be diverted from his purpose that time. As he approached the side of the vessel, however, he saw the whole form of his deceased mother floating above the waves, and this time she addressed him, speaking to his internal hearing and commanding him to desist from his purpose, saying that the time for him to leave the world had not yet arrived, and that there was an important work for him to do in the future. He was thus saved from the suicide's death, and strengthened to endure the insults of his persecutors. In several other instances he had been saved from danger and strengthened under adversity by the interposition of his Spirit-mother.

## WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-WORLD?

BY R. H. BROWN.

AND I questioned the Spirit and said, Where is the Spirit-world? And the Spirit answered—*Here*. We dwell not in some far-off sphere hanging in the lone depths of space, neither do we wander, as some believe, without a local habitation, homeless in the wide wilderness of the air. Our world is your world; we are dwellers upon earth with the children of men.

And I marveled and said unto the Spirit, Can it be that the dead ascend not to a higher and more perfect sphere, a world of supernal beauty, a Spirit-land in which the gross and material splendors of earth have no place? Have I but dreamed, when among the silver stars that hang at night above me, I have pictured to myself some fair and distant planet peopled by those bright intelligences who have passed through the dark valley of death, and risen redeemed and purified?

Then said the Spirit, You have dreamed. But listen, and the truth shall be unfolded unto you. There are *two* worlds, *a world within a world, and these two are one*. Of the world in which *you live*, you know nothing. That which you call *your world*, is but an uniform system of constant appearances, which result from the relations which your senses bear to the *real things* about you. That which is *real* is unseen, that which *exists* is invisible. The *seen* is an appearance, the unseen and unknown are the truly existing. The mind is unseen, and is only known by the effects it produces; this you will understand; but when I tell you that the same thing is equally true of a stone or a tree, you will not comprehend me. Come, let us analyze the origin of your idea of a tree.

It is derived from your senses ; and how from your senses ? In no other way than by the effect which the tree produces on your senses. But what is the cause of that effect ? You will say the tree ; and there lies the error in your philosophy. It is not the tree, *it is the relation which your senses bear to the tree.* Change that relation by modifying the senses, and the *effects* produced on them by the tree will change also, but from those effects your idea of the tree is likewise altered.

What is the table on which you write ? It resists your touch ; you can not move your hand freely among its particles, it is solid, it is impenetrable. But does not this idea of solidity arise solely from the relation which the density of your hand bears to the density of the table. Change that relation. Were your bodily organization composed of matter as rare and refined as the invisible fluids, would not this idea of solidity vanish ? A wall of brass affords no resistance to the passage of caloric, and were your bodily organization as rare in substance, it would be as easy for you to pass through such a wall as now through the air. How then could the idea of its solidity be conveyed to your senses ? And yet the wall of brass would still be the same as before. *You* are changed, but not the wall. But the change in you, by reversing all your relations to the wall, has changed all your ideas of the wall, therefore the wall itself *appears* to be changed.

Imagine two beings, each possessed of a material body, human in *form*, that of the one as dense in substance as your own, but that of the other composed of matter as rare and refined as the invisible fluids. Now the ideas which these two beings would entertain of a mountain would be exactly opposite. To the one it would be solid and impenetrable, presenting an impassable obstacle to his approach ; the other could walk through and through it with ease. Each would have (what man foolishly imagines to be) the *highest* evidence of the truth

of his individual idea—the evidence of *his* senses. But of the *really existing mountain* neither would have any correct idea at all. The *actual* mountain is unseen by both, each perceives but the phantom which results from the peculiar relations which its individual organism bears to it.

Is it not now plain to you that *all* material things are as invisible and unknown as mind is, and are like it, only appreciated by the effects produced by them upon the senses, and through the senses on the soul? The *character* of those effects is determined by the relation of the senses to the thing, and from the character of the effect the *idea* of the thing springs. It follows, that in order to change this world into another, it is not necessary to remodel it, but only to modify or add to the senses of those who dwell therein, thus changing the world's relation to their material organism. Let the only change in the body be *one* of density. Suppose your spirit clothed in a body, as rare as the invisible fluids, how strange and unfamiliar would this world appear! A multitude of invisible things would be seen, and many objects now seen would vanish. That which now, ponderous and dense, prohibits your advance, would part before you like the liquid air, and the air itself which, invisible and rare, now almost eludes your senses, would appear more gross and material than the waters. You could walk through space, as now upon the solid earth, and into the bowels of the earth dive, as into the sea. If in addition to a change in the *density* of your material parts the senses were modified in kind and increased in number, how much more wonderful would be the result! Both your imagination and analysis will fall powerless in the attempt to trace the effects of so stupendous a change. Death wrought such a change in me. But, bear in mind, it was a change in *me* only—a change of appearances in things only, resulting from the changed relations of my senses to them. There was no change in things themselves,

yet, clothed with a multitude of new appearances, to recognize them by their former supposed properties, was impossible. I said when I began, That what you call *your world* was but a uniform system of appearances resulting from the relations which your senses bear to things about you. Do not these words now seem to embody a great truth? Is it not also plain to you, that "*place*" is nothing, *relation of sense to thing, all*. "*Place*" is only identified by its constant or unchanging features, its *present* appearance, which corresponds with its *remembered* appearance. Suppose that as you now sit, such a change in your bodily organization as I have hinted should in an instant take place. Do you not see that you would in a moment be as really in *another world* as if transported to the most distant of the orbs that cluster in the milky way? and yet you would still continue to occupy the same *place*, the same abstract portion of space, that you now do. And, moreover, nothing about you would be changed in fact, but in appearance and seeming properties only.

I have now to mention but one single fact, in order to render the words with which I began, We dwell upon earth with the children of men, for *there is a world within a world, and these two are one*," as plain and clear as the noon-day sun. And this fact is a fact already known to you—a fact which one of old, being influenced of the Spirit, wrote down in these words:

"But some will say, How are the dead raised up? And with *what body* do they come? Fool, that which thou sowest, thou sowest *not that body that shall be*, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other. But God (hath ordained) it a body, as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and of the terrestrial is

another. The sun hath one glory and the moon hath another, and there is another glory unto the stars. And one star differeth from another in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. His body is sown in corruption, *it is raised in incorruption*. It is sown in dishonor, *it is raised in glory*. It is sown in weakness, *it is raised in power*. It is sown a natural body, *it is raised a spiritual body*. *There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.*"

This covers the only *supposition* made in the whole course of this communication.

All Spirits have a spiritual body—a body, to you, inconceivably rare and refined. It is not only possessed of senses like your own, so perfect as to exceed human imagination, but also enjoys many others of a higher sort which can not be described to you. I have said to you, There are *two* worlds, a world within a world; this was to attain simplicity of argumentation. There are not *two* but *seven*, and these seven are one, for there are seven orders of Spirits and seven spheres, and these seven are one. Each of these and those therein are *normally* invisible to those who dwell in the others; but there is a communication between the Spirits of each, even as there is a communication between me and thee who art in the rudimental sphere, which is the entrance unto the seven, albeit that communication in the other six hath a different manner and form.

Farewell.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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TAUGHT IN A DREAM.—A gentleman of our acquaintance has been shown splendid specimens of embroidery executed by a little girl, and consisting of diverse new and beautiful patterns. Our friend's surprise and admiration of the elegance of the work were greatly increased when he was assured by the girl's mother that she had received the patterns in her *dreams*, and on awakening copied them.



## "I'D HAVE THEE THINK OF ME."

THE fair authoress of the following exquisite poem has never given her name to the public journals, but we venture to announce it in this connection. MRS. HART, as our readers will readily infer, has been accustomed to write in verse. Several of her poems have appeared anonymously, and have attracted our attention on account of their delicate, spiritual beauty. The accompanying lines will be widely read and admired without our indorsement of their merits, but we can not withhold the remark that they exhibit the spirit of genuine Poetry. The images are extremely chaste and expressive, while the versification is remarkably flowing and graceful. A refined perception of the beautiful, purity of feeling and sentiment, and a silent, unconscious strength are the characteristics of the muse as exhibited in Mrs. Hart's poetry.—ED.

BY MRS. CATHERINE W. HART.

I'd have thee think of me as one whose heart  
Bears in life's revel but the smallest part—  
Almost as of a Spirit—on whom the light  
Of fairer skies has shed a glory bright;  
Whose hopes, whose dreams, though once of mortal birth,  
Have winged their flight beyond the passing earth.

I'd have thee think of me with the same love  
As thou wouldst give to some bright star above,  
Which saileth onward through the dark-blue skies,  
Yet gazeth on thee with its glorious eyes,  
As if to beckon to its holier sphere  
Thy spirit, fettered by its earth-loves here.

I'd have thee think of me as of a flower,  
Whose life of beauty lasts but for an hour,  
On which thy gaze may but a moment rest,  
Ere all its brightness fades upon thy breast,  
Yet leaves behind a perfume of its own,  
Whose sweetness lingers, though the bloom has flown.

I'd have thee think of me as of some bird,  
Whose music only in the night is heard—  
The solemn night, when all around is still—  
And its clear notes thy trembling bosom fill,  
Awakening there vague yearnings, dreams divine,  
And blessed visions of a fairer clime.

I'd have thee think of me, apart—alone—  
When twilight shadows o'er the earth are thrown,  
As of those golden clouds which bathe the sky  
In rich, warm colors to thy longing eye,  
But which will melt into the far-off blue  
Of heaven's pure azure, deepening on thy view.

I'd have thee think of me as of a dream—  
For I, like that, would to thy memory seem  
As something faint and shadowy, yet as bright,  
Gliding around thee in the clear daylight,  
Haunting thy soul with beauty, strange and rare,  
Making thy life seem ever still more fair.

Thus would I have thee think of me, dear friend;  
Thus with earth's choicest things my image blend;  
Thus would I shed, like them, an essence pure  
Upon thy thoughts, forever to endure—  
Not asking love by passion's breezes fanned,  
But loved as spirit in the Spirit-land.

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A RIGID sectarian is one who is dwarfed in spirit. Like a person of inferior physical stature, his vision is circumscribed to the little *yard about his dwelling*, merely, because he has not grown *tall enough to see over the fence*.—ED.

## THE SPIRITS AND SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

SPIRITUAL DEPÔT, 88 DOCK STREET, }  
 PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7, 1854. }

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH :

*Sir*—I accidentally discovered this morning a confirmation of a spiritual message to which you may think it worth while to give publicity. In a book entitled "Epitome of Spirit Intercourse," by Alfred Cridge, of Canada, writing medium, Boston, 1854, on page 78 occurs the following account of a message from

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"In Halifax, N. S., February, 1854, I asked any Spirit present to communicate through raps. Sir John Franklin was given, my hand was controlled, and the following received :

"The cause of our failure was a season which set in with unusual severity, at an earlier period than usual. The indifferent manner in which our provisions were packed spoiled many of them, and compelled me to detach too large a party to hunt, so that we could not prevent the ships being crushed by ice. Thus driven from our refuge, all who had not previously been drowned or died of hardship perished from the combined effects of cold and hunger. Had it not been for the defective qualities and fastenings of the provisions, we should not have been jammed up, as there would have been no necessity to have hunted until we were in a locality more favorable for the purpose.

"The result of our operations was the discovery of a large tract of open water near the North Pole. Our further progress was stopped by a barrier of ice about three miles wide etc."

The accounts lately published of the discovery of Sir John Franklin, agree in the main, with those received by the medium nine months previous.

"In the spring of 1850, a party of whites amounting to about forty, were seen by some Esquimaux, traveling southward over the ice, dragging boats with them. By signs, the natives were made to understand that their ships had been crushed by ice, and that the whites were now

going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom, except one officer, looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and they purchased a small seal from the natives. At a later date the same season, their bodies were discovered, with every indication of their having perished from famine."

This last account was first published to the world in the *Montreal Herald* of Oct. 21st, 1854. The exact date of the publication of the book containing the spiritual message I have no means of ascertaining. The coincidence is very perfect, and I see no rational way of accounting for it but upon the spiritual theory.

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## OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRITS.

MR. HENRY MAY writes us from Lexington, Mich., under date of Oct. 14, 1854.

He says, about one year since, while he was living in Canada, near London, loud raps occurred on the top of his house, outside and inside, on the doors and in various other places, and that many people came to witness the manifestations. Finally the Spirits told him to move to where he now lives in Michigan, four miles from Lexington. They described the place they wished him to move to, and he found it by their directions, and every thing was just as they had described it to him. He says at this place they rap on fences, boxes, his wagon, well-curb, and all over the house, so as to be heard distinctly twenty rods. Raps in various places often occur simultaneously.

Mr. May's son, ten years of age, is a medium. He never learned to write, but the Spirits take hold of the pen with him, and write with his hand. This boy sees and talks with Spirits,

and tells persons present what they say to him. He says he leaves his body sometimes and goes to heaven, and tells what he sees there. He says when he is away from his body his spirit can rap as readily as any other Spirit.

Mr. May says the Spirits sometimes take sticks of wood and pieces of iron to rap with. They play on an accordeon which he procured for their use.

The Spirits often bring the Bible to some person present, open it, and take hold of the person's fingers, and point to the verses they wish to have read, and they select hymns in the same manner. Spirit-hands are made visible, and he has felt them all over, and examined them thoroughly.

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**SPIRIT-WHISPERINGS, ETC.**—A gentleman on whose word entire reliance may be placed, informs us that he, in company with two other persons, was, a few days ago, in the presence of a certain medium in this city, when the following remarkable occurrences took place: Our informant invoked the presence of his little daughter who has been in the Spirit-world for some time, and she responded to him in an audible whisper. An intelligible conversation ensued, in the course of which the little Spirit-girl, still audibly whispering, asked, "Pa, what have you got in your pocket?" The father answered that he had some candy in his pocket. The Spirit-child asked him to give her some, when holding a piece out in his hand, it was taken from him. Soon he heard a sound as though the child was crushing the candy between her teeth. Shortly after this she asked him for another piece, and after that for still another. The candies were in each instance held out in the hand by the father in a position which rendered it impossible for them to be reached by any living person in the room, and they were in each instance taken out of his hand, and afterward were not to be found. We learn that similar occurrences in the presence of the same medium are not unfrequent. It is but just to add that these occurrences usually take place in a darkened room; but with the guards against deception that ingenious skepticism always readily invents in such cases, this fact can scarcely be considered as vitiating the evidence.

## THE MELODY OF NATURE.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

CREATION sings!—the worlds rejoice,  
As with their deep, melodious voice  
They fill immensity.

Vast suns grow vocal as they shine,  
And through the silent sky  
They pour an utterance divine.

If Darkness veils the weary earth,  
And stills the sounds of joy and mirth  
'Mid scenes of revelry,  
The gloom awakes the Harp of Heaven,  
And tones of melody  
To all the shining stars are given.

Yet list!—no outward sense may know  
What streams of gentle music flow  
Throughout infinity—  
The voice of Silence thrills the air  
With sweetest harmony,  
And makes the music breathing there.

In human hearts regenerate,  
Redeemed from pride, and lust, and hate,  
There is a temple-soul,  
Where echoes from Creation's lyre  
Shall ever swell and roll,  
Like billows of immortal fire.

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SPIRIT-LIGHTS AND APPARITIONS.—Mr. James Stott, of Carbondale, Pa., with whom we recently had an interview, related to us the following among other interesting facts of Spirit-manifestations which have lately occurred in that town: A special circle was convoked one

evening, in compliance with the previous request of Spirits, the latter promising to give, on that occasion, demonstrations that would satisfy all doubters. After the circle became seated, the medium became entranced, rose from her seat, and requested two skeptical ladies in the circle to follow her. She led them into a bed-room and closed the door, rendering it perfectly dark. They had not been there long before they saw a light descend spirally from the ceiling and rest upon the top of the bed-post. It soon, however, left the bed-post and assumed the distinct form of the head, face, and part of the breast of a child. One of the ladies instantly recognized it as a child which she had lost some time before. So perfect was the recognition, that in the depths of maternal affection she was about to grasp it in her arms, when the medium restrained her. They waited a few moments, when another light descended from the ceiling and extended itself across the bed, and finally assumed a form which the other lady recognized as her sister-in-law, who had passed into the Spirit-world. They gazed upon the two figures for some time, when the latter slowly rose toward the ceiling, and as they ascended gradually approached each other until they finally blended together and disappeared.

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**CASE OF TRANCE, FROM PLINY.**—The elder Pliny, though inclined to Epicureanism, and hence to a denial of the soul's immortality, nevertheless says, in his *Hist. Nat.* vii. 53 : "We find among others an instance that the soul of Hermotimus, of Clazomene, was wont to forsake its body, and wander about, and by means of its wanderings bring intelligence of many things at a distance, which none could know but such as were present at them, during which his body lay half dead ; until his enemies (who were called Cantharites), burnt it, and thus cut off the retreat of the returning soul."

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**THE ATMOSPHERE OF INDIFFERENCE.**—Many a bright flower in the garden of beauty has been doomed to wither and die when the frosts of disappointment and the clouds of adversity have chilled the atmosphere, and shut out the sunshine of love. The more beautiful the flower ; the more carefully it has been nurtured and cherished beneath the enlivening rays of friendship, the more fatal will be the transition from the warm atmosphere of kindness, to that of cold indifference and neglect.

## SPIRITUAL ANNEXATION.

PARTRIDGE &amp; BRITTAN:

*Esteemed Friends*—As much interest is felt by Spiritualists in the question of organization or no organization, I am induced to detail briefly the action taken by the Brooklyn Spiritualists in several of their late meetings upon the subject. Since the commencement of the meetings in Brooklyn the want of some sort of organization has been felt to exist. To prosecute any object before the public involves no inconsiderable labor and expense; and to equalize responsibilities and duties, and to render effective the action of the whole, it was deemed necessary to adopt some basis for methodical and effective action, that would distribute more equally the labors, and prevent the expenses from becoming a burden to any.

On Sunday afternoon, the 22d ult., the subject was up for consideration, and Mr. Ryerson, late of Cincinnati, but now a resident of Brooklyn, presented the plan of organization of the "Friends of Progress," the society of Spiritualists in Cincinnati, which, after considerable discussion, was laid over to the next meeting. I regret that I am not able to embody a copy of the Preamble, Constitution, and By-laws of the "Friends of Progress" in this article, as, in my view, it is better adapted to the present wants of the cause than any plan of organization I have yet seen. I trust Mr. R. will furnish a copy for publication in the TELEGRAPH, and that you will give it an insertion. I am convinced that the form of organization required by the present condition of the cause is one that admits the widest range of discussion, and which provides for the largest



liberty of individual action consistent with order, and a due regard for the feelings of those honestly entertaining different views; and, moreover, one that shall not be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, but which contains within itself provisions for expansion corresponding to the progress of the cause.

At the succeeding meeting, held the 29th ult., owing to the inclemency of the weather, there was but a small attendance. In the absence of Mr. Ryerson and the minutes of the previous meeting, J. H. W. Toohey, editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, and apparently in some sort the representative of the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," presented the following preamble and resolutions, which he supported in an able speech, and which were further supported by Uriah Clark. P. B. Randolph, and others, viz. :

*Whereas*, we believe it to be a blessed truth that men and angels may and do hold Spirit-intercourse, which is calculated to console the mind under every phase of pain and disappointment; proving, as it does, the soul's immortality, the wisdom of all experience, and the necessity of progress in a true and pure life, to be happy here and angelic hereafter—therefore,

*Resolved*, That we adopt the following, as well-calculated to aid in making this truth practical :

*First*, That the name or title by which the Society shall be known shall be, "The Brooklyn Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," which shall be auxiliary to the Parent Society in New York City.

*Secondly*, That the business and objects of the Society shall be :

1. The diffusion of the knowledge of the phenomena and principles of Spiritualism.
2. The defense and protection of believers and inquirers in the freedom of thought and inquiry against all opposition and oppression.
3. The relief of the suffering, the distressed, and the erring, so far as to enable them to lead upright and pure lives.
4. That, as members, we pledge ourselves to the cause by subscribing

to the above, and paying the sum of — per month, to defray general expenses.

5. That the officers of this Society consist of, and be represented by, an equal number of either sex.

The preamble and resolutions as above printed are not precisely as first offered, for, feeling insuperable objections to several parts of them, I made several motions to amend, which, after considerable discussion, were carried. The fifth and last resolution was added entire upon my motion, and the whole, as above, is the amended copy. When the final vote to adopt was about to be put, finding that the few present were determined to press the question to an immediate vote, I offered a motion to strike out that portion of the first resolution that would make our Brooklyn Society auxiliary to the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," and which is therein declared to be the "Parent Society." This movement was not prompted by any hostility to the so-called "Parent Society," but because I knew that many Spiritualists were not willing to admit the assumptions of that society, and were opposed strongly to the idea of spiritual centralization; and I was, moreover, anxious that the meeting should adopt nothing that would so narrow our platform that those most widely differing in sentiment could not with entire freedom occupy it. I was opposed to any action that would deprive any Spiritualist of the fullest opportunities of usefulness, or that would tend to prevent the fullest fraternization of all investigators and believers of the spiritual phenomena. I was in favor of the adoption of such a basis of organization as would tend to unite and harmonize all. It was my belief that after the movement had acquired age and experience, stability and character, it would be qualified to form such alliances, enter into such obligations, and perform such labors as the times and circumstances might then seem to approve. But the motion to strike out did not

prevail. Not one could be found to do it reverence, so far as to second it. I learned afterward that this was not because it was not approved, but was in consequence of a fear that to further urge the point would lead to further discord. The motion to adopt being put, I voted in the affirmative, in order that I might be privileged to move a reconsideration at the next meeting, to which the subject of officers was referred, as will appear from the following notice published in the *Christian Spiritualist* along with the preamble and resolutions, the following week :

On next Sunday the officers will be chosen, when a full attendance of those interested is desired, that there may be as full an expression of opinion as possible.

We hope the friends will take the necessary steps to make this a working as well as a preaching Society ; as it is a conviction *now*, nearly general among Spiritualists, that one sermon with the hand is worth more than a thousand with the tongue ; the plain sense of which is very old, as it is a simple reiteration of an old saying, that " a little *help* is better than a great deal of pity." Society needs the right kind of talk and the right kind of work ; and we believe both to be necessary, as the former is educational to the latter.

Make men and women thorough-going Spiritualists, and you make them practical workers for progress and humanity.

We hope to know this Society as a body of *WORKERS*, whose delight it shall be to vindicate the ways of God to man, by living the harmonies and doing the duties of the developed man. If this is done, Brooklyn will not be long ignorant of the existence of such a Society, as it will be " a living epistle, known and read of all men."

At the succeeding meeting, which was the last, I briefly recapitulated the previous action, and stated my object in voting as I did in the affirmative, and then proposed to make a motion to reconsider the vote by which the preamble and resolutions were adopted. Hereupon, and before I made the motion, the editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* made a speech, in which, among other things, he said that he should regard the recon-

sideration of the vote, with such an object as I had proposed, viz., to amend by striking out the name and the clause making the society auxiliary to the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," a direct insult, and particularly as the preamble and resolutions had been published in the *Christian Spiritualist* with the approbation of the previous meeting. The speech was altogether a very caustic one, yet I have no doubt it was dictated by what he deemed to be the right spirit, and was what he supposed to be demanded by the occasion for the good of the cause. At the close of his remarks, Uriah Clark, in an explanatory speech, informed the audience that his views had changed since the last meeting, and that he was now opposed to the Brooklyn society becoming auxiliary to any other. This change seemed to have been occasioned by what Mr. Clark considered an unwarrantable interference on the part of a representative of the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, with reference to his own course, since the preceding meeting. After a desultory conversation, in which all more or less participated, it was concluded to organize for the present for the purpose of holding meetings, simply by the appointment of a committee of finance, who should also have the general direction and control of the meetings during the pleasure of those who appointed them.

There is in Brooklyn a constantly increasing interest in the subject of Spiritualism, and the time must soon come when some more comprehensive plan of operations must be adopted to satisfy the desire, so rapidly spreading, to investigate and learn more of the philosophy of the spiritual phenomena. The experience we have had, and the desire to fraternally coöperate with one another, which inspires the most of Spiritualists, I trust will result in an effective and wisely constructed movement, which I hope may speedily be developed.

BROOKLYN Nov. 8, 1854.

TAPPEN TOWNSEND.

## AN HONORABLE COMMISSION.

THE following is the substance of a letter just received, dated Mt. Palatine, Putnam Co., Ill., Nov. 7, 1854.

MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE :

*Dear Sir*—I send thee a commission herewith, which I hope will be agreeable. I have a farm of one hundred acres on which I work. I was brought up on a farm, and I love farming. My children are all married and moved away, and I want help. I want two boys, say from twelve to sixteen years of age, to work with me. I had rather have orphans, and prefer Germans to Irish. I speak and read German. I will feed and clothe them, and send them to school until they acquire a good business education; and when they are twenty-one years of age, I will give each of them money enough to buy a quarter section of government land wherever they please to select it, or two hundred dollars in cash. I want these boys well made, both in body and brain. I have brought up an orphan girl who is married to one of the first merchants in Cleveland, and I have now another orphan girl. I should like one of the boys immediately, and the other any time prior to April next. We take your paper, the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and hold spiritual circles every week in my house, etc.

U—.

I most cheerfully accept this commission, and esteem it an honor to be permitted to discharge the duty it involves. I am most happy to take the neglected orphan children from our streets, and show them a father; to remove these immortal germs from the sloughs of filth, degradation, suffering, and crime, and transplant them in the verdant West, where all nature invites to industry and virtue, and promises to reward the laborer with abundance. Such a change in the physical condition of the young, affords the sure prophecy of a corresponding moral and intellectual improvement. I wish the next

five weeks would bring me five thousand just such commissions, and I would fill them. Who can estimate the benefits to humanity for the next thousand years that must flow from such a change in the earth-life of one of these children?

Think of this subject, in connection with what our correspondent has said of his orphan girl, who is now the wife of one of the most respectable merchants in Cleveland. Where would she have been to-day, and what the condition of her offspring, if she had not found a father in our friend. And now think of the inestimable advantages to society, by a like change in the lives of five thousand children running at large in our streets. Society must not blame the vagrant and vicious until they change the conditions which make them so. What can we expect of children who have no father, mother, or friend to advise them; and those worse off who have indolent, drunken, and vicious parents, who send them into our streets to beg or steal, and whip them at night if they have not done the vicious errand? Many of these children are sent out barely covered with rags, bare-footed, and leaving marks of blood upon the sharp ice and snow. The lash is used to compel them to beg, and they are abused if they do. I have sometimes queried as to which was the worse of the two, those who send out their children on such errands, or those who abuse them for their unfortunate condition. Yet the children should not be blamed, for it is by beating and starvation that they are made profligates, and profligacy or death is the only alternative. God only knows how many choose the latter, rather than involve the soul in the degrading conditions upon which society allows the physical body to be sustained. I say society, because I don't believe there ever was a man or woman who became profligate or vicious in and of themselves alone, but rather through circumstances and conditions over which they individually had but little or no control. Will any body pretend that these poor

children can control the circumstances and conditions which are confirming them in a degenerate and beggarly mode of life? Well, then, where does the responsibility lay, but with you and I, and every other member of society, who have left undone any thing which might better their condition and place them under more favorable circumstances.

Reader, examine thyself, and see what thou mayest do or say to meliorate the condition of one of these little ones. Who among our numerous readers can do as our brother U—— has done? If you are not moved by humanitarian considerations, consider it in a pecuniary point of view. Boys from twelve to sixteen years old, on a farm or in a manufacturing establishment, can earn one dollar per week more than the cost of their board, clothes, and schooling, which would amount to \$208. From sixteen to twenty-one, say two dollars per week more than schooling, board, and clothes, amounts to \$520; total \$728 (and this is a moderate calculation). From the above amount deduct one or two hundred dollars to be paid to the boy when twenty-one years of age, and then a large margin is left, which shows it to be a money-making operation; and to those who have no humanitarian enterprise, I appeal on the ground of money-making.

The writer is one of the Executive Committee of the New York Juvenile Asylum, an incorporated institution. The object of this institution is to take and provide for orphans and other neglected and destitute children in New York city, and as soon as properly disciplined, to bind them out to well-recommended people about the country. We have circulars and printed forms of indenture, which will be forwarded to those desiring to examine them with a view of taking our children. Thus far we have obligated the persons to whom we have indentured children, to give them an ordinary education, and from one to two hundred dollars when they are of age. We

have bound out several hundred, who have given general satisfaction, and we have several hundred boys and girls at present in our establishment, for whom we want to get good places, to give room for others who ought to be there. The weaklings have not survived the terrible trials to which they have been exposed, and those who remain are generally strong, healthy, and well developed in body and mind. Under proper training they are likely to become useful members of society, and to distinguish themselves in the boiling surges of true human endeavor. No Spiritualist can be indifferent to a reform like this, and I trust they will esteem it a privilege to be instrumental in finding homes for these little ones.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

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### MYSTERIOUS SILENCE.

SOME six weeks since the author of certain articles on "Ghost Literature," after having repeatedly slandered the great body of Spirits and Spiritualists, by attempting to make the odious doctrine of a sensual Free-love a part of their system, took occasion to defy everybody in general, and ourself in particular, to show that Spiritualism has made known any *new truth*. To this vaunting invitation we promptly responded, that the TELEGRAPH was ready to accept the affirmative of a proposition covering this new issue whenever the *Tribune* might find it convenient to open its columns to a fair discussion of the question. But since that day the writer in the *Tribune* has kept silent on this point; and still there is no reply. We have waited patiently until the election is fairly over, and the returns are in, and now we should like to know whether the



party who gave the ostentatious challenge referred to really meant any thing. We are ready to exhibit the new truths of Spiritualism, or the old falsehoods of its enemies, if the occasion shall require. Is the *Tribune* prepared to admit its readers to the exhibition?

S. B. B.

## THE "DISPATCH" ON SPIRITUALISM

THE *Dispatch* of Sunday, the 19th inst., has a digest of the contents of the last number of our paper, wherein the editor of that journal endeavors to give the substance of the more important articles, which he treats in a grave or facetious manner, as the subjects comprehended in his analysis chance to impress his mind. Some of our facts and ideas must appear strange to an outsider, and it is not at all surprising that the deductions of the *Dispatch* are not always warranted by his premises. For example, he selects from our columns a curious illustration of the presence and power of the invisible agents and argues therefrom that Spirits have *an appetite for candies*, and that their organizations are fitted to assimilate *sugar*.

But the statement in the TELEGRAPH authorizes no such inference. It was merely alleged that what purported to be the Spirit of a little child came to a circle, of which its father was a member, and asked him, in the course of the evening, for three several pieces of candy; that in each instance the father took a piece in his hand which was removed by the invisible agent purporting to be his daughter; that after the pieces had severally disappeared, a sound was heard as if they were being crushed between the teeth. Such was the simple fact for which we are responsible. From this the *Dispatch*, as we believe, reasons to a false conclusion—that Spirits "*eat can-*

dies," and that they "*must have natural stomachs.*" But perhaps our cotemporary has a logical *right* to be logically *wrong*. Be that as it may, all we require is, that he will father his own and not leave such illegitimate offspring at our door.

The *Dispatch* presents a lengthy synopsis of Mr. Brown's article, "Where is the Spirit-World?" in which it presents the writer's views fairly. Then follows a paragraph embodying the cardinal idea of our editorial leader—Sectarianism Tried and found Wanting—which is rendered in such a manner as to afford no ground for complaint. Next follows a reference to the letter of E. E. Gibson, which is characterized as strongly "atheistical." The next paragraph is devoted to the article by Dr. Robinson, "Spiritualism and the Press," and aims to present the gist of what the Doctor says on Free Love. The remaining portion of the article in the *Dispatch* relates to the paper selected from the *Sacred Circle*—"What is Spiritualism?" The answer to this question, as given by Phoenix, does not altogether satisfy the writer in the *Dispatch*, as will be inferred from his concluding remark, which is subjoined :

Well, this is all edifying, though we do not yet exactly understand "what is Spiritualism;" a question which the writer set out to tell us very plainly. Our comprehension may be dull, and others may have no difficulty in seeing through the mist that hangs like a cloud over our intellect. The Bible tells us of "the spirit of the beast," but we never before heard any authority for the spirit of a tree or a mountain; but we live in a remarkable age, and will have to travel along with the fifteen hundred thousand who see all these strange things clearly.

No, friend, that course will not subserve your interest or that of the cause. If you propose "to travel along with" us we want you to keep your eyes open, lest unhappily you fall into some snare and leave us to suffer the reproach of your blindness. We should like your company, but presume you are most interesting when wide awake.

S. B. B.

## SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

DURING a visit to the house of some worthy Kentucky acquaintances who have become Spiritualists, under the influence of unmistakable evidences developed under their own direction and observation, we received the following interesting and beautiful descriptions, through the mediumship of a little girl, who bids fair to become a star of light to many a weary pilgrim of life in her neighborhood. The readers of the TELEGRAPH shall have more of her development and progress if time and circumstances allow. The following was given in the presence of a large circle of skeptical friends, and challenged their interest and admiration, through the mediumship of Miss Agnes Morrison's mind—a sweet-tempered girl of 12 years :

I see a magnificent cathedral inclosed by large and well-proportioned trees, arranged in avenues. A stream flows near it. Numerous crowds are thronging the avenues—having crossed the shore to reach it. They lift up their voices in lofty strains of worship and praise. A mighty man has arisen to address them. I would that I could repeat his words, but this is impossible. He seems to say : The Spirits are mighty and will accomplish their work. We come here to worship our Universal Father. We all inherit from his unbounded goodness this happy Spirit-land. We must try and help the people in the rudimental world to do as God willeth. There are many of them who believe us not. We should not press them too strongly, but give them our blissful knowledge by degrees. We will after a while have it so that all may commune with us as though they were of us. Meanwhile we must relieve their midnight ignorance and make them better. They will then rejoice with us. There are many who go by death to the dark Spirit-land. We are called to teach them also ; have to relieve their ignorance, and open their souls to holier climes. There will a time come when all will be happy together. Then will our joy be increased.

Supposing the scene to be intended as an allegory, I asked what was its meaning. We received a reply :

"The stream is the stream of earthly life. The church is the Home of the Spirit. The trees are the lessons of Beauty and Wisdom. The peaceful animals that recline in the shade are the dispositions we should cherish. The teacher typifies our sources of knowledge, and the songs our felicity and triumph. If now you will listen you will hear the song :

Beauty is a beam of light  
That gathers o'er the blooming flower,  
It gilds both field and mountain height."

Here we could get no more, and the medium arose.

MERRIVILLE, KY., *July 25, 1854.*

#### THROUGH AGNES.

I see a towering mount covered o'er by animals of all descriptions. It is festooned with vines and covered with flowers. A broad river flows by its side and winds around its base, presenting every variety of cascade and cataract, before moving on into a wide and undulating valley. The sweetest strains of music pour forth from myriad voices, accompanied by innumerable instruments, while hosts of high-born Spirits move to the melodious notes, in offices of duty and ecstasies of love. I hear a strain which I can not repeat, but it was something like—

Happy Spirits, come away,  
Why should you stay  
Where all the day  
You feel life's bitter sorrow.  
Oh ! come let us go  
Where purest blossoms grow,  
And little children ever bring  
Their voices of daily song—  
The time shall not be long,  
Come, come away.

MERRIVILLE, KY., *July 25, 1854.*

#### AGAIN THROUGH AGNES.

I see a mighty man. He stands upon a lofty mountain, and says :  
Peace be unto you !

There is a time for all things. The day shall come when all shall see joy everywhere. Yes ! joy everywhere—o'er all the lands that God has

made. No one can know the happiness you will then see. There will yet be men everywhere to teach what awaits you in the Spirit-land.

I asked his name. She said she saw many names on rolls and flags, but could give the letters of only one, which she gave one by one: PAUL THE APOSTLE.

She was not aware that the letters spelled the name till I told her. I understand this as a scene presented by her guardian-Spirit, for our instruction.

MERRIVILLE, KY., *July 25, 1854.*

At the same place, through another medium, we received the following, which we present as exhibiting the evidences of identity often afforded us.

THROUGH MRS. J. B. FERGUSON.

At twelve o'clock, while a company of four persons, including Mrs. F., were conversing, she said: "If you will all leave the room I will make a communication to Mr. Ferguson from a Spirit now present." I was lying down at the time, but readily consented. When alone, her countenance assumed a very happy expression, and she exclaimed:

"Oh! that I could give you what I see as I see it, but it is impossible. I will do the best I can to tell you what she desired to communicate."

I did not even suspect what Spirit she referred to, and knew not until she had proceeded through most of the communication. She commenced as from the Spirit:

I died while in the bloom of youthful womanhood. The germ was crushed within me ere it was fully opened. I desired to live much longer, and would have lived had my early training been more perfect. Say, therefore, to those who have the care of my children, Train them up so as to secure robust, healthy constitutions. From me they inherited a very delicate one. When I departed I desired to live, but no sooner did I give up my frail tenement, than a bright, happy, and glorious world opened to my enraptured vision. I am now with congenial friends

and relations, and am held upward toward mansions of Eternal Progression. I would not return if I could. My friends here are far more numerous and beneficial to me than the loved ones left but for a short time behind. They strengthen the native nobleness of my nature, and help my strongest desire for the Perfect and the Everlasting.

I wish to say that no earthly skill could have saved me. My frame was too frail. Cast no reflection upon any one. All was done that could have been done. My time had come. No power on earth could have held me then. I see the happiness of some disturbed by an opposite thought. It is unjust, and should not be indulged.

[Here the medium said, "She wishes to say more, but I can not get it. I see the wonderful enlargement of her mind. How happy to die so pure, so noble in our purposes! The brightness dazzled me. I can not see for brightness." Again, after a few moments she said :]

To you, oh! my brother, I would say, your calling is one recognized by high-born Spirits, and is like theirs. Many, many Spirits surround you daily. Be true to your position, and fear not the face of misguided and time-serving mortals. I desired much to see you when dying, but could not. But no sooner did I enter the Spirit-state, than I saw you and your exalted mission. Your life must continue in devotion to the best interests of mankind. Your mind will be directed, day by day, as your duties open. Follow your intuitions. Consult not with flesh and blood. Be careful to discriminate between the True and the False. Could you see the bright and rewarding Future that stretches out before you, you would never fail in courage. The elevation of thought, and all the nobler capacities of our nature that ignorance and human servility have smothered, will yet be opened where all is Love. Your position will undergo some changes. No more. At another time I will say much.

[Again the medium expressed her incapacity to reflect the full spirit and words of the communication. Some minutes afterward she resumed :]

Say to my father and mother I love them devotedly. I would communicate to them, but influences hinder.

Tell my Uncle William to submit more willingly to spiritual influence.

If he will, his mind will open as he scarcely expects. He will be relieved. Tell him to love me although gone from earthly sight.

[Again the medium said a bright light o'ershadowed her, and she exclaimed: "How incapable I am of telling what she wishes!"]

Spiritualism will comfort him. He will yet see and know what but a few years ago he feared was but a dream: that the future life is a reality. He has a noble mind. I see it now, but can communicate no more. The time is fixed when I will visit you again.

N. M. FERGUSON.

Mrs. Ferguson died a few months since. She was an amiable woman, of good mind and pure instincts. I loved her from her childhood. In the above communication she states three facts that were not known to either the medium or myself: the thought of some of her friends that her disease ought to have been cured; her desire to see me when dying, and the state of her uncle's belief; I have since verified them all. I need not say this evidence of identity was overwhelming to all acquainted with the circumstances of her departure.

J. B. FERGUSON.

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THE SPIRITS IN SCOTLAND.—An eminent lady, who resides in Massachusetts, suggests that we inquire of our orthodox friends "what Hugh Miller had in his mind when he wrote the following:

"There is a phase of the religious character (which, in the south of Scotland, belongs to the first two ages of the Presbytery, but which disappeared ere its third establishment under William of Nassau) in which a sort of wild machinery of the supernatural was added to the common aspect of a living Christianity. The men in whom it was exhibited were seers of visions and dreamers of dreams; and standing on the very verge of the natural world, they looked far into the world of Spirits, and had at times their strange glimpses of the distant future."

## ANOTHER JUVENILE POET.

SOUTH BOSTON, Sept. 14, 1854.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH :

Sir—Thinking that *facts* are the most acceptable to your many readers, I think I will relate a circumstance which occurred some four or five years since, which, though perhaps not exactly coming under the garb of *Spiritualism*, may be classed by some under “the list of spiritual things.” The names of the persons concerned I am not aware of; but receiving my authority from a cousin of the young girl involved in the circumstance, who, by the way, is a schoolmate of mine, I can not at this moment doubt the truth of the statement. But to my story.

A widow lady, an aunt of my friend, resided in Northampton, Mass. Her husband died at sea, and left her with *seven* helpless children. The poor woman did not long survive the shock, and one night, a few months after the death of her husband, left this world for “the better one beyond the grave.” She died from the effects of a paralytic stroke. There were no persons near whom the children could call in, for they were strangers to every one, having but lately sought a residence in the neighborhood. The seven little ones, the oldest of whom was only seven years of age, stood silently around the dead mother, weeping. No answer did the mother give to the many caresses bestowed upon her by the affectionate little children, when Jeanie, the eldest, said: “You must not cry for mother;” and taking up a piece of paper, she wrote the following lines:



## THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping 'round her pillow, for we knew that she must die  
It was night upon our bosoms—it was night upon the sky ;  
There were seven of us children, I, the oldest of them all,  
And I tried to whisper comfort, but the blinding tears would fall.

On my knee my little brother laid his aching head and wept,  
And my sisters' long black tresses o'er my heaving bosom swept ;  
Then a shade of awful feeling came across me as I trod,  
And I tried to whisper comfort, trembling, as I looked to God !

"Oh, be kind to one another !" was my mother's pleading prayer,  
As her hand lay like a snow-flake on the baby's golden hair ;  
Then a glory bound her forehead, like the glory of a crown,  
And in death's dark gloomy waters her sweet star of life went down.

I have done. I now merely ask if there was not a possibility that little Jeanie was helped by some dear guardian friend—if there was not some possibility that she was a medium? I ask in sincere faith. Yours, MARY E. KENDALL.

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TO MARY.

THE following stanzas were composed by a young lady while under spiritual influence :

'Tis the bright and joyous sunshine,  
Birds are singing, skies are fair,  
E'en existence seems a blessing,  
Can'st thou ever know a care ?

All thy skies are tinged with morning,  
All thy hopes are rain-bow hued ;  
With pure hopes, high aspirations,  
Loving thoughts thy heart's imbued.

Shall I ask that sorrow never  
May thy glorious spring-time cloud ?  
That the heart, so fresh and joyous,  
Life's sad cares may ne'er enshroud ?

I will ask that if the Father  
Hath decreed thee pain and care—  
If thou *must* e'er feel a sorrow,  
He will give thee strength to bear.

M. E. L.\*\*

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## WHO DECEIVE THE PUBLIC?

WE extract the following paragraph from the November number of the *National Magazine*, published in this city:

"Our readers know very well that we have labored in these pages to repress the delusions of Spirit-rapping by insisting that its alleged phenomena should not be referred to spiritual causes (as in the report of Mr. Beecher), but could be explained on physical principles, on some abnormal action of the nervous system—a fact to which we do yet most soberly hold. We scarcely know a man who has looked into it that does not hold to our own opinions upon it, except the fanatics who contend for its supernaturalism. It has had its day, and it is time it were done with, except as an illustration of the times for the examination of the learned and curious."

Now whatever may have been this writer's intention, his statement is obviously calculated to mislead and deceive the public. The assumption that the spiritual phenomena can be accounted for by reference to some undefined "abnormal action of the nervous system" is a shallow and stupid pretense. This notion is neither illustrated by a single fact whereon we are disposed to rely, nor supported by the remotest probability of which we can conceive. Will the pretended "abnormal

action" of a young lady's nerves move 700 pounds' weight? Can it speak a poem of four or five thousand lines in one day? Will it enable a man to lift himself, without effort and unconsciously? Phenomena such as are here indicated often occur, and to refer them to an abnormal nervous action involves such a total abandonment of all the dictates of reason, that we can hardly suppose that any man with good sense and ordinary sincerity would so dispose of them.

We are told, moreover, that Spiritualism "*has had its day.*" Did not the editor of the *National Magazine* know better? If not, he must have neglected his opportunities, and therefore had no right to speak so confidently at the hazard of leading his readers astray. We do know that the very thing declared by this writer, to have had its day, is really stronger now than it ever was at any previous period in the history of the movement. Our opportunities for receiving reliable information on this point are far more extensive than those of the writer under review, and if our cotemporary does not want to deceive the public respecting the real facts in the case, he should at once retract his statement.

The editor of the *National Magazine* says: "We hardly know a man who has looked into it, that does not hold to our opinions upon it, except the fanatics who contend for its supernaturalism." Now it should be observed that the great body of Spiritualists in America do not believe that *any thing is supernatural in the sense here implied*. Finally, we are personally acquainted with many Spiritualists, but we do not know of one who has pursued the investigation to any extent that can be induced to annunciate the *National's* "opinions," if we except those craven souls who openly stigmatize what they secretly believe.

S. B. B.

## ATTEMPTS AT ORGANIZATION.

- WE have hitherto said little or nothing on the subject of organization, but, judging from present indications, we shall have occasion to express our views more fully hereafter. We are certainly not a little surprised at the proceedings which recently occurred in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, as detailed in the communication of Mr. TAPPEN TOWNSEND, which will be found on our first page. There certainly can be no reasonable objection to such local organizations as may be designed and calculated to further the material and spiritual interests of humanity, and to render the present Reformation orderly and effective. But all this, we feel assured, can be quite as successfully accomplished, and with the least possible danger to individual freedom, by leaving the friends in each and every place to follow their own convictions respecting the specific nature and form of the organic arrangements necessary to be adopted. We see no reason why the Spiritualists all over the country and the world should be made auxiliary to a few persons in this city, or elsewhere. The attempt to organize in this manner may be very well intended—we impugn the motives of no one—but we regard the scheme as at once ambitious and repulsive in its general aspects and intrinsic character. An auxiliary is a *helper* or an *assistant*, and the proposition to organize all creation into auxiliary associations to coöperate with the Spiritualists in New York is virtually saying, that we are the principal parties on whom the prosecution and consummation of this work mainly depends, and that all the rest of mankind may ASSIST US if they please.

The attempt to constitute one organization a paternal guardian and governor over all others of a similar character is, in our judgment, calculated to centralize power in the hands of a few, and to diminish the individual freedom of all others. Such organizations have never ceased to invest their own members, and such as have acknowledged their authority, with an adventitious influence and importance, while they have as constantly overlooked the righteous claims of the people at large. The institutions of Church and State have thus too frequently fostered the empty pretensions of certain favorites, while at the same time they have stooped from their "bad eminences" to defraud and crush Humanity. We impute no such designs to any Spiritualist here or elsewhere, but we can not close our eyes to the tendency of such organizations. We have felt the scathing impress of their burning scorn, and Humanity has been made to agonize in every fiber of its great heart. We want spiritual teachers deeply imbued with the principles of our divine philosophy ; but we want no titled and mitred classes to preside over us. We have laid our hand on the altars of Freedom and Religion and entered into a solemn covenant to resist, calmly but firmly and forever, all such institutions, because they waste the substance and subvert the liberties of mankind.

S. B. B.

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**THE PURE SPIRIT.**—The springs of everlasting Life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silver tones of the little rill as it glides along. You may not witness its silent march ; but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers—its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is thus with the pure spirit. You may not hear its "still,

small voice," or heed its silent aspirations ; but it has a moral strength and a holy influence that is felt by all around. The wilderness is made to smile in its presence, and flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish forever.

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### THOUGHT'S LAST CONQUEST.

NEWTON'S perceptive mind resolved  
One problem of the universe—  
Showed how it was that orbs revolved,  
At bidding of the primal force ;  
That first magnificent push,  
Which stirred the pond'rous hush  
Of silence—brooding o'er the vast abyss  
Of gravity—dark shadow of the bliss  
Of those eternal realms of will and thought,  
Whence comes the force by which old matter's wrought.

\* \* \* \* \*

But it yet remains for man,  
Primeval thoughts to span ;  
Show how Divine intent,  
O'er the dark chaos bent,  
Infusing of his will,  
The pulsitating thrill—  
And shaking from its lethargy—  
The mist-enwrapped energy.  
This great creative force  
Resides in each of us ;  
Imponderable in space,  
It fills each interstice,  
And acts by odic power  
On matter every hour.

## INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

Our readers will remember that we, some three months since, published an interesting communication from MR. EBENEZER ALLEN, of Galveston, Texas, together with several beautiful poems communicated from Spirits through Miss Ada Bruno, of that city. Two additional letters from the same intelligent source are herewith submitted to our readers.

Our correspondent refers to the fact that some of Ada's pieces are not original. We discovered some time since that one of the poems which accompanied Mr. Allen's first letter was not composed at the time it was impressed on the mind, and written by the hand of Ada. Spirits not unfrequently rehearse their own earthly productions, or repeat what others have expressed before them; and sometimes this is unaccompanied by any intimations respecting the real authorship of what is said or written. In giving publicity to such communications, therefore, we by no means vouch for their originality.

We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Allen more frequently.—ED.

GALVESTON (TEXAS), Sept. 23d, 1854.

DEAR SIR :

While ascending the Mississippi River about the 20th of July last, I addressed you a communication containing some account of the development of a *poetic medium* in this city by the name of Ada or Ada Bruno, together with several poetic compositions which she had then written, among which were "*The Anthem of the Sea*," "*Spirit Companions*," etc., etc. Since that time she has written some two hundred pieces, some in prose, but mostly in poetry, and her writings, if printed, would fill a volume of four hundred pages. It has since been discovered that *some* (how many we know not) of her productions are *selections from different authors*, and not original.

Circumstances, however, clearly show to any unprejudiced person that she was wholly unaware of this. Her hand alone writes, while her mind remains passive, except as a *plate* on which the piece is impressed. Often the names of the authors or their initials are subscribed to the pieces. Several purport to be the productions of Grenville Mellen, one Mary B. Crawford, one (a beautiful hymn) is subscribed Ethelred, and on Saturday evening last she was thrown into a trance, and delivered a lecture or sermon on "the Love of God," and the next morning wrote it off entire; and to it the name of — Dewey (I forget the Christian name) was signed. Some of her pieces are in Latin (of which language she knows nothing), some in German, some in French (of which she knows a little), and others in a language we know nothing about. I send you a specimen or two. Among her recent pieces is a beautiful translation of "*Lenora*," from the German, differing from the translation of Scott (found in his poetic works), and signed by a name I do not recollect. Several of her shorter pieces have been published in the newspapers of this city, some of which proving plagiarisms, have served to throw much discredit upon her pretensions in this community.

I regret to find that this interesting and gifted *medium*, in common with but too many others, is singularly wayward and capricious in her disposition, and is under influences which, I fear, unless obviated by some superior interposition, will poison the fountain from which the pure waters of poetic inspiration and *wisdom reflected from on high* had begun to flow.

I know not the impressions you may have received from my former letter, as I have seen no notice of it in any number of the TELEGRAPH I have received. Perhaps you discovered that the pieces, or some of them, were not original. At all events I consider the foregoing explanation due to you.

As it may not be uninteresting to you, I will give a brief



history of the progress of Spiritualism in Galveston. We have not been favored with the visit of any *professed medium* from abroad, but have had to depend entirely upon domestic developments and the guidance of our own suggestions, aided by the various publications relating to the subject. Consequently there has been but little system in our efforts, and no regular formation or meeting of circles.

The first manifestation of which I know any thing, occurred in the room where I now write, in Nov., 1852, and purported to come from a deceased daughter. Not one sitting around the table at the time had ever been present at any previous manifestation. All were conversing, with their hands resting on the table, and social mirth and pleasantry prevailed—no one anticipating any thing extraordinary. After more than half an hour, the table commenced moving, and the surprise and strong excitement that took possession of the company could not for a time be suppressed. As soon as calmness was restored, a series of affectionate inquiries were put by the mother and brothers of the departed, and answered in a most apt and satisfactory manner through the alphabet. She spelt her name in full, declared that she was really present, declared her undying love for her parents, and as a message to them spelled out—"Believe in God." Since that time he has made many communications, all characterized by earnest love and pure devotion.

During the ensuing winter, spring, summer, and autumn, meetings were frequently but irregularly held by those feeling an interest in the subject, and generally with favorable results. Two writing mediums were developed, one a lady, who, though she could not be persuaded to persevere in the exercise or cultivation of her high gifts, manifested extraordinary power and aptitude, and is gratefully remembered for the many sweet and affectionate communications transmitted through her to the

bereaved in this sphere from their departed relatives and friends the other, a gentleman, a native of New York, who died of the yellow-fever in this city about twelve months ago. He was distinctly admonished of his approaching end some two weeks before the event by the Spirit of a departed niece, while sitting with me alone one evening, though at the time we could not tell to which of us the warning was addressed. Since his exit he has often visited our circles; and on the first occasion, while sitting in the same room, after announcing his presence by a succession of very loud raps in answer to a request from us for him to come, he thus addressed us (having often sat with us while in the form) through the alphabet.

"My God, you all look as natural as you ever did. All-I formerly believed I found true, and far superior to my conceptions. But I can not tell what I would—too tedious."

His wife being present he said in the same mode:

"My dear wife, I am with you, and truly glad to see you where we have so often met before."

His kind offices were again exercised in our behalf on a later occasion, but I may as well state the circumstance in this connection.

While Mrs. — (whose card I see in the TELEGRAPH of the 9th inst.) was sojourning in our city—say about the first of May last—she was called upon to exercise her clairvoyant powers in behalf of a sick lady. She accordingly, as is her custom, threw herself, by the magnet, into the superior state, and from where she sat, proceeded *mentally* to the room of the patient. After examining her condition and prescribing the suitable remedies, which she always does with great accuracy and success, she remarked that she had met upon the sidewalk, while returning from the sick room, the spirit of O. B., a vagrant formerly well known in Galveston, then recently

deceased, who told her that he would come to our circle that night and do mischief or create confusion. Accordingly, no sooner had the circle organized than O. B. announced himself, and declared his intention to make disturbance, giving us to understand, that as soon as the lights were extinguished (for we had to sit in darkness in order to get the higher and more wonderful order of physical manifestations) he would break or injure the furniture, and harm the persons of those present. This greatly terrified the ladies and especially Mrs. —, whose temperament is highly nervous, delicate, and excitable. At length, Mrs. —, addressing her deceased husband, said, "H—, can't you prevent O. B. from disturbing the circle? pray do, if possible." He replied, "I will try to keep him sober."

Thereupon the lights were extinguished, and the phenomena, which we had on several occasions witnessed before, occurred, without the least injury to the person or property of any one. There were about twenty persons present, sitting in a semi-circle around the room. The piano commenced playing, and continued for about half an hour—no one touching it. The lighter articles—parasols, books, papers, pens, a porcelain sand-box, glass wafer-box, cards, a large pile of sheet music, etc., etc.—were borne through and suspended in the air in every direction, brought from an adjoining room, placed or thrown into the laps or at the persons of the different individuals; a walking-stick was violently torn from a gentleman's hand; several present were touched, grasped, or pressed with more or less force; in the mean time, communications were made through the piano, the keys being used instead of raps. Nothing, however, was broken or injured, even the articles of glass, thrown as they were across the room upon the floor, remained unbroken. These phenomena, and similar, were often witnessed, while Mrs. — was in this city; and should you

deem it a matter of sufficient interest, I will refer you to her for these and many other manifestations, to which she can bear testimony.

Two brief communications written by the hand of the deceased medium referred to, I will here give, together with the circumstances attending them.

In the month of July, 1843, a gentleman of this vicinity, who had become blind, having lost a pistol, one of Colt's revolvers, wished to find it through the Spirits. He accordingly asked at a circle (the said medium being present) if the Spirits could tell him what had become of his pistol? It was immediately written in reply by the hand of the medium, as follows, viz.:

"I know nothing of the implement of death; and of what possible use could it be to you to have such an instrument of sin, death, and destruction." (Signed) "PETER THE HERMIT."

I was standing at the time near the table, and thinking the name fictitious, or, rather, assumed; I remarked aloud, "That is probably a *nom du guerre*." Several persons present asked for communications, but none being given, I said: "Let the Spirit say whom it wishes to communicate with," and instantly the hand of the medium wrote as follows:

"To ——" (myself)—"You seem to doubt my identity. A correct historian like you should have known Peter the Hermit was no *nom du guerre*. You may be assured that it was none other than Peter who replied to the question put respecting the new arm of war—one wholly unknown during my sojourn on earth. Believe me when I tell you that I am what I represent myself to be.—PETER THE HERMIT."

The following is the eighty-third piece written by Ada. It was written on the 17th ultimo, and the day afterward she wrote the subjoined poetic translation. You will perceive that it does not purport to be original from the *note* which accompanied the piece, "*Zod*," etc. I have not been able to deci-

pher this note, or to find the piece in any Latin works to which I have access. You may be more successful. I copy from Ada's manuscript, even to the *punctuation* and *italicizing*. There was a word after "*apud*," but so blotted that I could not make it out.

Non vinum ut vinum appetitur, sed *tale* bonumque  
Sic et vita, ut vita est nil, nisi bona ; quod si  
Est misera, ut vinum corruptum despiciatur.  
Esse quidem, per se, nec amandum neo fugiendum est.

Quippe habet hoc quamvis vilissima recula, vermis,  
Musca, lapis, cortex ; nihil est optabilia adempta  
Conditione *boni* ; nisi sit *tale*, esse bonumque,  
Non video cur optari, cur possit amari.

*Zod. vit., lib. 6, apud —*

#### TRANSLATION.

Not wine as wine men choose, but as it came  
From such or such a vintage ; 'tis the same  
With life, which simply must be understood  
As blank negation, if it be not good.  
But if 'tis wretched all—as men decline  
And loathe the sour lees of corrupted wine—  
'Tis so to be contemned. Merely *to be*  
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,  
Seeing that every lightest little thing  
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,  
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone  
And crumbling bark from trees. Unless *to be*  
And *to be blest* we are, I do not see  
In bare existence, as existence, aught  
That's worthy to be loved or to be sought.

The following was written the same day, Aug. 17. I have copied the *original* as well as I could, not understanding the language in which it is written, and the medium herself being unable to throw any light upon it further than is *mysteriously* suggested to her by *impression*.

Kiosken ar tie slogen,  
 Ran eld och crand,  
 Och flendens hand,  
 Bevard, O Gud! den stad oocht land,  
 Kiosken ar tie slang gan.

The clock has sounded ten.  
 From fire, from brand,  
 From hostile hand,  
 Save, O God! this town and land.  
 The clock has sounded ten.

The following is a small extract from the end of a *poem*, or what seems one, written in an unknown dialect, alike incomprehensible to the medium, myself, and all others who have examined it. None can make any thing of it, and no translation has as yet been given to the medium, although I am told she has often asked for one. Copying from a blindly written manuscript, and guided by *imitation* mostly, it would be singular if the *copy* shows what the *original* intends to be. It may suggest something new, useful, or agreeable to somebody curious enough to examine it, and learned enough to understand it. Accept it *de bene esse*.

Mahquis Kiorkansidus y slars sic  
 O! chos an tie stod ochlies mienne  
 Reprenez'as salvidantaer morator mamia  
 Salutus deero lispude muntasdi  
 Svabum drec slotus meni aerod  
 Hispaniole mom noto Hecto dromer  
 Salan brendi novumi sic dresder  
 Levitus dits book liame sic vi quan  
 Cacrons slaginti instrodent mamia.  
 Fritz Belnitingn.

I close with the following hymn, which purports to be original, no name being subscribed. It was written on the 12th

of August, and, *original* or *selected*, is certainly an exquisite and noble production.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Let there be light ! The Eternal spoke,  
And from the abyss where darkness rode,  
The earliest dawn of nature broke,  
And light around creation flowed.  
The glad earth smiled to see the day.  
The first-born day came blushing in ;  
The young day smiled to shed its ray  
Upon a world untouched by sin.

" Let there be light !" O'er heaven and earth,  
The God who first the day-beam poured,  
Whispered again his fiat forth,  
And shed the gospel's light abroad ;  
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays  
On rich and poor were meant to fall,  
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise  
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first  
Flashes the signal-light for prayer ;  
Come with the earliest beams that burst  
From God's bright throne of glory there ;  
Come ! kneel to him, who through the night  
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul—  
To HIM whose mercies, like the light,  
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

During the last three months the manifestations have increased in interest. Communications are often written by un seen hands—paper and a pencil being placed *upon* or *under* the table, or with chalk *on* the table around which the circle is sitting. Beautiful tunes are played on the guitar placed under the table. Ear-rings, finger-rings, breast-pins, and bracelets are taken from the persons of the ladies, mixed together in a

confused mass, and then each restored to its place upon, or placed in the hand of the owner. Articles of dress, silver plate, etc., are brought from wardrobes and closets in distant parts of the house—taken from locked drawers and through locked doors (the keys being in the locks), and placed upon the table. On one occasion a copper grape-shot was taken from a trunk in an upper room, brought down stairs, and rolled over the table, and a ball of prepared chalk was brought from a distant house in the city, and a rose pulled from its stem in the front yard and placed in the hands of a young man sitting in the circle. Hands purporting to be of departed brothers, fathers, sisters, and other relatives, take hold of ours—press them, and press each finger separately—and their lips are pressed to our own as distinctly, as fondly, and their breath is felt upon our faces as warmly, as if they were in the form.

Like Nicodemus, we may ask in surprise, "How can these things be?" Is the spiritual body obvious to our touch—can its breath fan our cheeks, or does the Spirit mold to its use grosser elements for the occasion? I can not answer. I only know that I have felt and witnessed the things I have related, and should be most happy if some of the eminent and enlightened Spiritualists of your city were present to do the like.

Yours truly, EBENEZER ALLEN.

NOTE.—In one instance, viz., that of the silver spoons, the key was not in the lock. The drawer in which they were kept was in an armor standing in a chamber, and the key (the drawer being locked) was taken out and deposited in another part of the house for safety. The circle was sitting in a lower room; and, among other demonstrations, the mysterious power or agency *claiming to be Spirits of the departed*, but which the skeptically wise ones call *electricity, odic force, delusion, etc.*, without any human aid or interposition, found the key, opened the doors of the armor, unlocked the drawer, took out the spoons (wrapped in blotting-paper and tied with a string), conveyed them out of the room, through a passage, down the stairs, through another passage into the room, and placed them upon the table in the midst of the circle. They also took a long ornamental band used as a head-dress by a young lady at the table, from her trunk in the same chamber, and bringing it into the circle placed it upon her head, winding it twice around, and fastening it with a pin, as gracefully and properly as she could have done it herself. This and much more occurred on the 2d inst., 10 P.M.



GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 28, 1854.

S. B. BRITTAN :

*Dear Sir*—As the last mail steamboat for New Orleans was suffered to depart without my letter of the 23d inst., I have concluded to extend my communication to some other facts connected with the same subject-matter. To you, promptly apprised of the most striking manifestations as they occur throughout the wide area of spiritual research, our local phenomena, as presented by me, may appear comparatively tame and devoid of interest. Be it so. You are sole judge of the merits and defects of the information I thus transmit, and unless upon inspection it shall be found to square in point of *novelty* as well as *truth*, with other specimens of work admitted by the master to be used in building up the walls of the temple, let it be cast aside as rubbish.

Mrs. ———, who is now in the city of New York, came to this place early in January last, and remained until about the middle of May. As a clairvoyant, she possesses remarkable powers. Her first specialty is doubtless for *maladies*, and her prescriptions have in many cases—*some of which* had been long-standing diseases, defying for years the efforts and skill of deeply learned and highly respected physicians—proved signally efficacious. This can be established by the clearest evidence, without going beyond the limits of our city. Instances of her finding *things lost*, and *persons* not heard from for years, are many, and susceptible of easy proof.

She could at any time *voluntarily* bring on clairvoyance by holding in her hands the magnet, and not unfrequently she was thrown *involuntarily* and *suddenly* into this state, startling those near her at the time. On such occasions the condition seemed to be induced by supermundane intelligences, who then spoke through her as a medium. Once I heard her address a company assembled in a drawing-room in the character of *Gen.*

B., who died some four years ago, and of whom she knew nothing. She, or rather *he*, spoke about forty minutes, referring to and relating a chain of incidents and transactions beginning twenty years before, and coming down to the time of his dissolution; and in manner, gestures, figures of speech, and peculiarities of style, expression, etc., so clearly copying his former *self*, that his friends present at once recognized and saluted him. The subject of his address was "*Internal improvements in Texas*," and the *address* itself, in point of strong practical sense, sound positions, and brilliant oratory, would have done honor to the best and brightest of our statesmen.

About the 7th of May last, while calmly sitting in her room and conversing with two ladies of her acquaintance, she was suddenly and spontaneously *entranced*. I should have stated before, that in this condition she is often subject to striking *emblematic visions*, portraying future events. Soon she became deeply agitated, overpowered with grief and insufferable distress. Tears flowed down her face, and in tones of horror and anguish she uttered abrupt and incoherent expressions, such as: "*Can nothing save them?*" "*must they all perish?*" "*I see them lying upon the ground—all dead—the whole city!*" On being urgently questioned, she said that she saw all the people of the place lying dead, the ground covered with their bodies in every attitude of suffering and distress. She saw all her own friends lying lifeless among them. Again she exclaimed, "*Is there no help?*" "*Must they perish?*" After another brief interval of weeping, she exclaimed in sudden joy, "*No! they are saved!*" "*A LITTLE MAN comes to their rescue!*" "*Goliath is slain!*" "*The enemy is defeated!*" "*They are saved!*" etc. Soon after she said that it was a vision she saw, but that it had passed away; that the vision was *emblematical* of some dreadful calamity which threatened our city—whether *fire, sword, pestilence, or flood* she could not tell; but

it seemed that the evil would be averted—that “*even while we slept some frightful danger was brooding over us!*”

Whatever doubts may be entertained respecting the *truth of the vision*, no one can doubt as to the *reality of the threatened danger*. Galveston is still prostrate under the scourge of the PESTILENCE! The YELLOW FEVER never before so *fatally*, so *generally*, and so *unexpectedly* prevailed, as it has during this season.

But the city has just been preserved from a more *formidable* visitation: viz., a *flood*, that has swept with ruin and destruction over other neighboring places on the coasts. Entire towns have been washed away, and *many* (how many we know not yet) of our fellow-beings have been ruthlessly snatched away by the torrent, even while they slept! The echoes of this fearful storm have hardly yet subsided, and we are just becoming aware of the *danger we have escaped*, and *stupidly wondering how it has come to pass!* Galveston was as much *exposed* as any of the places submerged, and *more than most of them*. Yet, by some *momentarily operating cause*—the wind veering round by the west instead of the east—suspending the working of the tempest for *half an hour!* (WHICH DID NOT HAPPEN ELSEWHERE), *Galveston was saved!* E. ALLEN.

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SPIRITUAL MUSIC.—A young lady who resided in the family of a friend of ours recently changed her condition from a state of single *unblessedness* to the more happy state of matrimony. A night or two before her marriage her spiritual hearing was opened, and she heard celestial music of the most enchanting kind, which could be heard by no one else. During her singleness she had been compelled to pass through much trouble; and the music seemed to presage a transition from these adversities to a more harmonious and happy state of life. We are glad to learn that the lady now at least *believes* that such a transition has taken place; and belief in a matter of that kind is certainly somewhat more than one half of its own realization.

## CONFERENCE AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST.

THIS session was mainly devoted to the narration of facts, the report of which must be rather general, and otherwise imperfect, from a due regard to the wishes of the narrators. From this cause the printed reports of our Conferences are often but a feeble index to their real interest to those who attend them.

Mr. BARNARD related the following fact (names suppressed): A collision between two vessels occurred near Piermont, on the Hudson River, on Tuesday night, a week past, by which Capt. T. was drowned. His family resided at Astoria, L. I. On the same night his son, at home and in bed, was startled by the noise as of a heavy body falling upon the floor. Supposing his brother had fallen out of bed, he called out, "John, is that you?" A voice replied, "No; it is your father." Conversation was continued for several minutes between the invisible speaker and himself, but subsequent sleep obliterated its main features from his memory. In the morning the lad mentioned the occurrence to his mother, interpreting it as an intimation that his brother would not live long. It was not known to the family until the next day that the father had lost his life. They are not Spiritualists. The natural theory deducible from these facts would seem to be that the father on his separation from the body went directly home (where his thoughts would naturally be during the death struggle), and through the most impressive member of his family attempted to manifest himself.

Mr. TOOMEY wished to testify to some drawings purporting to be done by spiritual aid. He had investigated the matter thoroughly, and had come to the conclusion that the claim was fully sustained. The lady in question knew nothing of the art, save what might be derived from a few lessons when a mere child, and now, after a lapse of some forty years, she resumes the pencil. On the occasion to which his testimony refers, there was produced, through her hand, in his presence, *in one hour and twenty minutes*, without any apparent effort of her own, and without her attention in fact being particularly fixed upon it, a drawing

which would take a good artist at least *three quarters of a day* to produce. The piece was a group of flowers, in the center of which was written the sixteenth chapter of Romans.

Dr. GRAY related some facts which occurred last night—music from a guitar and touches by invisible hands were among them. A pair of spectacles were taken from the table and adjusted upon the face of a lady present, by a pair of little hands answering in size and feeling to those of a little grandchild recently departed this life—the raps averring such to be the fact.

Mr. BRITTAN stated some facts of apparent tangible forms made by Spirits. At his mental request, a hand, purporting to be that of a deceased sister, was many times laid on his face, hands, and other parts of his person; also, at his mental request, upon every member of the circle, each, in turn, speaking simultaneously with the silent action of his mind, and affirming that the Spirit touched them. This led to a discussion of the mode of producing manifestations of that kind. Mr. Brittan supposes that the Spirit aggregates around its own proper hand, by the action of its will or otherwise, such an envelope, formed of humid or other elements floating in the atmosphere, as becomes perceptible by the external organ of sight. He does not think it necessary to suppose the existence of an organic form of flesh, and blood, and bones to account for the sensation produced by the hand, for the reason that Spirit is the most substantial of all things, and possesses, in and of itself, all the powers which man is known to possess. The notion that we *must* have a corporeal form to produce these effects on the sensor nerves of our bodies, proceeds upon the old material assumption that the body—the flesh—the *shadow* is THE REAL MAN, which all Spirits, and our whole system of philosophy, most emphatically deny.

Mr. BENNING stated a part of his experience. He had both *felt* and *seen* a Spirit-hand. He had been grasped and greeted by it as really and warmly as one friend would greet another. He saw the hand, the fingers, and even the nails upon the fingers; drum-sticks and other objects were moved and thrown about, while many other physical facts occurred too substantial in their character to admit the idea of their being a mere physical impression. He did not suppose himself a subject of mesmeric influence.

Mr. BRITTAN did not wish to be understood by any one as teaching that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism were mere mesmeric hallucinations or psychological impressions; he had never inculcated or en-

tertained any such idea. When tables were seen to move, and other ponderable objects to change their places, he took the evidence of his senses and declared accordingly. But his remarks were intended to apply to the peculiar phase of the manifestations to which his attention had been called by Dr. Gray. Our recognition of those *protempore* forms which had been spoken of as veritable physical organizations, is rarely through more than one of the senses—that of feeling. He cited from his experience in human magnetism facts to show that the sensational impressions which had been referred to were not necessarily the result of absolute contact with physical forms. Men had been knocked down by the *will*—showing conclusively that under proper conditions the human mind was as potential for that purpose as a club. All power and therefore all ability to produce physical effects resides in mind. He argued thence that a Spirit, by as much as it is superior to a mere man, can do these things more perfectly, and in the same way. If such Spirit-forms were really what they seem to be—flesh and blood—they would *always be seen* as well as felt, because such gross substances must of necessity impress themselves upon the organs of natural vision. But this rarely occurs. If physical forms were organized, as had been alleged, they would be visible in every case when the presence of a Spirit is made known through the sense of feeling, at least when no obstacles are in the way of our observation. It will be observed, too, that no arm is appended to the hand. We feel a hand and pass our own around it, but find *no arm*! It is simply a hand, and nothing else. Moreover, if it were a veritable hand of flesh and blood, however constructed, it must obey the natural law of decomposition after the Spirit has left it, the same as any corpse from which the soul has departed. In his judgment, the form when visible is a mere aggregation of organic or atmospheric particles deposited through the will of the Spirit, or by some other mode, upon the Spirit-hand, or the whole form as the case may be, in a way analogous, perhaps, to the deposition of atmospheric vapors on a cold surface.

Dr. GRAY cited several facts to show that they were of more solid structure than was claimed for them by Mr. B. In a circle to which he belongs, it was once asked if they (the Spirits) really created temporary physical organizations? This was not only affirmed, but they further stated that they made them of the living emanations of human bodies, and that these forms were subject to their will only during the time that the particles retained animal life. When that was extinct,

this highly sublimated matter was rapidly decomposed by a natural, and hence irresistible, law. The case related by Stilling was presumptive proof on this point. There the hand was held intact by the active will of the Spirit until combustion took place, and the page upon which it rested bore the marks of the burning fingers for years afterward. The Spirits also stated, in proof of these hands being objective, that "their touches would leave imprints" on substances suitable to retain the impression. Softened wax and common putty were procured for the purpose of the experiment, and placed upon the table in the circle. It resulted in several distinct impressions as of human fingers in the putty, and upon the wax a name was written with the sharpened end of a common lead pencil. He had been grasped by the arm, as with a mailed hand, and whirled violently across the room, under circumstances inimical to the influence of psycho-dynamics, as he understood the law of their operation. He did not contend for the absolute bone and muscle of these hands, though the substances of both are components of the human atmosphere, and, for aught we know, may be reorganized as such; but that the hand is objective, and really as firm and tangible as that of any person in the form, rests not only upon the evidence of his own senses, but upon an array of facts which can not be overthrown.

Mr. BRITTAN responded, admitting all the facts cited by Dr. Gray, which did not, so far as he could discover, tend in the least to subvert his position. The Doctor's facts did not disagree with his (the speaker's) philosophy. He observed that the Spirits often moved tables and other ponderable objects in well-lighted rooms, sometimes *with from five to eight hundred pounds' weight on them, when no Spirit-hands were to be seen by any one present*; and he argued that if they could exert such a force without disclosing to the eye any gross material instrumentalities, it was a fair inference that they would find no difficulty in doing all things which Dr. Gray had described, and that, too, without real, corporeal hands. The speaker ventured to presume that a force equal to several hundred pounds would suffice to mold soft wax into almost any shape, and it was not, therefore, necessary, in order to account for Dr. Gray's facts, to suppose the existence of that "more solid structure."

R. T. HALLOCK.

RUINS lend great charms to a landscape; they present a touching contrast to Nature's perpetual youth; like the body where decay has commenced, in face of the spirit eternally young.

## LECTURES AT DODWORTH'S ACADEMY.

REV. T. L. HARRIS lectured at Dodworth's Academy on Sunday last, morning and evening, to very numerous audiences. We were present and heard the morning discourse, which as a whole was one of the ablest we have ever listened to, either from Bro. Harris or any other man. The speaker selected as his theme the three degrees of human development, viz., the first—the sensuous or external; the intermediate—intellectual or semi-spiritual; the ultimate or the celestial. It was observed that in the first stage of his progress, man sustains intimate and conscious relations only to the material forms and phenomenal aspects of the outer world. The animal appetites exert a controlling power over the intellect; the celestial degree of the mind is closed, and man, as it respects his most interior being, is inactive and unconscious. The essential ideas and forms of religion, as well as the practical life of men, necessarily correspond to the degree of human development, and hence in this stage they are material and barbaric.

In the second general degree, the mind is unfolded into the higher plane of the understanding. The intellect predominates, and reason, in a greater or ~~less~~ degree, suggests the pursuits of men, and determines the action and the issues of life. Physical Science and Art achieve their conquests and rear their monuments, while Theology and Religion exchange their more material divinities and forms of worship for metaphysical subtilities and a service that is polished and intellectual, but cold and utterly wanting in a divine efficacy and saving power.

In the third degree of his nature, man ascends to the cele-



tial plane of his nature. The mind, which before had been left to the realm of material observation and philosophy, is now awakened to a lively sense of its relations to the invisible and the Divine. Man is no more a cold intellectual being. Unseen hands with burning coals from immortal altars kindle unquenchable fires within, and the dross of his nature is consumed. Life becomes profoundly religious, and religion is quickened and made alive. God descends by the infusion of his Spirit into the human spirit; all life grows beautiful and Godlike; the inner senses of man are opened, and he discovers that the very air he breathes is vital and populous with the immortal and angelic nations.

The speaker observed that these three classes and their essential ideas, methods, and institutions, are represented among almost all religious sects, and that professed Spiritualists present these several phases of development. He insisted with remarkable force and eloquence that unless the human affections are inspired and the mind opened in its celestial degree, man must inevitably become cold, irreligious, and skeptical, and in his researches after knowledge will wander away from heaven and from God.

We have merely expressed the cardinal idea, and the speaker's general method of treating the subject. No report which we could give would do justice to this effort, which was characterized throughout by remarkable vigor of thought and expression. Portions of the discourse were certainly conceived and uttered in a style of eloquence which we have rarely heard equaled by any speaker. . . . S. B. B.

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TALKING SPANISH.—Mr. Greery, writing from Hancock, Wis., says: "We had a circle last evening, and my brother was controlled to speak Spanish. The Spirit went into the conjugation of verbs, which he translated for the benefit of my

youngest brother, who has studied that language some. Surely I can't see but what the Spirits would make good school-teachers, though our superintendent might perhaps think it necessary that they have a *certificate*, as he is of the opinion that it is the '*devil*.' For my part, I am not inclined to question their qualifications."

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### THE DYING MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

I WILL come back again, I will be near thee,  
Thy soul shall feel my presence and rejoice ;  
Dearest, be not afraid—thou need'st not fear me,  
Thou shalt not hear my footstep nor my voice.

I will come back again, ay ! I will linger  
Around thee in the home I've loved so well,  
And sometimes I will press thee with my finger,  
But thou shalt feel it only as a spell.

I will come back again, when thou art sitting  
By our old window, on thy lonely chair ;  
The low-breathed zephyr, 'gainst the casement flitting,  
Shall tell thee softly, gently, I am there.

And when, at evening, thou art sadly singing  
The songs I've listened to with love and pride,  
My Spirit-tone shall in the strain be ringing,  
Unknown, unseen, I will be by thy side.

I will come back again, will follow ever  
Where'er thou goest, with gliding step, and still ;  
My Spirit from thee, dearest, can not sever—  
I will be near thee, guarding thee from ill.

I will come back again, I will be near thee,  
Thy soul shall feel my presence, and rejoice  
Dearest, be not afraid—thou need'st not fear me,  
Thou shalt not hear my footstep nor my voice. S. A. L.

## A NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS.

THE following communication from the Spirit of Ben Jonson is, according to the request of that Spirit, placed at the head of the accompanying report of very extraordinary manifestations, witnessed by me, at a spiritual circle in this city, and at which there presided two celebrated mediums, on the evening of Sunday, November 12th, 1854. C. P.

GENTLE READER :

Whereas, divers well-beloved individuals composing our most favored circle, have importuned us to grant ye petition of one *Charles Partridge*, part proprietor as we ween of a certain paper yclept "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH"—a weekly periodical, devoted for ye most part—according to ye statement and profession of its editors—to ye promulgation of spiritual affairs. Now, we, out of respect for ye aforesaid individuals do, of our own free will and accord, grant unto them ye boon whereof they have petitioned us, awarding thereto our most sincere hope, that ye report of certain manifestations regarded as having been witnessed by said *Partridge*, may have due weight and influence in such sort, as to convince, not only ye numerous readers of ye aforesaid paper yclept "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH" of ye marvellous truth contained in such report, but, also divers skeptics, who, having been foully imposed upon, by tricking knaves, and most vile imposters, seek to hold this, or most divine cause, up to unworthy ridicule and contempt.

In granting ye petition of ye said *Partridge*—which is to ye effect—that we do vouchsafe to award unto him ye privilege to publish in his paper ye report of certain proceedings, witnessed by him at one of our circles, we are influenced, by a most sincere, nay, holy desire to lend our poor aid for ye

cause of ye promulgation of *Spiritualism*, which hath for its great aim and end ye conversion of ye miserable sinners on this pendant globe from a state of ye most abject infidelity, to that more blissful degree, wherein they are enabled to rejoice in ye knowledge of ye Immortality of ye soul, and ye *Resurrection of ye life*.

To those who are duly impressed with a belief that there is a great and ALMIGHTY God who ruleth ye universe, and who are, furthermore, anxious to walk in ye delightful paths of Virtue and Morality, our doctrine can avail naught, seeing, that such mortals endeavor, to ye best of their abilities, to wisely observe ye injunctions of ye holy Scriptures.

As we teach naught but *Virtue*, and promulgate ye wholesome doctrine of immortal *Truth*, so must our poor endeavors be appreciated by those, who have minds to discern, and a right hearty willingness to profit thereby. Then, treat not, we beseech thee, these, our humble efforts to instruct, with that unbecoming derision which rather appertaineth unto ye barbarous ignorance of ye wretched *Pagan*, than ye advancement in moral civilization, such as might beseem ye worthy and pious followers of ye GREAT AND ALMIGHTY GOD! How shall it profit us to lead you into ye seductive garden of *sin*, seeing, that we (who during our mortal career had led a most unruly life with divers unworthy dissipated companions of our class, and for ye which, we have suffered during an expiation in ye *Lower Spheres*) are now upon our extreme peril advised to teach naught save ye precepts of virtuous knowledge and morality. Wherefore, we beseech thee to regard *Spiritualism* with that most commendable favor it so truly merits; and, notwithstanding, that, ye manifestations as witnessed and duly recorded in this journal were marvellous in their way, yet, in ye consideration that they were merely *physical*—as being best adapted to ye comprehensions of ye novices

present on that occasion, they, yet, may not be esteemed as equal to those of a pure intellectual character—such as we have given on previous occasions to our own *advanced* circle, formed by ye aforesaid beloved members as previously alluded to.

Vale.

BEN JONSON.

AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO A PRIVATE CIRCLE, TOGETHER WITH A FAITHFUL DESCRIPTION OF SOME EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS WITNESSED THERE BY ME; COPIED BY PERMISSION FROM THE ORIGINAL NOTES TAKEN ON THAT OCCASION.

We are, unfortunately, not often enabled to present unto our readers accounts of circumstances of spiritual transpiration for whose entire truthfulness we can confidently and conscientiously vouch, save from a sacred trust we are constrained to repose in the veracity and honor of those composing the source from whence we receive the relations of such occurrences.

As marvelous, and as convincing to the doubtful mind as may be many of the phases and workings of Spiritualism, and exulting in the possession of a perfect knowledge of the extreme lengths to which its power can extend, we must honestly confess that, we nevertheless *have* received statements of some of its purported effects with the greatest possible incredulity. Now why, we ask, should this state of things be? We are, as we have said, aware of its extraordinary attributes; we have witnessed its amazing workings; and still, still at certain times are lost and perplexed in the tormenting labyrinths of doubt. It can not be accounted for in otherwise than that we are not differently constituted in nature from the rest of our species, and therefore are always eager to have the proof brought right home to our understanding by ocular demonstrations of such circumstances as really reach beyond the usual bounds of that beaten track in which it is the wont of our short-sighted comprehensions to plod continually along, in order to fully rely upon its strict claims to confidence.

It has been our lot to witness many such things in our time, some of which we have received as unquestionably reliable, and others whose reality we have very naturally doubted; but we never had the good fortune to behold a more complete and overwhelmingly convincing proof of the truth of Spiritualism than occurred upon the evening of Sunday, November 12th, at the house of a certain gentleman (himself a private

medium) whose name, as well as that of the other medium, a young gentleman of great power, is, for very admirable and necessary purposes, withheld from the public. However, that this may be fairly counterbalanced, we affirm that we ourselves were witness of all that is recorded below, and our word is pledged to the reader for its entire truthfulness, as far as it rests with our comprehension to honestly give it.

Before proceeding, we would premise to the reader that we had sent a note to the gentleman at whose residence the meeting was to be held, for a permission to sit at the circle, to which request we received a very polite answer, and shortly afterward another one, complaining of our rudeness to him in sending him so insulting a letter as our second one, which second one, we never, to our mortal knowledge, penned, and which fully merited his indignation. Explanations followed, and we were permitted to avail ourselves of his generosity. We shall again recur to this subject in a paragraph presently.

When we arrived at the place of meeting, we found there assembled several prominent members of public life, together with many others, forming altogether with ourselves about fifteen persons.

The circle had been already formed. We were politely given a seat thereat, and waited patiently for such manifestations as the Spirits felt pleased to make. I was then shown, at my request, the letter which had given so much umbrage to the gentleman at whose table we were seated. It was certainly in our handwriting, and the signature was unexceptionable. We were puzzled to know from whom or whence he had received this objectionable note, and expressed our wish that the Spirits would enlighten us.

There were at first nothing but knockings given, and presently the younger medium wrote, through the aid of a Spirit: "As soon as the minds of all are concentrated upon the subject, the manifestations will begin." Many persons were touched on various parts of their bodies, and consequently there was a considerable noise produced by their remarks thereat. The Spirits then wrote: "To prevent confusion and unnecessary action—which are opposed to the currents of electricity desirable to be here maintained—when any person or persons are touched, or she, as the case may be, will be pleased to merely hold up a hand."

We then asked who wrote the letter in question bearing our name? The reply was:

"You wrote it!"

"Ah, that won't do," we answered.

"But it *must* do," was the retort. "You *did* write it; and permit us to give you a trifling piece of advice. When you say a thing will *not* do, you infer—we speak of course of our own affairs—that it's an imposition or a falsehood. Now, as you do *not* know *every* thing, you are very much in error to make such a general and insulting a statement. Now you do not know whether you wrote that letter or not, therefore you were very greatly to blame in your rashness."

We then inquired if we really *did* write the letter, and under what circumstances it was done? The reply was:

"As you *are*, you did not write it; but it is very evident that you are not learned in Spirit-lore, or you would know that you are not *always* as you *now* are."

"Then you affirm that I wrote that letter?" I said, interrogatively.

"Perhaps I may make too general an assertion when I say, *you* wrote. It may be understood *you* as you *now* are."

"Explain, if you please!" we exclaimed.

"When you enter that state of unconsciousness, known to you mortals as sleep, your soul is not always in your body," was the reply.

"Will you tell me when and where I wrote the letter, and under what circumstances?" we asked.

"Yes, you wrote it *when your body was asleep, and your soul was absent from it*. Understand, that it is not necessary a body should be dead that a soul should be absent from it. In fact, many dead bodies have souls in them after life has departed from them. You must be made aware of the fact, that *life, soul, and mind are three entirely different things*, each independent of the other. Your soul was *absent* although your mind and life were in your dormant body. Am I plain?"

"Partly!" we assented, and then continued: "Then I did really write that letter?" Upon an affirmative answer being given, we then asked: "When and where was it done, if I am privileged to ask?"

"At the office of the TELEGRAPH, 300 Broadway, at five minutes past 1 o'clock, A.M."

"What caused me to write it?"

"Your waking thoughts acting upon your mind—which is always active—during your body's sleep. Have you never in the course of your life done some act which you fancy you have committed at a previous time, or visited some place which you seem to have an indistinct recollection of, though you are certain within yourself that you never

have or could have visited it before? But this has all been explained before to Mr. —. He can explain verbally to you without much loss of time. It is not a thought or dream, but an active exercise, wish, or desire of the mind, which exerts itself during sleeping hours. It proceeds from such causes, and is the realization of such a forthcoming fancy, if I can so express myself. The body sleeps; *the mind and soul never, even in eternity.*"

"I am perfectly satisfied with your explanation," we replied, "and would now like to have a description of this strange and newly-discovered attribute in man."

"Ah, that you can not be made acquainted with. Did mortals possess cognizance of that power, they would have too much knowledge for their own good and safety. They would know almost all that they could wish to know. Society would not be safe, and would soon crumble at its foundation, and become a heap of shapeless ruin. What is that thing which man desires to know above all others? The secret of life, and its entrance with the soul into the body; a search for the first cause, its composition, and by what subtle and minute degrees or powers it acts. No, you can never know of that!"

"I am satisfied," we replied; "but there is one thing more which I wish to know: How can the immaterial act on the material? How can life, soul, and mind be separated in the living form?"

"*Mind, life, and soul are different things.*"

"Will you explain in a few words your meaning?" we inquired.

"I can not in a few words; Mr. — will read you some of our remarks upon the subject. He has many of them, if your patience can brook it."

"Thank you," we replied. "I did not will it so."

"Do you *will* your dreams? Can you *help* them? This is as unavoidable."

"We are still perplexed at not having any recollection of this strange fact!"

"Not at all. The mind is always active. For instance, you may be seated reading a book; persons around and about you are talking aloud. The sounds of course must enter your ear, though your mind does not instantaneously act upon them, it being engaged upon your book. After a time, your mind *does* act, and then words are brought to your recollection. You have heard them somewhere, you can't tell where; or perhaps you fancy you have dreamed them, or thought of the same sub-



ject before. You are perplexed, and can not at all understand it. You relate the circumstance to one of your friends who was present at the time the conversation occurred, and who joined in it. He attempts to explain. No, you had not heard it then, for you have no such recollection. It is perfectly unaccountable to you. It is above your comprehension, and, *whatever is above your comprehension, is either wonderful or false.* You judge only according to your limited capacity, therefore we would recommend, although it is opposite to the subject at issue, that whenever you, or others, meet with seeming contradictions in holy writ, *not to condemn*, but to treat them as things for which your comprehensions will not allow you to satisfactorily account."

This conversation continued for some little time longer with much interest. After this, at the request of some present, the argument was dropped for a time, for the purpose of getting other communications. Several Spirits came up, and spelled out their names through the mediumship of the alphabet and raps.

Then one gentleman present was told to put his hand under the table, and to hold it there for a little time. When he drew it back, it contained a letter. Now, how this letter got into his hand is a perfect marvel, as the hands of all were resting upon the table.

This letter was written in a scratchy hand, upon a very smooth and curiously colored paper, and was, furthermore, dated from "LONDON, CRAVEN STREET, STRAND," to "Mr. —, and his select party of friends." It was from an evil Spirit, and its purport would be of no great moment to the reader were we to give it. But there was one thing in it especially worthy of note: It fully described the dress of a gentleman who was present (giving his name also), who had not the slightest idea of being there, until brought by his friend upon the impulse of a moment. The letter was excessively prone to a sharp, bitter sarcasm, very disagreeable to those against whom it was leveled. The following are extracts:

"I tell you that I am an evil Spirit. I wish to deal frankly with you; and I hereby caution you all, that there is no species of mischief but it shall be practiced by me. I *will* deceive you in spite of yourselves."

And again:

"I am half tempted to disturb this circle by splitting the table into a thousand atoms, and dragging the parties present by the hair of their heads about the room, without regard to age, sex, or party!"

During this time the tables were agitated violently, and we, and

others, were touched upon the knees, hands, and feet, in the meanwhile.

We were then requested to put our hand under the table, and having complied, another letter was placed in it, in the same mysterious manner, all hands being upon the table except the one engaged. The direction of this letter was written in hues of almost every possible degree, the words all being joined together by straggling picturesque lines like the branches of a vine, and presented a beautiful appearance to view. To a mortal it must have been a work of immense and unprofitable labor. Strange to say, it was utterly impossible to tell where it began or where it ended. There were four different shades of blue, nine of scarlet, four of red, four of brown, etc., and all harmoniously and artistically blended. Its interior was no less wonderful in appearance than its exterior. It was written in myriad colored inks of every hue, shade, and degree, which were scattered over it in miraculous shades and gradations. One letter had as many as seven different hues in it. It was as follows :

*November 12, 1854.*

*"Creatures of ye Flesh—*Ye are doubtless assembled to view *ye* marvels of Spiritualism, inasmuch as they may afford you amusement. If any such there be now assembled at this table, it may be proper to undeceive them on certain points connected with this view—our object being not only to amuse, but also to instruct.

*"To those present who can not, or rather will not, profit in a moral point of view by our teachings, let them be warned, lest certain iniquities be exposed, the publication of which may, perchance, cover them with shame and confusion !*

*"To those who have already witnessed our manifestations, this exordium is particularly addressed. We caution them, ere yet it be too late, to turn their minds toward the power and wondrous mercy of that GREAT AND ALMIGHTY GOD, whose eye is everywhere, and whose judgment, though slow, is nevertheless sure ! Therefore see that ye sin no more !*

*"We are advertised of those who sin carnally in the flesh, and whose brute natures, unsubdued by the precepts of ye most HOLY COMMANDMENTS, do, nevertheless, follow in ye foul wake of Lechery, deceiving with reckless falsehood ye tender companions of their lives. \* \* \* We therefore, out of the spirit of humanity, caution such persons, if there be any present, to reflect upon what is here writ, lest further cau-*

tion arrive too late, and ye wrath of the ALMIGHTY fall upon them ere they list.

"A prevailing notion hath gone forth into ye world, to ye effect that we are *Devils*, seeking to devour ye souls of those who follow our teachings.

"God hath endowed man with reasoning faculties, whereby he is enabled to distinguish *right from wrong*, so that if he be not a brute and past redemption, he will, of his own accord, be able to distinguish *vice from virtue*; and so must he judge of us!

"We warn mankind against ye influences of *evil Spirits*. He, man, must judge according to ye advice and counsel he receives from a spiritual circle, and act accordingly. We hereby draw his most especial attention toward the *Ten Commandments*, they being the tenets of good Spirits, and we never depart from them. It therefore behooves you to come with clean and godly minds unto our circles, and with a fervent design to amend the wicked errors of your past lives. \* \* \* \* \*  
*Pluck ye, therefore, the moral fruit, and judge us by our teachings.*

"There are at this circle those who have been tempted by evil Spirits, and have manfully resisted their wiles. If they have not otherwise progressed morally, '*their sins be upon their own heads and upon those of their children!*'

"Our office is to teach the doctrines of morality. It is man's duty to profit by our discourse. \* \* \* We frequently encounter those who, from a desire of worldly gain, and without any belief whatsoever in our teachings, attend spiritual circles for ye purpose of making a profit therefrom. These worldly mortals attend *mock-circles*, knowing them to be such, and connive at the rascality of the knaves who obtain money from the credulous under false pretenses. We caution all present to oppose these vile practices, seeing that they but lead men into the committing of heinous crimes, and the upholding of swindling.

"BEN JONSON."

We have given the main points in the letter, the parts in stars being partly personal, and partly a repetition of what had been before written. After having commented upon this extraordinary letter for a short time, another gentleman was requested to place his hand under the table, and another letter was brought forth, but not before a violent struggle had taken place between the recipient and some unseen power that bestowed it. *The hands were never stirred from the table during the whole time*, and our legs had free play beneath. This letter was signed by the

autograph names of nearly all present, ourself included; but none of us had any knowledge of ever having signed it. It was a short petition. It was very curiously sealed and folded. It was burned by order of the Spirits. This I saw complied with myself. Another gentleman was then requested to put *his* hand under the table as the others had done. It was the same, or a *fac-simile* of the same letter which had been burned, with the exception of some additional lines and a portrait, which the other had not. A small piece of paper was then torn, having nothing on it, and thrown under the table. We were presently desired to hold out our hand, and we received the same paper with a name written upon it in pencil. These things were accomplished with the greatest rapidity in succession.

A lady was then told to hold out *her* hand under the table, which she did, and a letter was delivered into it. She could not, however, bring it forth until she had pulled violently at it, and torn the corner off the envelope in which it was inclosed. It was a letter upon scientific subjects, containing a new and wonderful theory upon the tendency of air and light subjects to *ascend*. It was purported to be written by a gentleman present, who, however, denied all knowledge of it. It was, he owned, an exact *fac-simile* of his style and writing, but he denied having penned it to his remembrance.

After this a letter fell upon the table, apparently from the ceiling. It was written in *French*, and was also from an evil Spirit, and began as follows: It was signed Ralph!

"*Mes Chères Amis*—Je vous souhaite le bon soir! Comment cela va-t-il? Je suis à votre service; et vous pouvez disposer de moi! Vous n'avez, qu'à poulter, j'attends vos ordres. Je ne puis rien vous refuser, et je suis charmé de trouver l'occasion de vous rendre service. Ordonnez et vous serez obéis! etc."

It was partly translated by a lady present, but in consequence of her not being able to read the cramped spiritual hand in which it was indited, the Spirits completed its rendition.

We then stated that we had never witnessed any manifestations as wonderful as these, and only one thing that at all approached them. We mentioned having seen a key taken from a door, and deposited in a gentleman's pocket as the instance in question. We had scarcely ceased speaking when a gentleman was asked to place his hand under the table, and a key was put immediately into it. Upon examination it proved to be the key of an adjoining room, at the other end of the apart-

ment, which had been locked, but which was now found open, and minus the key. The rapidity with which these things were accomplished was astounding. This fully convinced, as the mention of the key had been entirely impulsive with us.

We were then told to place *our* hand under the table again, and felt a cold hand plainly placed in it, while the hands of all present were on the table. The table-cloth was forcibly dragged off and drawn to the ground through the space between the tables, and afterward deposited in our hands.

We and other gentlemen were then requested to place our fingers between the crevices of the table, which we did; and we then both felt a cold and clammy hand clutch us, as likewise did the mediums and two others.

Our son-in-law then felt a cold and damp hand seize his under the table. Pencils, penknives, and pens were at times placed in the hands of those assembled, by invisible agencies. The manifestations now grew very violent. Tables were thrown about, and a penknife was thrown at, and struck a gentleman upon the head with excessive violence, but without doing him the least apparent injury. Our clothes were pulled at, and we distinctly saw—as did likewise several others—a ghastly, colored hand arise slowly between the crevices of the table. A lady who was evidently of a very timid disposition, had her silk dress roughly pulled in all directions with such force as almost to pull her from her chair, at which she appeared greatly alarmed; but whenever she moved, the same results followed. Three other gentlemen saw a naked foot of a little girl about 18 years of age, which they described as a perfect model of beauty and symmetry. There was no child whatever in the room. We received a pencil from the hand of a Spirit under the table. Our son-in-law saw a large, dark hand seize upon the aforesaid lady's dress, and pull it downward. He says it was surrounded by a species of pale red light. We likewise saw a double-bladed penknife clutched in a naked hand beneath the table, and several persons felt sharp punctures in their flesh simultaneously, for they cried out with pain. The tables were then dragged violently across the room, carrying the mediums along with them. In fact, it would be tiresome to ourself and to the reader, were we to give an account of *all* we beheld at this most extraordinary circle upon this memorable night. Suffice it to say, that we *never* saw any thing so wonderful and so entirely satisfactory. We were completely *hors du combat*. We have asked permission to attend

the future meetings of this circle, and should it be awarded us, we will perhaps be enabled to lay before the public some more of the miracles there enacted. This circle—which is asserted to be the most powerful in the world—is entirely private; nor have its members any interest whatever in convincing the world at large of the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism. They are satisfied of it, and that is sufficient for them. With such proofs as we have there witnessed, for whom would it not be sufficient?

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

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AN EVIL DOER EXPOSED BY SPIRITS.—A learned gentleman who objects to the public use of his name, but for whose veracity we can fully vouch, related at a recent Conference that while he was at a circle in presence of one of the public mediums in this city, a couple of well-dressed individuals came in who were total strangers to himself and to all other persons in the room. The men took seats in the circle, when presently the sounds indicated that there was a Spirit present who wished to communicate with one of them. The alphabet was called, and a communication was spelled to the effect that the man addressed had committed a murder, and had been in prison for the same, and had just been liberated by a pardon from the Governor. In the course of the communication the man's name, or rather that of his father, which was the same thing, was, as was afterward proved, correctly given. After receiving this communication, the men silently left the room. A moment after they had passed out, another man, well known to some of the parties present, entered the room, and who had seen and recognized the two men aforesaid at the door. "Do you know," said he, "whom you have just had in your circle? One of those men who just passed out was so-and-so, who killed a man in an affray some months ago, and was sent to the state prison for the offense, but was pardoned out by the Governor a few days ago in consideration that the act was committed partly in self-defense." From a knowledge of the parties present, as well as from the circumstances of the case, our intelligent informant is certain that there could have been no collusion in this case, but that the disclosure of the man's name and crime was veritably the work of Spirit-intelligence

**SPIRIT-DIAGNOSTICATIONS.**—A personal friend of the writer was some time since developed as a "healing medium," with such collateral powers as to be able not only to discover and describe the most subtle diseases of the body, but the most secret thoughts of the patient's mind and experiences of his past life. Recently our friend received a call from a gentlemen who was a total stranger to him, and who wished to consult with him on some matters not of a medical nature. Our friend, being somewhat occupied at the time, was at first disposed to excuse himself from the proposed interview, but was immediately controlled by the Spirits to sit down by the gentleman and take his hand. He then commenced giving the man a history of his internal experiences and thoughts, which were of a peculiarly gloomy character, even affecting the health both of body and mind. Specific points in the gentleman's experience were mentioned in detail, and our friend informed him that as the result of them all he had formed the settled purpose to *commit suicide*. At this point the gentleman uttered an exclamation of wonder and surprise, and confessed that what our friend had related was all true to the letter. Our friend gave him some advice, by following which he was, in two weeks, entirely relieved from his mental difficulties, and made a happy man.

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**WILL THE DOCTORS EXPLAIN THIS?**—Some time in the early part of last spring the writer was at the house of a neighbor whose daughter was a seeing medium. While sitting together and conversing on the spiritual phenomena, the daughter exclaimed: "Oh, mother! Aunt —\*" has just come in, and brought a little coffin with a child in it." "Ask her whose child it is," said the mother. She did so, and was told that it was the youngest child of the mother's youngest brother, who lived six or seven hundred miles distant. The Spirit informed the medium that the child was then alive and well, but that it would die in a short time. Some two months after this the writer called there again, and they informed him that they had just received a letter from the father of the child, announcing its death. There were several other persons present at the time when the medium saw the coffin and the child brought in, whose names can be had by any one who wishes to make inquiry; and the family, whose name we will communicate verbally to inquirers, will satisfy any one that the letter was received at the time specified.

\* This aunt has been dead for many years.

## MR. HARRIS' LAST POEM.

PROF. S. B. BRITTAN :

*My dear Sir*—Your request that I would state some of the leading incidents and circumstances connected with the delivery of that remarkable poem, "A Lyric of the Morning Land," which I wrote for Mr. Harris during my late vacation, imposes upon me a by no means ungrateful task, since it recalls one of the most pleasing interludes of a life which, unlike the Romish Calendar, has *not* been overcrowded with holidays. Besides, I can but unite with you in wishing that all that can be known from the external, in reference to the origin of these and similar productions, may be open to the fullest investigation, the freest and most careful scrutiny. These things—the miracles of Spiritualism—are not done in a corner, but through the length and breadth of the land; they court the light, and challenge the attention of all unbiassed and liberal minds. *A priori*, one would have inferred that the bare announcement that man, being exalted as to his interiors, may, as upon a mount of transfiguration, hold communion with saints and sages of the elder world; that in *his* hours of agony angels approach to strengthen and encourage; that friends and kindred, the beloved and cherished of other days, purified from the stains of earth, again woo to an endless union—would have thrilled mankind with delight; that these, sustained by an array of facts *such as no cause in its infancy ever before could present*, would have stirred the deep heart of Christendom. But a sleep, ominous of death, a lethargy from which only the most powerful stimulants can arouse, has fallen upon the dominant minds of this and other



nations. Still, "life belongs to the living," and when the old cisterns fail, the people will find new springs and perennial fountains; and those that have been filled up and buried beneath the rubbish of ages will be reopened, that the weary and wandering may be refreshed, and all hearts gladdened and satisfied. Every true man is a prophecy of a better time; every loving heart of the return of the Golden Age; every virtuous and happy home of the restoration of the Eden-bliss.

But to proceed with the facts which I sat down to communicate. Near the close of July last, I received a note from our common friend, Rev. T. L. Harris, requesting me to spend as much of my vacation as other duties would permit, with him in the quiet and healthy location where he had passed part of the summer, seeking a reinvigoration of the energies of his delicate and overtaxed constitution. Accordingly, on the first day of August, Mr. Harris and myself, accompanied by his little son, a lad of eight, leaving Mrs. Harris feeble, but still comfortable, in the hospitable home of her kind friends in Troy, sought the rough and rugged hills of Grafton, situate some fifteen miles westward. Little did I then think that I was bidding adieu for the last time to one of the truest and noblest of women, a meek and patient sufferer, a tried and faithful friend of the cause of unfolding truth. When I returned she was absent with her friends on a visit to the Springs, so that I saw her no more. I can not better express my feelings than in the words of her dearest friend: "She has gone to her new home, as a bud to its blossoming, as a bride to her bridegroom, as a wandering strain of music to the eternal harmony of God. Let us write her name in letters of gold on a tablet of fair ivory. . . . A sister spirit, she walks in white above us. Let us rejoice that the golden life of angels has drawn her to its fullness."

Arriving at our destination, we took rooms at the inn, and

in the afternoon walked out to a small, deserted house not far from our lodgings, and entering its unbarred doors we were at once welcomed by a band of Spirits from the serene regions of heavenly melody. They suggested that we should first secure the permission of the external proprietor of the humble mansion, and on the morrow commence our work there. I shall not soon forget the expression of delight which lit up the features of our friend as he found that our coming had been anticipated, and a welcome labor prepared for us. The consent of the owner, the neighboring 'Squire, was easily secured, and anxious to spend as much time as possible in the open air, Mr. Harris proposed to pass the remainder of the day upon the pond. And here, too, the kindly care of our guardian friends was manifest; it was distinctly said that he must not go upon the upper pond, though he might upon the nearer. This seemed a little strange, and at first wholly inexplicable, till visiting the boat of the latter toward evening he found that, having been left by the decline of the water, it was so shrunk and leaky as to be unsafe until again swelled; yet, as he had been out in it a few days before, he would probably have ventured without the warning, and as he does not swim, the consequences might have been serious.

Early in the morning we repaired to the humble apartment which had been selected, where silence and solitude had long reigned, now to be broken by the low-chanted melodies descending from worlds of harmony and song.

We did not immediately commence receiving the "Lyric," but a series of very profound philosophical statements concerning the spiritual nature of man, and the modes through which ancient spiritual communications were given to mankind. These were interspersed with many miscellaneous poems, given mostly at our rooms in the evening. At length the noble LYRIC was commenced, but still we knew not at first that it was other

than a continuation of those minor poems. Usually we would receive some five or six pages of prose matter, and in the latter part of the morning the continuation of the "Lyric." But soon the delivery of the poem occupied the whole time of the morning during which the medium could be used; and the same would be resumed at our rooms in the evening.

The "Lyric of the Morning Land" was all spoken, chanted, or sung, varying in manner with the different styles of thought and expression. During the earlier portion, commencing with those exquisite passages in which the fair Lily Queen is introduced, the entrancement was very deep, and the influence seemed soft and gentle, as if of the very soul of love. No mother by the cradle of her first-born—no lovers in the tenderest moment of the disclosure of a youthful affection, ever breathed forth their inmost joy in more melting tones. It was as if Heaven, with its infinite sweetness, its bridal dower of all precious things, was wooing the quickened and responsive earth. And so strange and wonderful were the revelations, so great the contrast between the inner and divine beauty unfolded from the heavens, and the outward and degraded life of man in this world, that a feeling of awe, almost of trembling, stole over us lest some mystic magic, some strange spell of enchantment, were working in our midst. And then, with all the tenderness of a prudent and loving mother, words of truth and encouragement, soothing and persuasive, were addressed to the medium.

In contrast with this scene, "The Hymn of Life's Completeness" was chanted in an elevated and manly voice, like a triumphal ode, recited at the festival of heroes. The Songs of the Planets were rehearsed in a strange unearthly melody, as if impersonal existences were pouring their harmonic life through the entranced organs of the medium.

But with the "Marriage of Apollo," or, rather, with the "Pre-

lude" to that beautiful poem, commenced a marked and manifest change in the delivery. The enunciation was more slow, and characterized by the greatest exactness and precision. The inspiration seemed to be ultimated even to verbal expression; and fitly chosen words to be poured through the mind of the instrument, as if some mighty poet of the past, the great Milton, or perhaps some long-forgotten bard, with the rich dower of a noble diction—the rare result of genius and scholarship—had presided over this part of the poem, and aided its ultimatum in external speech. And in referring to my original MS. I find that this "Picture-Poem" was written down with such accuracy, that it might have been sent to press with little addition save punctuation.

After this the lyrical element more fully predominates, and the songs that follow were sung with an airy lightness such as I have never witnessed in external artists. I remember in this portion Mr. Harris seemed to be conscious of the presence of a band of musical spirits similar to those mentioned in the Appendix to the "Epic of the Starry Heaven;" and I well know that neither in his external states, nor in the ordinary conditions of entrancement, have I ever heard such musical tones issue from his lips. The lyrical element seemed to attain its greatest height of sublimity in the "Song of the Marriage of the Stars," of sweetness in the "Eve Song;" while in the various "Songs of the Fairies" a clear and ethereal melody gushed forth as if poured from a heart that knew naught of earthly cares or mortal sadness. And so the bright song wound itself to a close like the last sweet notes of a clear and silvery bell.

As we perceived the ebbing of that mighty current of harmony which had thrilled our inmost hearts, a feeling of ineffable sadness stole over us; so that the closing strains—

"Oh! Life of Love in Heaven,  
For thee I yearn;  
Yet from bright morn to even,  
I turn, I turn,"

together with the first stanza of the "Finale," may be considered as expressive of our real state.

When the poem was concluded, it was announced that on the morrow an account must be prepared of the external origin and history of the work. We began accordingly to bethink ourselves, and consider what we could say pertinent to our theme, and vainly to regret that we had not taken more copious notes. What was our glad surprise on sitting down to our task in the morning, to receive the noble Preface, and that graceful little "History;" and thus the labor of many hours was accomplished in a few moments. The "Interludes" next succeeded, and last of all were given those exquisite lines commencing,

"The Lord is lovelier far than man,  
No angel can his beauty scan;" etc.,

which could not, from their interior quality, be received until the organs of the medium were specially prepared and harmonized by the melodies that had preceded them.

Many of the minor incidents connected with the delivery of the Lyric have passed from my mind; others are still fresh in my memory. I recollect on one occasion, Brother Harris was endeavoring, after the influx under which he always transcribes had partially ceased, to decipher or correct some expression which I had but imperfectly caught, and failing to satisfy himself, as he rose from his seat and was preparing to go out, these words came gushing from his lips, as if a sweet reproof for the vain effort.

"When love inspires the palace-heart,  
And pictures heaven within the breast,

The thought and language are the best,  
Far above thine outward art."

Toward the close of the poem the organs of the medium became so exquisitely modulated, that whatever was said through him, even answers to several questions, seemed to flow forth in spontaneous verse. In one instance, as an illustration of the manner in which divine harmonies descend to ultimatum in external language, a sweet little poem was given with such rapidity that I could write but part of the lines; and on asking at the conclusion if he would not repeat some of the first verses, lest they should be forgotten, it was said, "*Palaces of memory treasure up thy words for thee.*" Afterward, when I saw how lost and misunderstood words were supplied in copying, I perceived the significance and felt the truth of the remark.

I wish here to state one thing in regard to this "entrancement," "interior condition," or "mental illumination." As many possess no other idea of Spirits than the pale and ghastly specters so terrible to our good old grandmothers, which still live in German legends, and, it may be, in some of the far "rural districts" of our own "enlightened land," so with the favored mortal whose spirit is rapt away in contemplation of heavenly wonders, they associate the nameless terror of the chamber of death, the repulsive horrors of a stiffened corpse. All this is foreign to the truth, the chimera of a misguided imagination. The Interior Condition does not interfere with the ordinary self-command of the person. The medium stands or sits as composedly, speaks and gesticulates as naturally in delivering his heavenly message, as one would in repeating similar passages to a circle of his friends. And there is no greater change in the external appearance than in one engaged in mental or audible prayer, to which it nearly corresponds when the latter is genuine and attains its fullness. It is true

the life of the self-hood is suspended, but it is that a higher may flow down from the sphere of angels, prefiguring the end of the earthly and the putting on of the heavenly.

There are many incidents connected with our brief sojourn in that quiet retreat, which it would be pleasant to record would time and space permit. Nothing could be simpler, more natural, or further from that fanaticism with which our opponents charge us, than the life we led there. After an early morning repast, we repaired to our little cottage, the floor of which the child had strewn with the sweet-scented ferns which grow there in abundance, to give a pleasant odor to those long unoccupied apartments. Sitting for a moment in quietude, uttering low musical sounds, Mr. Harris would pass almost immediately into the interior condition, and for two hours, while the boy was noiselessly playing, or perhaps sleeping upon his fragrant bed, the octaves of those heavenly melodies would flow through the inspired lips of the unconscious medium. Then we proceeded to copy what we had previously received; for the poem was given much faster than we could transcribe. This would continue till a cessation of the influx and physical weariness warned to seek an equilibrium of the system by gentle exercise in the open air. Then away to the pond, perhaps not to return till the long shadows of evening were stretching over the rugged hills. It must not, however, be inferred that we passed the long days of August without refreshment or needful rest. The bushes around afforded a sweet repast, nor was more substantial aliment, brought or sent from the house, wanting; and the green herbage, shaded by venerable trees, offered a couch of repose which kings might envy—and the children of nature freely enjoy. And so the beautiful summer days flew quickly past, and the "Lyric of the Morning Land" was sung, written, and copied, with some forty long pages of other matter, within the short space of three and

a half weeks ; the time occupied in the delivery of the poem itself being the morning and evening hours of about fourteen days, amounting to about ten of the former and twenty of the latter, as expressed in the "History," also in the appended note. I shall not soon forget those Sabbath hours of sweet and holy communion. Others will enjoy the Poem, according to their preparation to receive it, in their inmost hearts. Those softly flowing lines and tuneful cadences will be echoed and sung in the crowded marts of the old world and the forest homes of the new. Mourners and lovers, and the sweet voices of innocent children, will rehearse these heart-thrilling melodies and soul-touching songs. The skill and genius of the composer and musician will be summoned forth to express their strange, ineffable charm and wondrous beauty ; but never until an inspired lyrist, filled to o'erflowing from the same divine fountain, shall come to join in endless union the love-kindled words of the Poet to the strains of a celestial harmony, like an immortal youth to his heavenly bride, will the deep interior significance, ideal grace, and magic power of this inspired lyrical utterance be perceived and felt in all its rich and abundant fullness. Nor will this method of imparting elevated and religious truths be fully appreciated till the barren logic of the schoolmen, with the dry, dead formulas of the past, has given place to a living, inspired, and truly regenerate literature.

Most respectfully yours, S. E. BROWNELL.

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PUNNING ON PETER.—A clergyman somewhere in New England, while discoursing from the pulpit on Sunday, had occasion to refer to Peter's denial of the Master, and quite unconsciously to himself perpetrated a pun, in elucidation of the cause of Peter's weeping. "He wept bitterly," said the parson, "because he had committed a *crying* sin."



## REV. J. B. FERGUSON AND HIS ACCUSERS.

THE Nashville *Christian Advocate*, and the *Christian Age*, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, animadvert rather severely on the course pursued by Mr. Ferguson, insisting that he "has not only acted in bad faith toward his own church, in abandoning its doctrines, and at the same time holding on to his congregation, but that he has fully embraced the infidelity of modern times." All this is supported by the positive declaration of Dr. M'Pherran, the responsible editor of that organ, but it is most emphatically contradicted by the facts in the case. We have not been an indifferent spectator of Mr. Ferguson's course. During the last three or four years, since our attention was first attracted to him, we have witnessed much to approve and admire. Gradually as his theological views have been modified by careful investigation and his own deep, religious experience, he has not hesitated to ~~speak~~ freely and to express the solemn and beautiful truths which have come home to his own mind and heart. In all this he has honored the Christian name and profession as truly as he has deserved the respect and approbation of all candid and fearless men. Indeed, we have met with but few members of the clerical profession who have displayed equal fairness and moral courage. Mr. Ferguson is not the man to seek or to wear a disguise. His views are always expressed with boldness, but in a modest and loving spirit, while his conduct toward the most unscrupulous of his opposers has been uniformly tempered with that charity which "suffereth long and is kind."

Now in what respect, if we may be allowed to press the

question, has Mr. Ferguson acted in bad faith? He has uttered his honest convictions fearlessly, and on all proper occasions. In this respect his case may be somewhat singular, but we should hope, for the honor of human nature, that it is not without precedent in every Christian sect. Others have pursued a different course, and, so far as their conduct could contribute to realize such a result, have labored to convert the Church into a grand masquerade by openly teaching one thing and secretly believing in something else. These time-serving teachers have ever been intolerant toward those who have announced new views, while they themselves have scarcely ever sinned against popular opinion. Men who are worldly-wise—who investigate when they are forced to—who yield to conviction and embrace new ideas when the truth becomes *respectable* and conversion will promote their temporal interests—have never ceased to oppose and slander every earnest and self-sacrificing man. But there are many free and magnanimous spirits who will neither remain silent nor inactive at their bidding. The whole humanity will not be content to hang on to the world's posterior parts because that is the appropriate place for conservative theologians. The great orb moves on, and, notwithstanding they ride behind, they are constantly terrified with the apprehension that some infernal centrifugal force is about to drive the world from its moral orbit. Well, if even the fears of such men shall prompt them to relinquish their hold on so much of the world as does not properly belong to them, the welfare of humanity will be essentially promoted.

We are happy to know that there are some men who will not trample on conscience and smother their most sacred convictions for a place; to whom the mournful prayer of a common humanity "without God and without hope" is more potent than the arbitrary *dictum* of a sectarian priesthood; men who will not peril the noblest issues of life and the hope of immor-

talities for the "bread that perisheth;" whose noble natures will not bow to ancient error and superstition—though sceptered and mitered—to win the empty applause of the thoughtless world, and to secure, for a brief hour, a place in its hollow heart. Mr. Ferguson has thus ventured to peril all else for the great truths of Spiritualism, which to him are a beautiful and divine Gospel, full of present consolation and the imperishable treasures of immortal light and life. Our Southern friend frankly tells the world and the church precisely where he is and what he believes, and for this he is accused of acting "in bad faith." We shall be glad to know that his opposers have as much conscience, or that they are even capable of acting with equal justice and moderation.

Mr. Ferguson is accused of "holding on to his congregation," as though the circumstances of the case required him to abandon his charge. But he has lost none of his faith in the vital principles of Christianity by becoming a Spiritualist. On the contrary, his faith is immensely enlarged. Religion, long buried in the tombs of ancient tradition and modern materialism—the spirit being lost in the letter and the form—has been suddenly quickened. Angels from the Spiritual Heavens have rolled the stone from the door of its sepulcher, and it has risen from the dead to a more exalted and incorruptible life. Why, then, should our friend be required to leave his people—to interrupt a relation which is mutually agreeable and profitable? The truth is, *the congregation held on to their pastor*. He made a frank and undisguised statement of his new ideas, and they, with great unanimity, resolved to stand by him. Whether they embrace *our* particular views is probably a matter of little or no importance. They believe in free thought and speech; they respect the sacred rights and religious convictions of the individual; they love truth; they fellowship HUMANITY, and for all this we honor them.

The unscrupulous accusers of Mr. Ferguson allege that he has become *infidel*. But who dreads that epithet at this late day? Certainly no one who knows the value of Religious Liberty. When a man is thus denounced by sectarian bigots, we naturally infer that he does his own thinking, and that he is probably a man of genius or a Reformer. The truly inspired mind; every man gifted with wisdom beyond his cotemporaries; all souls unshackled by time, and sense, and custom, have been called heretics and infidels in their day. But the memory of such men is imperishable, while Providence and History alike leave their persecutors to "dull oblivion," or name them but as mournful examples of mortal blindness and Divine retribution. The truly great and good never die, but live on from age to age, and rule the world by the power of their living thoughts and Godlike deeds. S. B. B.

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Mrs. THANKFUL D. MUNN, of Virgil, Ill., writes us that in 1851, before they had in that part of the country heard of any spiritual manifestations except those which had occurred at Rochester, her little child took sick and was given over by the physician as incurable. Some time after, and while it seemed that every moment would be the child's last, she was sitting in its presence one evening when a mysterious influence came over her, causing her to see the precise nature of the disease, and at the same time impressing her with a treatment which would cure it. She prepared the medicines and administered them according to the impression, and to the astonishment of every one the child rapidly recovered, and was soon entirely well. The Spirit who gave the impression identified herself, by satisfactory tests, as the mother-in-law of our correspondent. Since that period our correspondent has been developed as a speaking medium.

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LIFE SAVED BY PRESENTIMENT.—Charles Lever, the distinguished novelist, was coming over to the United States in the Arctic, the trip that she was lost, and was persuaded by his wife to defer his visit on account of a very remarkable presentiment that she had against it.

## CONFERENCE AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1854.

DR. YOUNG objected to the creation of temporary forms by Spirits, as contended for by Mr. Partridge, that if it could be done by Spirits out of the body it could be done by those in the body as well. He thinks psychology must account for the manifestations of Spirit-hands, etc.

Mr. Fishbough thinks the subject under consideration of vast importance, involving the very depths of spiritual philosophy. In his opinion the modern phenomena do not furnish facts enough, or at least they have not been observed with sufficient care, to establish the absolute truth of the matter. Happily, in this dilemma, the pneumatologists of the middle ages, who understood this matter far better than we do, come to our aid. They had their "nerve-Spirit" and their "astral-Spirit," and on consulting an old book that had fallen in his way, he found they had a chemical process, now unhappily lost, by which a palingenesia, i. e., regeneration or new birth of a plant was made to appear from the ashes of the old one thus chemically decomposed. He hoped the art would be discovered yet, whereby we should be able not only to reproduce the forms of plants as they did, but at the same time reproduce a little more veneration and respect for the wisdom of those who have devoted more profound study to such mysteries than we have ourselves. Mr. F. went on to state the philosophy of this regeneration. The particles of the plant reduced to ashes in the retort were of necessity from every part of it. Thus, the stalk, leaves, and flowers were all in their ultimate particles present. But the process which reduced them to ashes did not destroy the affinity existing among them, and, hence, when caused to ascend by heat, these particles must inevitably assume the original form of the plant. Now, the same law exists among human particles—decomposition simply performs the work of disintegration of particles, and when they reassemble by virtue of affinity, they must take on the form of the body that gave them off. In this way we are able to explain the apparitions seen occasionally in old graveyards. Baron Reichenbach alludes to this fact, and ascribes it to

a natural cause. Mr. Fishbough thinks the same may be true of the living body. An emanation of its particles is constantly going on, and he thinks Spirits *must clothe themselves, either partially or wholly, with these emanations, in order to make any outer and physical manifestation to us whatever!* In this way he explained many recorded facts of ancient date, and also the *production of a letter*, a report of which will be found among other interesting facts in the TELEGRAPH of December 2d. He thinks a Spirit, by clothing itself with the organic emanations of Mr. Partridge (called his "nerve-Spirit," or "star-Spirit") became, for the time, a *quasi* being of the outer world, and attained the organic instrumentality and power of writing that letter. Spirit-hands, etc., are made under tables in the same way.

Dr. Gray did not think it necessary to go back to the middle ages to explain the facts of to-day. He thought both their facts and their philosophy in some cases alike doubtful. He thought it best to keep at least one foot on the earth while we reach up into heaven, or, in other words, to ascertain whether modern science does not offer a satisfactory solution of the physical manifestations of our own times. He contended that it would, without any aid from the dogmas and devils of the past, the "Nerve spirit" of the Seeress of Prevorat, or the "Astral spirit" of the ~~the~~ necromantic times of astrology and alchemy. The facts of to-day are, that Spirits manifest themselves to us tangibly—not as fog, but with solid forms. He would take his friend Partridge's testimony on that point in preference to the combined speculations of the middle ages. These chemical organizations belong to the domain of modern science; they conform to its known laws, and it is not necessary to apply the hypotheses of the past to them. Dr. Gray cited several facts (already reported) in proof of his opinion.

The subject was discussed at some length by several gentlemen whose names do not appear. One gentleman constructed a theory out of some of the facts of modern philosophy. He preferred to see how they would apply, before he spent much time in looking for the lost chemical of Mr. Fishbough's palingenesia. He alluded to that class of facts in which *intensity* is a *substitute for quantity*. As, for instance, a live coal held in a pair of tongs and made to revolve rapidly within a given circle, will present to the eye a continuous ring of light. By the same law, soft substances are made to operate upon those that are more solid: give to paper the requisite intensity of motion, and it will divide a bar of steel, etc., etc. From these, and other analogous facts, may it not be inferred,

since it is conceded by many, that time and space, as such, are unknown to the Spirit, that a *single atom* may be able to present to the senses the idea of a perfect hand, or any other portion of the physical organization that a spirit may choose to represent! The ingenious speaker did not attach great weight to this hypothesis, but thought it quite as good as some other explanations which had been given.

An extract from a letter of Mr. Conklin, a medium well known in this city, embraced the following facts: A gentleman, a skeptic, was in communication with his father, and after receiving a short sentence he asked: "Father, how old were you when you died?" Here the Spirit rapped forty-eight times. "That is not right," he replied. The Spirit insisted that he was right, and told him to go home and ask his mother. The gentleman would not believe the Spirit, and appeared dissatisfied that his father should insist. He, however, left, confident that he was right and the Spirit wrong. I thought nothing more about it until the next day, when the same gentleman called again, and stated to all present, that on going home he asked his mother how old his father was when he died. "Why, forty-nine, my son." "So I thought," he replied, "but I have just come from the Spirit medium, and his Spirit says that he was but forty-eight years old." "Then his Spirit is mistaken," replied his mother, "for do you not know that his age was published as forty-nine years, and does not the tombstone bear the same evidence." Here the matter ended until evening, when the subject was again brought up by the gentleman and his mother, and the old family Bible referred to as proof, when behold, to the surprise of all, that *Book* (for it contains much truth) told them in writing that they were all wrong, and that the Spirit was right. He was but forty-eight years old to a day. Another: A lady called, and received a communication to this effect:

DEAR MOTHER—Grandmother is coming to see you. She will be here on Monday next (four days.)

Thine,  
JOSIAH.

The lady stated that the Spirit must be mistaken, for her mother, who was living with her sister in Mass., had not the slightest idea of coming to Buffalo. But it was no use; the Spirit told her that she was.

I heard nothing more until the Monday following, when the lady called again at my room, bringing with her an elderly lady, whom she introduced to me as her mother. Her mother had decided to come and spend the winter with her daughter in Buffalo, and had written a letter

to that effect on the very day the Spirit of her grandson communicated to his mother in Buffalo, that she intended to come. The lady told me that she was conversing as to the time she should get to Buffalo, providing she left on a certain day, and had concluded that she would arrive here on Monday. This conversation took place at about the same hour the Spirit was conversing through me in Buffalo. I never saw either of the ladies previous.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

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A WONDERFUL SPIRIT-PICTURE.—Some months ago we published the singular fact that the likeness of a certain well-known, though not very publicly known Spiritualist, a clergyman of this city, was suddenly found impressed on a piece of painted floor-cloth under a stove, at Mr. Snyder's, at Green Point, where the gentleman was in the habit of attending spiritual circles. As we then stated, the likeness of a negro was also impressed in a kneeling posture by the side of the clergyman, and that the latter was significantly pointing him up to heaven. The gentleman exhibited this picture at the TELEGRAPH-office Conference on Tuesday evening of last week, and stated a fact concerning it which we deem so wonderful as to deserve special record: It is that the picture, which ordinarily is dark and somewhat indistinct in its features, will, when placed in the hands of certain mediums, become *distinctly illuminated*, and sometimes so remarkably as to exhibit even the color of the eyes! This phenomenon has been witnessed by numerous persons, as well those who had not as those who had been previously told of its occurrence, and there seems to be no room for possible mistake concerning it.

In our first account of the picture we stated that while being examined by the curious shortly after its first discovery, it suddenly became entirely invisible, but that in the course of a week the figures reappeared distinctly as at first.

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DOUBLE PERSONAL APPEARANCES.—We have recently heard, from unquestionable sources, the most marvelous stories of the personal appearances of individuals in this city, in places distant from where their bodies were afterward ascertained to be. For instance, a friend has just informed us that he saw the apparition of a man of his acquaintance in Broadway, and spoke to him, and touched him, and that the latter re-



sponded to him, and otherwise appeared as he always had done, with the exception of a certain unearthiness in his expression. It was afterward ascertained that that man was in a distant city at that very moment. In another instance a couple of young men appeared, on one Sunday evening, at the house of one of their friends, and even ate and drank while there, and then suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. It was afterward ascertained beyond all doubt that those young men were at home in their rooms at the very moment of their apparition at the other place. We are perfectly aware that these are tough stories, and not to be believed on slight evidence. Facts, however, are not to be rejected even in this department of mystery, and for such alleged occurrences as the above we think it is not impossible to conceive an adequate philosophy. The writer of this is prepared to prove from authentic history that such apparitions as are mentioned above were not unfrequent some two centuries ago, and that some of the old pneumatologists had a philosophy for them which at least seemed very plausible.

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**SOMNAMBULISM IN A DOG.**—A correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times* relates a case of somnambulism in his dog. He had returned from a day's sport, and with his master was dozing by the fire. The correspondent says :

"I was attracted by a very curious sound from the dog, and a strange, fixed look from his eyes, which seemed set, as though glazed in death, and neither changed nor quivered in the slightest degree, though the blaze of a cheerful wood-fire shone brightly upon them. To my infinite astonishment, after stretching his limbs several times, and uttering unaccustomed whines, he gradually arose to his feet and assumed the attitude of pointing, in every particular just as I have seen him do a hundred times in the field, when the aroma from an entire covey was warm on the mild breeze—his lips were set, and quivered with eager but suppressed excitement, which a good pointer ever manifests when near his game, and the chiseled marble could not remain more staunch than his point exhibited. When my surprise had a little abated, I spoke to the dog, but he manifested no consciousness, nor took the slightest notice of my voice, though several times repeated, and it was only when I touched him that the spell was broken, when, running several times around the room, he quietly resumed his place before the fire.

## DR. STEPHEN STANLEY

It is only some three weeks since we learned that Dr. STANLEY, with whom we had a brief personal acquaintance, had departed this life some time in August. If we are correctly informed, his mortal career was terminated by *cholera*. When we last saw him, some fifteen months since, he appeared to enjoy the most perfect health. His physical organization indicated unusual power of endurance, and we confidently expected that he would remain to witness the departure of many who yet survive to cherish his memory. The outward temple, so symmetrical in its form, so recently quickened with vital fire, and inspired with the presence of superior intelligence, now lies in the dust. Its walls are broken down, and the illuminated dome, with its irised windows, which mirrored the surrounding revelations of Nature, is shattered and fallen. The common dust of the valley covers the splendid ruin! But the divinity that dwelt there has a temple not of earth. Its deathless fires have been rekindled on immortal altars, and at shrines consecrated in the heavens.

Dr. Stanley was a man of fine personal appearance, social habits, and agreeable manners. His strong feelings were tempered by mental discipline, and he possessed sufficient intellectual power and cultivation to render him a desirable companion in educated and refined circles. But among the graces and qualifications which rendered his society most attractive, we must not omit a brief notice of his musical capabilities. For several years he practiced vocal music as a profession, and his voice, naturally deep-toned and musical,

acquired a remarkable degree of flexibility and power. We believe he was employed in this capacity up to the time when he bade adieu to the arbitrary restraints of the earth-life, and went to dwell in the great republic of the Heavens. The destroying angel, as he passed that way, laid his hand on that stately form. The body of the strong man trembled, but his soul was firm. He had already learned something of the realities of the Spirit-World, and death to him was but a momentary circumstance in an endless life. The invisible Providence that shifts the passing scenes of mortal being, abruptly dropped the curtain on life's stage, seemingly before our friend had finished his part. The voice that thrilled us was hushed and lost to the outward ear, but it suddenly awoke, with more than mortal power and sweetness, amid the choral symphonies of the skies.

S. B. B.

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**TESTIMONY OF JOHN WESLEY.**—At this day many professed believers in the Bible oppose the doctrine of a *present* intercourse with Spirits as tending to infidelity. But by way of offset to their views we may here quote what the great and good John Wesley says on the same subject: "It is true, likewise," says he, "that the English in general, and, indeed, most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it; and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge that these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrages of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up of witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate Spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (*Atheism, Deism, Materialism*) falls to the ground

I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer—even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. . . . Neither reason nor religion requires this." Wesley then goes on to relate a series of spiritual manifestations quite as remarkable as any which are alleged to have occurred at this day. See his works, vol. iv. (Journal), page 279, *et seq.*

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**A CLERGYMAN CONVINCED.**—Dr. Wellington, at a recent Dodworth's Hall Conference, related the case of an Episcopal clergyman (mentioning no name) who, while undergoing medical treatment in his family, heard Spiritualism freely talked about, and was induced to test its facts by calling upon a medium. In the course of his interview he received a communication to which the name of his first wife was appended, who had died before he had migrated to this country from England, and whose name had probably never been mentioned this side of the Atlantic. The gentleman made a second call upon the medium, prepared with twenty written questions. To these he successively pointed, holding the paper so that no one could see it but himself. Some of the questions required to be answered simply "Yes," or "No," and others required an explanatory sentence; but all were answered promptly, correctly, and appropriately. The gentleman's skepticism was entirely removed, and he afterward acknowledged that all the wealth of New York would not purchase of him the knowledge and conviction he had thus obtained.

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**PSYCHOLOGIZED BY A WATCH SPRING.**—At a recent Conference at 553 Broadway, Mr. I. C. Pray related a singular case showing the power of a mental impression over the physical system. A man, while lifting, one day, heard a singular sound apparently proceeding from his chest. He thought there must be a rupture of some of the thoracic viscera, and immediately became powerless. He was carried home, and for three months was under the hands of a physician, after which he felt able to move about a little. On getting up he got his watch, which he had laid aside when he had "hurt" himself, and had not worn since. He attempted to wind it up, but it gave forth the identical sound he had heard proceeding from his chest at the time he experienced his supposed injury. The man immediately saw that he had been the victim of his own imagination, and that he had experienced no real injury at all.

## VIATOR IN SWITZERLAND.

SOME time has elapsed since we received any thing from our accomplished Foreign Correspondent, whose letters have been read with constantly increasing interest from the first of the series. His last was written from London, England, under date of July 15th, since which he has been somewhat unsettled. Having at length established himself at Geneva, at least for the ensuing winter, our readers may expect to hear from him more frequently. The letter which accompanies this paragraph is highly interesting.—ED.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, Nov. 3, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN :

It has been some time since I wrote you, but there has fallen in my way nothing in the "spiritual" line of immediate interest to your readers. You may be sure that table-turnings, spirit-rappings, spiritual manifestations—whatever may be the word to designate the thing—are occupying the attention of men in every civilized land. Under the shadow of Belgian cathedrals, all along the borders of "legendary Rhine," among the gay promenaders at German watering-places, in the solitary valleys between the snow-clad peaks of the Alps, I have heard earnest men and women speaking with subdued voices of the newly-discovered means of holding communion with the dear departed. There is ever a solemn yearning in the human heart toward those that have been loved in life after their departure from the tabernacle of clay. Everywhere, too, there is a fearfully earnest desire to have immortality made as real to reason as it is to faith. What wonder, then, that phenomena of such grave importance should seize not only upon the imagination and fancy, but also upon the reason and soul of the most intellectual !

It is not the vulgar and superstitious, as some suppose, that, all over Europe, are influenced by spiritual manifestations. His Holiness of Rome has officially declared that the invisible telegraphic wires, by which communications are made by Spirits out of the body to those in

the body, has its farther end located in the realm of Satan; that it is a new trick devised by the same old enemy, whereby to whisper sedition to Heaven in the silly soul of man. The holder of the keys of St. Peter has recently made another striking manifestation of his wisdom, and of the wisdom of the Church he represents, in ordering the relics of saints to be exposed at Rome in order to put a stop to the cholera. Poor, old, slow-witted Pope! he waits till the cholera has done its work, and is ready to depart, then orders out the preserved fingers and toes and dried bones of all the worthies of the calendar to be exposed as a kind of holy scarecrow to put the raven-winged pestilence to flight. Was the pestilence a visitation from Heaven to punish men for their sins? What, war against Heaven, then, to scare it away with relics! If it was something to be resisted by any agency within the call of mortal, why did the culpable pontiff delay to use the means in his hands until the sacred city had become a charnel house, and the epidemic was already fleeing before the coming frost? Sacrilege or most culpable neglect—take which your Holiness prefers. Faith—unquestioning faith, must be placed in the dusty remains of dead bodies, but when the deathless soul speaks from the blessed "Spirit-land" by such means as dull sense can comprehend, and gives sweet words of comfort, of warning, of instruction, and peace, then you are sternly bid to believe that the Arch Fiend is speaking with the accents of angels to your deluded soul. The head of the Church virtually gives notice: The Almighty is forbidden to speak to the souls of men in my dominion. And if the Almighty is thus forbidden, the angels stand a poor chance. Here, as of old, the contest is between body and soul, death and life, darkness and light, reason and superstition, spiritual tyranny and spiritual freedom, the shadow of the has-been and the reality of the existing, decay and new growth; a contest that must go on to the end of the world, in which we must engage or die; it is the Erdgeist's "seizing and giving," the law of action and reaction in nature, the law of compensation in life. Alas! poor Pio Nono! how thy reason as man wars against thy authority as Pope! The Spirits would comfort thy weary soul if they could: the dry bones around thee are non-conductors.

The superstitious and the weak listen to the voice of superstitious high-priests, and obey. Those who are strong and accustomed to think, listen to the voice of eternal reason that speaks through the soul. These spiritual manifestations are everywhere making most impression upon the most gifted souls. There is, perhaps, not a town in all the enlight-

ened part of Europe where there is not a "medium"—where communications are not received. I find at Geneva, in the religious family of my next-door neighbor—they are sincere members of the Swiss Church—a beautiful medium, in whose crystal-clear soul is echoed the voice of "Spirits that walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." The communications received are full of sweetness, beauty, and goodness, just such as one would expect from disembodied Spirits solicitous for the well-being of their kindred in the flesh. Who could believe that such a bright, fair creature is unconsciously in league with the Evil One, and that such kindly counsels are ill-omened words, enticing away, like siren voices, to perdition? Even the most devout Catholics, when they witness such beautiful manifestations, can not help questioning the head of the Church that declares them devices of the Fiend. So, when new light is given to the world, the very measures that are taken by the interested to oppose it, are, by an inevitable law of things, means for advancing it.

His Holiness of Rome is not the only one who has attributed such manifestations to the powers of darkness. Some in the Calvinistic Church, in this respect, find themselves in company with the Pope. It is useless to add any thing under this head, for the work of Mr. Charles Beecher, the ablest among the advocates of the Tartarean doctrine, has been completely refuted by yourself. But we may say that the followers of Calvin are not at one with their master in this regard. The great Genevan theologian devotes an entire chapter of the "Institutes" to an exposition of his doctrine in regard to angels. He describes them as ministers of God, as sublime *personal* beings. "As Christ says," to use the language of Dr. Henry, who impartially sums up Calvin's doctrine, "that the angels of little children always behold the face of their heavenly Father, he shows that the care of little children is committed to particular angels. And this must be taken as certain, that not only does an angel watch for the well-being of every one of us, but that they altogether work for our salvation, since it said that there is joy among them all over one sinner that repenteth. . . . This belief in angels enriched for him both life and nature. He often expresses the beautiful conviction that they were looking upon him, and that he was sustaining his struggles in their presence."

Long has the Catholic Church been reproached for its practice and doctrine of the Invocation of Saints. If now some faithful child of the capricious mother should receive some actual communications from the

pitying and benign Spirit of St. Bernard he must straightway believe that he has received a visitation from "him who first rebelled in heaven," disguised in sacred livery. So the Church prescribes withal the manner in which Saints shall answer invocations. Heaven, then, will doubtless be ordered to turn out the rebellious Spirits if they should commune with mortals in an anti-canonical way. The great founders of the Protestant Church have believed in angels; that the Spirits of good men do not sleep, but become angels; that angels are witnesses of and interested in human actions; but some of the sapient divines of the present day, who have not read as many solid books as Luther and Calvin wrote, shudder as at an infernal presence when the soul inwardly throbs at the approach of beings incognizable to outward sense. Such has ever been the course of things. When a new truth has been announced, the representatives of all those institutions that are to be superseded by it instinctively place themselves in an attitude of hostility, and summon all organized powers against the very thing destined to renovate the world and bless mankind.

Here, as in France, as in England, as in America, many firm believers in spiritual manifestations conceal their convictions, knowing well the penalty exacted of those who avow themselves partisans of the new truth against the old. The snarl of one's neighbor, the finger of scorn, the loss of reputation, the impeachment of one's judgment, the charge of fanaticism, the laugh of the multitude, the denunciations of the religious, the imputation of weakness that is straightway exaggerated into a charge of chicanery, of a criminal or mercenary design upon popular credulity—all these things, and more, are the consequence of taking the side of truth against organized error, of Galileo against the Inquisition, of Christ against the Sanhedrim. We ought not, then, to denounce those who have not the strength and courage to face the world, whose very bread perhaps depends upon their silence.

There is one man here, however, who has a book in MS., which will appear in print after a month or so, which is full of personal experience and well-authenticated facts. You shall have an early copy, and in the mean time I am in hopes of procuring some extracts for your journal.

There is not a lovelier place in all Europe than Geneva. Before you lies lake Lehman, with its waters blue as the ocean. Some fanciful Frenchman has said that it is a miniature sent by the ocean to be kept as a token of his love by the mountains. From the lake you see flowing the Rhone, swift, gleaming, crystal-clear. Along either shore of the



lake, and all around Geneva, the eye is blessed with numberless charming villas, "half concealed and half revealed" by interminable "orchards of planted trees." Behind you lies the long ridge of the Jura mountains, whose precipitous sides are covered with perpetual green. Before you stands Mount Blanc, gathering around his huge sides a great cloud-mantle, and wearing upon his serene sky-piercing head an everlasting diadem of snow. The monarch of mountains, the ocean's miniature, a crystal river that vies with the Rhine in legends, the loveliest habitations—there is nothing wanting to make as perfect a scene as the sun shines upon. It is not strange that Madame de Stael, Voltaire, Rousseau, and others—some of the greatest geniuses of modern times—have chosen it as a retreat. Nature here inspires, and "at dewy eve" one with hushed breath listens for the tread of angels. But this temple, too, is daily desecrated by the hand and voice of him who was created to be its fit occupant, to mingle with the music of the water-fall and the summer breeze, harmonious tones of worship.

VIATOR.

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THE SPIRITS IN A SABBATH SCHOOL.—C. A. Bisbee, writing to the *Spiritual Universe* from Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio, tells of a young lady who was in that place last winter, and while there was developed as a speaking medium. She afterward returned to her home in Pittsfield, Loraine Co., where she was a member of a church and teacher in a Sabbath school. The other church members mourned over her exceedingly, but nevertheless besought her to resume her place in the Sabbath school, which she at first refused to do, fearing that she would be controlled by the Spirits to speak. She, however, finally consented to resume the management of her class, but before the session was over she was controlled to speak, and poured forth a torrent of pathetic eloquence which drew tears from some of those present. The school, however, broke up in consternation, and did not resume its sessions for fear that the "devil" would appear among them again. Where was that unmistakable sign of true faith, consisting in the power to "cast out devils," which the church originally possessed?

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BEHOLD a spirit grand, elevated, sublime, which passion has laid waste, and you have seen the ruins of a world.

## A POEM.

BY THE SPIRIT OF EDGAR A. POE.

ON Thursday, the 30th ult., while seated in our office at 300 Broadway, in company with Rev. THOMAS L. HARRIS and Mr. Lewis L. Peet, we observed that the physical and mental conditions of Bro. H. were strongly influenced by some foreign agency, which seemed to abstract his mind from the sphere of his outward relations. At length he was profoundly entranced, and, while under the influence of an invisible intelligence, improvised two Poems, making in all about *one hundred and fifty lines*. The second poem, purporting to be from the immortal EDGAR A. POE, was spoken in some *fifteen minutes*, and is here published as originally dictated. It is a bold and graceful utterance, and the internal evidence in support of its peculiar claims is strong and convincing.—ED.

A lurid mantle wrapped my Spirit-form,  
Cradled in lightnings and in whirlwinds born,  
Torn from the body, terribly downcast,  
Plunged headlong through red furnaces in blast;  
Those seething torrents maddened me; I fell,  
But woke in Paradise instead of Hell;  
Like song-waves circling in a golden bell,  
Like fragrant odors in a woodbine dell,  
Like glowing pistils in a rose unblown,  
Like all sweet dreams to Saints in slumber shown,  
Like Heaven itself, like joy incarnate given;  
And as a ship through wintry whirlwinds driven  
Finds land-locked port in Araby the blest,  
So I, through terror, entered into rest.

Then there came my Fancy's Maiden  
From her dim and mystic Aidenn,  
And a light from her full bosom shone her Angel-form before,  
And she whispered as the roses  
When the blushing bud uncloses,  
And like dew from off a blossom fell her speech forevermore.

"I have waited, I have waited,  
As the Evening Star belated,  
When it lingers pale and lonely by the purple sunset door.  
I have found thee, I have found thee,  
And wit's heart-spells fast have bound thee."  
So from out her glowing halo sang the Angel Maid Lenore.

To my rapt, enamored seeming,  
Framed amid the golden gleaming,  
Like a star in its own brightness high above the ocean's floor,  
Shone the lovely apparition,  
And from Earth's accursed perdition  
I was lifted by the Angel, and my death-in-life was o'er.

O the sorrow, the despairing,  
The weird terror phrased with daring,  
The wild wind-storms of remorse that my earth-bound Spirit bore!  
Like the tempest-lashed Atlantic  
With my anguish I was frantic,  
And the serpent men name Hunger gnawed into my bosom's core

While on Earth the Poet hungered  
For heart-bread, the gay world wondered,  
And poor beggars spurned the rich man, heaping curses evermore.  
Till I prostrate fell despairing,  
In my anguished breast unsharing  
All Earth's undivided sorrow, crushed as never man before.

I was mad with desolation,  
Like a sun from out creation  
Stricken rudely and its brightness turned to blood upon its shore.  
I for years was broken-hearted;  
Long before my youth departed  
But a heart by Fate down-trodden into palpitating gore.

And I fled Life's outer portal,  
Deeming anguish was immortal,  
Crying, "Launch thy heavy thunders, tell me never to adore.  
Hate for hate and curse for curses,  
Through abysmal universes,  
Plunge me down as lost Archangels fell despairingly of yore."

So the whirlwind bore my Spirit,  
But to lands that Saints inherit,  
And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o'er.  
I am blest beyond all blessing,  
And an Angel's pure caressing,  
Flows around my soul forever like a stream around its shore.

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HAVE ANIMALS SPIRITS?—It is not my purpose to offer a decided opinion on this question at present, but to state a fact which came to my personal knowledge, and which exhibits an astonishing endowment of *spiritual perception*, to say the least, on the part of so stupid an animal as a common land-turtle. The creature had found its way to my mother's garden, and was feasting itself upon the cucumbers. Being caught in the thievish act, he was unceremoniously thrown over the fence to some distance. In a few hours, however, that same turtle (known by peculiar marks) was found again in the cucumber bed, pursuing his gustatory delights as if nothing had happened. He was expelled again, and this time was carried to some distance, across a brook into the woods, and left among the rocks and bushes; but the next day he was again found in the garden, chewing up the esculents with all the *nonchalance* of a turtle who had planted them, and hoed them, and now felt that he had a right to them. As his pretensions were still disputed, he was then carried over a hill, across two fences closely underpinned with stone, across a wagon road, and thrown over another fence into a meadow among the high grass, and told to never show his face in those "diggings" again; but the next day his identical turtleship was found again among the cucumber vines breaking his long fast with greedy voracity! How can we account for the apparent intelligence of the ugly little "varmint" but by supposing that there was a magnetic and *quasi spiritual rapport* between him and the locality so perfectly furnishing the requisites of his nutrition, and that he was thus drawn back to the garden by an instinctive perception of its direction and position!

**‘THE QUESTION OF A FIRST CAUSE.’**

KINDLY ADDRESSED TO BRO. E. E. GIBSON.

*My Friend*—I have read your remarks upon the article of Dr. Cragin with pleasure, for they are both philosophical and logical. If I understand you, you claim that it is a flat contradiction to attempt to prove an “uncaused cause” from the axiom, “That nothing can exist without an adequate cause.” My friend, let us see if we can not get over this difficulty by adopting another method of argument.

Is it not absurd to say, that before any thing *was*, something came into existence? If so, it follows, since things do exist, that *something* must have always been in existence. What is “*that something*” which has always been in being? A very brief analysis of the nature of those things which exist will show that “*that something*” is a unity, an infinity, an intelligent creative force. This method is claimed to be the only truly logical and correct mode of demonstrating by argumentation the being of a God. Intuition affirms, Reason demonstrates.

It is evident that the axiom, Nothing can exist without an adequate cause, can only apply to such things as have had a beginning. Those things which are uncreated and self-existent need no cause to produce them, for there never was a time when they were not. Hence, before we can apply the axiom, That nothing can exist without a cause to produce it, we must first show that those things to which we seek to apply this axiom have not always existed.

Let us, then, in our inquiry begin thus: It is absurd to say

that before any thing was, something came into existence. For nothing, out of nothing, can not make something.

Things exist. Therefore *something* must have always been in existence.

What is that something ?

That which has always existed must be self-existent and eternal. It must also be *absolutely independent* of all other things. But if it is self-existent, eternal, and absolutely independent, it must also be *one*. Two things can not both be absolutely independent. For the independence of the one is carved out of the independence of the other. The independence of the one limits the independence of the other. They must act and react upon each other. That which is self-existent, eternal, and absolutely independent is also infinite. That which is infinite is *one*. Let us advance still further.

Since there is but *one thing* which has always been in existence, it follows *that all other things must have had a beginning*. But all things which are not *uncreated*, which have had a beginning, require an adequate cause to produce them.

All things but *one* have had a beginning. Hence that *one thing* was the only thing which existed anterior to all others ; therefore *it alone could have been the cause* which produced all other things, for there was no other cause in existence to produce them. Out of what, and in what manner, the Great First Cause created the universe, are mysteries too profound for us to penetrate.

We have now advanced thus far. We have shown (at least so we think) the existence of an uncreated, self-existent, eternal, and infinite First Cause. Also, *that there was a period when all other things did not exist*, and that they were all created by the infinite, self-existent Unity.

We will not at present pursue the subject further, but at some future time may more particularly inquire into the nature

and attributes of this *Great First Cause*. Trusting that what has been advanced may be of service to Bro. Gibson, and all others in a like frame of mind, we will bring this article to a close by a few remarks upon the true foundation upon which to rest our belief in a God. The only true basis upon which to repose our faith in an Eternal Father is *Intuition*. Let us examine: Suppose we prove by a logical demonstration the being of a God, how do we begin? Why, by laying down certain axioms, or self-evident propositions, and upon these Reason rears her demonstration. But what is a self-evident proposition? Clearly it is one so plainly true, that no amount of argument can make it appear more true. Such propositions are said to prove themselves. But *what makes* a proposition appear thus self-evident? *How* do we know that it is true—so true that no argument is needed to prove it? It is the still, small voice of *Intuition* which speaks to us, and Reason adopting, without hesitation, the *unproved premises* which Intuition offers, proceeds at once to draw its unerring deductions.

Does it not then clearly appear that the most logical and perfect *argument* that can be made to prove the being of a God, ~~must~~ after all rest entirely upon the teachings of Intuition? Why, then, argue upon this point? Why seek out such round-about ways? Why not at once adopt the teachings of Intuition, and repose with confidence upon her voice alone. For deep within the soul of every man her divine voice proclaims an eternal God. As for the writer, he needs no better, or higher evidence of the existence of "Our Father in Heaven."

R. H. BROWN.

DETROIT, Nov. 18, 1854.

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GRAY TO DR. WARBURTON.—In an essay on the life of Gray, originally published in the *London Quarterly*, the following testimony is cited from that author. The poet is

repelling the charge that his muse is dilatory, and uses the following language :

"I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this *Spirit* has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say."

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AN HONORABLE TESTIMONY.—MRS. VAUGHAN, who edits the *Women's Temperance Paper* in this city, extracts a portion of Bro. Harris' discourse on the loss of the Arctic, which she is pleased to characterize as among the most "beautiful and touching" things which that great calamity has called forth. Respecting Spiritualism generally, Mrs. Vaughan says :

Whatever may be our opinion of modern Spiritualism, so called, its utility, or its claims to the investigation of thinking men and women, we can not deny the new literature which it has produced, the meed of praise for the richness of its peculiar nomenclature, the beauty of its peculiar thought, and the affluence of its peculiar ideas.

We commend Mrs. Vaughan's paper to the attention of our readers.

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A FRIEND writes us from Milford, Conn., concerning the state of Spiritualism in that place, and says that the cause is progressing, notwithstanding the sectarian bigotry by which it is opposed. A church member recently ventured to be present at a circle which our correspondent attended, and actually went so far as to question the Spirits. The latter would not answer by tipping the table affirmatively or negatively, but spelled out the name of a deceased brother of the questioner who had died in a distant place, and of whom no other person present had ever heard. The place where the deceased brother died, and the disease which caused his death (which was religious excitement) were also spelled, the church member acknowledging the whole to be correct.



## REV. S. COBB AND HIS CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

So many great subjects invite our thought, so many duties that concern Humanity crowd upon us, that we can seldom find time to answer those who either misrepresent our views or question our motives. But having first attended to a number of things of a more agreeable and momentous character, we must crave the indulgence of our readers while we attend to the *Christian Freeman*, whose unsettled account has been running over six months, and now requires to be canceled.

In the early part of May last we published a very brief paragraph announcing that REV. U. CLARK had virtually dissolved his connection with the Universalist denomination by embracing a more spiritual faith. At that time we did not know that any formal charges had ever been preferred against Mr. Clark in any way implicating his moral character. The most that we had *ever heard* respecting the circumstances which have contributed to disturb his relations with that body was communicated to us on the occasion of a visit to Providence, R. I., some three years since. We were informed that several persons in that place had complained that Mr. Clark was too much disposed to meddle with animal magnetism and other matters which did not concern the duties of his ministerial profession; also, that his deportment had awakened in a few minds the suspicion that he was morally unsound. It is, however, due to all parties to observe, that these suspicions were very generally discarded by those with whom we conversed, and that the impression prevailed among them that Mr. C. was an abused man.

Mr. Clark subsequently removed to Chickopee, Mass., and became the pastor of the Universalist society in that place, and we very naturally inferred that the settlement was sanctioned by the ecclesiastical powers claiming and exercising jurisdiction over him. The fact that he was thus permitted to assume this relation to the society in Chickopee, and to enter unmolested upon the duties of his office, we felt bound to regard as *prima facie* evidence of his good standing, and *this most significant indorsement of his moral and ministerial character confirmed the impression in the mind of the writer, that Mr. Clark had been basely assailed by unscrupulous gossips and foul slanderers.* During his residence in Chickopee we heard little or nothing of Mr. C., save an occasional reference to what appeared to be the old story revived, which we supposed the Universalists themselves had refuted by sanctioning his then existing relation to the people of his charge. All that we knew or had ever heard respecting Mr. Clark, which in any way concerns the present issue, is comprehended in the preceding statement. With this view of the facts and circumstances of his former relation, and being assured by himself that he had become a believer in Spiritual Intercourse, we gave publicity to the following in the TELEGRAPH of May 6th :

Rev. Uriah Clark, formerly and for a number of years associated with the Universalist denomination in the capacity of a public religious teacher, has at length virtually dissolved his former connection, by adopting a more sublime, living, and spiritual faith.

That this simple statement was not prompted by a captious spirit, or any latent feeling of resentment growing out of our own experience with the same body, some years ago, will probably be accredited by all candid men. For more than two years the TELEGRAPH had regularly made its appearance on each succeeding week, and yet in no instance had its columns

contained a single reference to the Universalist denomination or press of a nature calculated to disturb the sensibilities of the most capricious and irritable defender of that faith. If this statement requires confirmation, we appeal to the numerous Universalist clergymen and laymen who have been its constant patrons and readers. But the four lines referring to Mr. Clark gave mortal offense, and so the chief scribe of the *Christian Freeman* descended on us with a kind of vulture-like rapacity. Instead of respectfully informing us that we were mistaken concerning the circumstances which dissolved the connection between Mr. C. and his former friends, the colossal editor—crucifying the *Christian* spirit, and abusing his *freedom* as a public journalist—published a *savage* article, commencing with the following polite and expressive title and exordium :

‘IMPOSTURE

“We charge inexcusable imposture upon the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, published in New York,” etc.

The body of the discourse by this *Christian Freeman* was in a similar spirit. But what had we done to merit such an assault? Our four-line paragraph was couched in civil and respectful language, and certainly was not designed to give offense in any quarter; much less did we make the slightest allusion to this irascible and pugnacious defender of Christian freedom (?) Respecting Mr. Clark, we simply stated what we honestly believed to be the truth. If we were in error, it was only necessary to point out our mistake. We would have thanked the *Freeman* for such a service, and should have seized the earliest opportunity to make the proper correction. In our paper of the date of July 22d, we published a brief reply to Messrs. Cobb, Whittemore, and T. J. Greenwood, all of whom had assailed us in a similar manner, charging the present writer with “*inexcusable imposture*,” *barefaced injustice*

*and falsehood*, and all because we penned and published those four lines respecting Rev. Uriah Clark. When one is throttled in the highway, or loaded with opprobrious epithets merely because he has unconsciously, yet in good faith, made an erroneous statement, believing the same to be strictly true—a statement that is powerless to injure any one, and does not so much as contain the remotest reference to his savage assailants—he is not exactly in the mood to explain or apologize, allowing that the occasion really calls for any excuse or vindication. Besides, the person who thus commits a violent assault, does not *ask* for an explanation, but signifies by his very act that he will accept none if it be offered. Moreover, he utterly forfeits his claim to an apology if he was previously entitled to one.

To afford the reader a correct idea of the position we assumed respecting the pending controversy between Mr. Clark and the Universalist press, we will here introduce a brief extract from our article of July 22d :

*We do not speak as the apologist of Mr. Clark ; he is able to speak for himself, and we leave him to attend to his own affairs. That we were wanting in reliable information regarding his case is altogether possible, and this may have been owing to our careless reading of the papers, or, perhaps, to their indefinite statement of the facts. We do not profess to be acquainted with the actual facts in Mr. Clark's case ; but no man who feels the force of moral obligation should permit such witnesses to seal his condemnation. We should hesitate to convict a crow of pulling up corn on such spasmodic testimony. The common instincts of humanity might forbid the deed. It is only on the best evidence, and when the public interest imperiously demands the sacrifice, that we should condemn any man, and especially one who has refined sensibilities and noble aspirations. He who unnecessarily plants a thorn in his brother's path, blasts a single flower that blooms in his presence, or darkens the least of all the hopes that gild the horizon of life, incurs a fearful responsibility.*

It will be perceived that while it was thus frankly conceded

that we might be misinformed, and as a consequence *mistaken*, we *did*, at the same time, feel authorized to question the testimony of the *Christian Freeman*, in this particular case. How could we do less, knowing that it had not scrupled to "bear false witness against" us? "*Inexcusable imposture*" is the practice of that deliberate deception or intentional fraud which does not so much as admit the possibility of a justification. Such was the *Freeman's* foul and libelous charge, for which it claimed no other foundation than our four lines respecting Mr. Clark! Some five weeks after the publication of our article in the TELEGRAPH of July 22d, the *Freeman* made a rejoinder.\* The following brief extracts will suffice to exhibit its spirit and purpose:

If Rev. S. B. Brittan, in his SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, sees fit to continue the work of sanctifying Rev. Uriah Clark by the instrumentality of abuse of his friends who practiced long-suffering toward him before they could give him up, he may do so to his heart's content; but we are sure that the Spirits which move him are not from a higher sphere.

While we should certainly rejoice to have all humanity, including Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, consecrated to sacred services, his implied assumption that we are making special efforts to invest Mr. Clark with a fictitious sanctity, is altogether unwarranted and untrue. As to the "long-suffering," we must presume that Bro. Cobb commenced very early in life, and got through in good season, probably before our time, as that four-line paragraph utterly transcended his powers of endurance.

Referring to the action of an ecclesiastical council in Massachusetts, in withdrawing fellowship from Mr. Clark, the *Freeman* says:

Mr. Brittan might have conveniently informed himself of the fact if he had cared about it. . . . We made our original report last

\* See *Christian Freeman* of the date of August 25, 1854.

winter from the official document sent us by the council, and Mr. Brittan's gentlemanly treatment will pass for what it is: only, as a friend to true Spiritualism, we protest that it must not be ranked under the *spiritual* head.

We have already observed that at the time we first spoke of Mr. Clark in these columns, we were not aware that any formal proceedings had ever been instituted against him before any ecclesiastical tribunal. Having *no* knowledge of the implied fact, we were not likely to seek information respecting it, and we may be excused if we did not. In those days we were not favored, as now, with the regular weekly visits of the *Christian Freeman*; the editor's "original report" was not loud enough to be heard in this quarter, and "the official document" we waited in vain to see. Our cotemporary wholly neglected to enlighten our mind, and then stigmatized us as the worst kind of an impostor, because we were deficient in information! But our Christian brother comes in a spirited and valorous manner to rescue the cause. He protests against us as one of the spurious kind, or "baser sort" of Spiritualists. This is modest, very; and the *Christian Freeman's* increasing devotion to genuine Spiritualism is extremely significant. Many who read Universalist papers are inclined of late to adopt the Spiritual idea, and Bro. Cobb is naturally anxious to crowd the spurious coin out of circulation, that he may supply its place with the pure metal, bearing his own "image and superscription." Will not somebody be kind enough to stop the TELEGRAPH and take the *Freeman*, so as to have the real thing instead of the counterfeit? Our *soi-disant* "friend to true Spiritualism" insists that we "must not be ranked under that head," and so we expect to be read out of meeting the first convenient opportunity. If that should occur before our next issue, Bro. Cobb may accept this as our valedictory.

The *Christian Freeman* containing the article, which we

have sufficiently characterized by introducing the foregoing extracts, came to hand on the day of its publication, and we immediately dispatched the following private note to the editor :

REV. SYLVANUS COBB :

*Dear Sir*—I have just read your remarks under the head of "Messrs. Brittan and Clark," in the *Freeman* of this date, and find that *they essentially misrepresent my position* in respect to Mr. Clark and his so-called friends. Preferring to occupy in the judgment of your readers the precise position which I do *in fact*, I request that you will do me the justice to copy into your columns my article which appeared in the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* of July 22d. Should you not feel disposed to comply with this request, please inform me what you will charge for a single insertion of the same, *in your ordinary editorial type*, as an advertisement, the same to be prefaced by such explanatory remarks as I shall furnish, occupying not more than two squares.

Yours, respectfully,

S. B. BRITTAN.

NEW YORK, Aug, 25th, 1854.

We waited just six weeks to a day for an answer, and then on opening the *Freeman* of Oct. 6th, we found that the private note, of which the above is a correct copy, had been published with the subjoined remarks by the editor :

In answer to the above we will say, that we are confident that we have not misrepresented Mr. Brittan in any shade whatever. We are not disposed to occupy space in our columns with a reprint of Mr. Brittan's comments on Messrs. Whittemore, Drew, and Jewell, together with ourself ; and what we would not publish either as a matter of justice or public interest, we would not publish for pay. We are governed by no mercenary motives in these decisions.

As it relates to the matter of Messrs. Brittan and Clark, just so far as the former ever designed to represent that the latter withdrew of choice from the Universalist ministry, or that he has been in any way unjustly or unkindly used by the Universalist connection, so far we have declared him in fault, and no farther. And if he has been misunderstood, let him say in a few words, wherein, and we will cheerfully publish his explanation. We owe no man any thing incompatible with love to one another.

In our article we only had to do with the responsible editors of the *Freeman* and the *Trumpet*, together with Rev. T. J. Greenwood. We made no allusion whatever to Messrs. Drew and Jewell, and therefore did not require Mr. Cobb to occupy his space with any comments on the two gentleman last named. It requires no special inspiration to divine the reason why the editor of the *Christian Freeman* could not be prevailed on to submit our article to his readers. *He had grossly misrepresented its character*, notwithstanding his confident assertion to the contrary. Had he given publicity to what we really had to say, his unfairness would have fixed the attention of the most thoughtless reader. We frankly stated, and in about so many words, that *we did not speak as the apologist of Mr. Clark; that we might be wanting in reliable information; and that we did not profess to be acquainted with the actual facts in his case.* But, regardless of all this, our reverend accuser represents us "*as sanctifying Mr. Clark and abusing his former friends,*" with whom we have no dispute and to whom we made no allusion. We are declared to be his "*sponsor*"—according to Webster, "one who binds himself to answer for another, and is responsible for his default." This is deliberately asserted by our Christian assailant, notwithstanding the article he was misrepresenting contains this plain statement: *We do not speak as the apologist of Mr. Clark; he is able to speak for himself, and we leave him to attend to his own affairs.* Of course he would not convict himself by publishing our article, either "for love or money." If we had been "*misunderstood,*" he was willing to give place to our explanation, provided it could be given "in a few words"—so few as to render it powerless. After all this the editor of the *Christian Freeman* coolly assures us that he "owes no man any thing incompatible with love to one another!"

The next and only remaining illustration of Mr. Cobb's un-



righteous conduct which we shall take the trouble to expose, is contained in his paper of the 10th ultimo. He is writing under the head of "Libertinism and the Marriage Question." After dilating on "the seductive and ruinous influences of a party of modern Libertines," who "call themselves Spiritualists;" "claiming to be new Christs and authors of a new dispensation, and seeking license from invisible spirits for the gratification of whims, caprices, and fleshly lusts," he has, *in the same connection*, the following paragraph referring to ourself:

The aim of those who are perpetually toiling away at this question is, to have all law aboished which recognizes and enforces the obligations of the marriage covenant as binding at least for life, and to have the pleasure of the parties, for the time being, the only law upon the subject. True, they talk about spiritual affinities, and union of souls, and the permanent nature of marriage where it is the real and true union. But in this view of the true marriage there is nothing peculiar to this new party. We know it has been charged, even the talented editor of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, in his issue of Sept. 16th, charges that, according to existing laws and customs of both church and state, only the *bodies* of men and women are married, regarding marriage as wholly physical, earthly, and sensual.

This allusion to the present writer was obviously designed to leave the impression on the mind of the reader that we probably belonged to, or sympathized with, the class which Mr. Cobb had just characterized as "Modern Libertines," "New Christs," etc. If this libelous assault does not prove the editor of the *Freeman* to be a gross and malicious slanderer, we hardly know how any man can establish his claim to such a title. We did, indeed, find fault with the legal marriage; not that it was too stringent and binding in a moral point of view, *but because it was not sufficiently so*. We must beg the reader to excuse the republication of so much of the very article to which Mr. Cobb refers, as will suffice for our vindi-

cation. In giving expression to the spiritual idea of marriage we used the following language :

EXTRACTS FROM OUR ARTICLE ON MARRIAGE AND FREE LOVE, PUBLISHED  
IN THE TELEGRAPH OF SEPTEMBER 16.

To constitute a true spiritual marriage, two congenial souls must be irresistibly attracted and perfectly conjoined, not merely by the function of a priest, magistrate, or legislator, but by the *spiritual, natural law of affinity*. In proportion as this union is consummated, the two become one in feeling and thought. A spiritual cohesive power binds them together so that they can not be separated or divorced. The marriage that is truly spiritual must also be everlasting, because the spirit itself is immortal in all the primordial elements, essential attributes, and divine activities of its nature. It is only, therefore, when two beings are thus constituted and united by the Supreme Author of all, that they are in a true sense "joined together" by him, or spiritually married. If one such union exists on earth—one that did not originate in sensual appetites and corporeal fires—that one, at least, need not, and, indeed, can not perish with the flesh. Our spiritual relations and attractions are obviously not merely for time, but *forever*. Hence, those who are wedded in soul—if there be any such—can be separated no more. No man can put them asunder ; Heaven will not reverse its own decrees ; nor can the conscious spirit fly from its counterpart. A spiritual cohesion, more subtle, powerful, and lasting than that which binds the elements of all worlds together, is the indissoluble bond of their immortal union. \* \* \* \* \*

Of all the systems in the world this, in its essential nature, is the least obnoxious to the charge of "securing a frequent change of partners." The very idea of a spiritual, conjugal union as already defined, and as it is probably accepted by a large majority of modern Spiritualists, utterly precludes the notion of any such system of exchange ; it is severe in its limitations, restricting the individual, in the genuine exercise of this affection, to a union with a single soul.

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The following *verbatim* extract is from the same article, and expresses our views of that species of Free Love which is synonymous with "Libertinism :"

If there is a kind of free love that teaches men and women to violate

the most sacred human obligations, especially if it prompts them to dishonor themselves, and each other ; to pollute and poison the springs of social and domestic life and peace, we certainly have no sympathy with that kind of freedom or that species of love. Such a use of the words, even, involves

“ A base  
Abandonment of reason,”

and is little less than the essence of all falsehood and the foulest treason against Heaven. Least of all can we entertain the idea that such notions sustain the remotest relation to the principles of that divine philosophy which teaches us to subject the passions to the reason and the senses to the soul.

But it will be said that our idea of what constitutes a true spiritual union, warrants the supposition that a large number of marriages, even among the most enlightened and refined nations, are very far from conforming to our description ; that many persons are improperly mated, and as a consequence dissatisfied and miserable. What, it may be demanded, shall be done with these ? Our answer to this question may be embodied in few words. If they can not *possibly* agree to live together, they should do the next best thing, which may be to separate by mutual consent. If the dissatisfaction results from inadequate causes, or is mainly on one side, let the disaffected party make the best of “ a bad bargain.” If he has formed an external alliance on the sensuous plane, and agreeably to the specific provisions of the civil law, let him, like an honest man, respect the obligation thus voluntarily assumed. He surely has no right to plead the subsequent discovery of a natural or spiritual law as an excuse for violating a civil contract, more particularly in a case which most intimately concerns his honor. Inasmuch as the original proposition, in all our marriage alliances, is presumed to proceed from the man, he, especially, should conform in the strictest manner to the terms of the engagement. If he has the least magnanimity he will neither be disposed to take advantage of the weak, nor to wait for the strong arm of the law to define the nature and extent of his duties. If any man, under such circumstances and in the name of REFORM, attempts to disturb the family relations of himself or others, he deserves to be regarded with the strongest suspicion, and his deed should be frowned upon by all generous and honorable men. The world can never be reformed by those who thus abandon the weak and

helpless, disregard their most solemn promises, and darken the soul and its immortal destiny by the guilt of perjury.

The above will suffice without additional comment. It will readily be perceived that the very article which Rev. Sylvanus Cobb took for his text is *itself* the most thorough refutation of his unmitigated slander, and a triumphant vindication of the writer against this unprovoked and libelous attack.

At length, after long delay, and with great reluctance, we have discharged an unpleasant duty, and will now leave Mr. Cobb to his own reflections. We desire to remind him, at the same time we assure the general reader, that *the unwelcome occasion for this article has been forced upon the writer*. We never meddled with the *Christian Freeman*, nor did we ever refer to its editor, previous to his personal and most unjustifiable assault on the TELEGRAPH, in any way that could possibly disparage his claims before the public. It is seldom that we can be induced to pause in the midst of more important labors to demolish a *Cobb house*, and whenever we do, we must be pardoned for taking time to make clean work.

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H. C., of Cambridgeport, Mass., sends us a spiritual communication upon the marriage question, which has, of late, been an exciting topic of discussion among some of our friends at the East. The principal points in the communication are, that in the heavens conjugal unions are governed by the law of affinity; that humanity on earth, however, in its present state, is frail, and must be governed by strict law; that otherwise the young and beautiful will be loved so long as they remain young and beautiful, and as they grow old and lose their physical charms they will be abandoned for new "affinities;" that "religion has served as a cloak for men's errors, and that now a few take Spiritualism to cover their deformities;" and the Spirit cautions all to beware of "free love" doctrines. Our correspondent thinks that the publication of these ideas as from a Spirit "may undeceive some silly Spiritualists, and refute the impression that free love sprang up in our ranks."

## CONFERENCE AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1854.

THE Conference of Spiritualists assembled at the usual hour at the TELEGRAPH office, 300 Broadway.

Mr. Wattles, of Ohio, stated a fact in his own experience showing that persons in the form could, in certain cases, give to others at a distance a sensible impression of their presence. The fact occurred about a year ago. He was in Cincinnati, at a circle of Spiritualists held at Mr. Garvis'. Being desirous to ascertain the condition of his family at home, he passed into the interior or clairvoyant state, and after receiving the distinct impression that they were all well, and, like himself, sitting in a circle, he concluded to try the experiment as to whether he could make them sensible of his presence. A letter from his wife dated a week after this occurred, informed him of the result. She said: "Last Sunday night we were sitting in a circle, and while getting a communication from Spirits, the medium suddenly stopped, laughed, clapped her hands, and with many demonstrations of joy, said, '*John is here!*'" (meaning himself). A Spirit then said through her, '*Yes, John is with us!*'" This statement tallied exactly with the time in which he tried to make the impression. Through his own peculiar clairvoyant experience (a part of which the reporter heard him relate some years before the present advent of spiritual phenomena), he had satisfied his own mind fully of the truths of Spiritualism, which had been so amply demonstrated by subsequent facts. But at that time, while convinced himself of spiritual realities, he succeeded equally well in convincing the world of his "*insanity.*" His own investigations have resulted in the conclusion, that all the space existing between minds in the body and minds out of it, is the *body*. That is the only separation between the two worlds—the only hindrance to full and free Spirit-intercourse, and even that, as we bring the body in subjection to the "higher law" and holier demands of the Spirit, will offer no impenetrable vail to the celestial light and love which beams upon us from the gilded mountain-peaks of this new and glorious morning. Mr. W. related at some length

another fact showing the power of Spirits over ponderable bodies, by which his own life and that of others had been preserved, a full statement of which will be given by himself.

Mr. Odell related some of the facts of a private circle he had witnessed a few evenings previously; among them was the presentation of what seemed to him and others a *lady's hand*. It was well formed, and had apparently a plain gold ring on one of the fingers. He could not see what chance there was for deception, as there were four or five lights in the room and upon the table, and all that was being done could be seen, and was seen by all present, some ten or more in number. The hand appeared directly in front of a gentleman seated on the opposite side of the table. It came up slowly, as if from beneath the table, as high as the gentleman's breast or nearly so, and then descended. There was ample time to note all the particulars before it disappeared. A perfectly formed foot was seen in the same way. He noticed the whole carefully. He thought of what had been said of psychology in reference to these manifestations, and tried at the time to ascertain whether he was under its influence, but as far as he was able to judge, he was as sane and wide awake as usual. He inspected carefully the foot, the toes, and even the nails upon them; and if he may be allowed to trust his own senses, in common with those of the whole circle present, then he is compelled to say, that he saw the perfect form of a human foot, under circumstances and in a position which made it impossible that it could belong to any human being in the body.

Mr. Barnard stated that a relative of his (not a Spiritualist), while seated at her piano, was treated to the singular phenomenon of her lamp, apparently of itself, moving along the piano to the end, and from thence down slowly and safely to the floor, and so out into the room, where it was left uninjured. The lady was at his house on Friday last, and while relating that fact to his wife and daughters, several physical manifestations were made, demonstrating beyond all doubt the power exerted by Spirits over heavy bodies. They not only moved the table on that occasion, but moved his wife with it, exhibiting at the same time many other proofs of their presence and power.

Mr. — related the facts he had witnessed in a circle of which Mr. Hume was the medium. The table was not only shaken, but there was a tremulous motion imparted to the chairs in which the party was seated, and to the *floor itself*, distinctly felt by all present. An accordeon was held inverted under the table by the right hand of Mr. Hume, while the

left hand was held upon the table by Mr. Brittan, and in this position "Home, Sweet Home," was played upon it in a manner superior to any performance he had ever heard upon that instrument. There was none of that peculiar interruption to the harmony of sound inevitable to the usual mode of playing the accordeon, but the sounds were as if all the keys had been held open, and each note had been breathed upon by the inanimate spirit of the song itself.

This statement was followed by some remarks by the same gentleman on the production of Spirit-forms, such as hands, etc. He was understood to say that all the hypotheses which he had examined failed to satisfy him, because they were an offense to natural law. Natural law, in his judgment, was God's law, and as such must harmonize. In order to be understood, he referred to many facts showing the minute divisibility of matter, as evinced in the odor of musk, the perfume of flowers, the poisonous atmosphere of lead, etc. Another fact to be noted is, that the quantity of caloric in any given substance is in the ratio of its bulk, not its density, and that a sudden compressure of bulk always changes it to *free heat*. These are Nature's laws, and if we apply them to the subject under consideration, he thought it would be found that the instantaneous condensation or compression of the organic ultimates floating in the atmosphere into the form and solidity of a human hand would *give off free heat sufficient to fuse every individual present, and probably a ton of iron with them!* He thought that hypothesis would not stand fire unless it could be shown that the phenomenon in question was exempt from its operation.

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CURIOUS SPIRITUAL FACT OF THE OLDEN TIMES.—The following curious statement we condense from Dr. Horneck's preface to his translation of the judicial records of proceedings against the "witches" (mediums) of Mohra, in Sweden, published in 1682. The singular occurrence which it relates seems to be unexceptionably authenticated. It took place at Crossen, in Silesia, in the year 1659. Its principal particulars are, that one Christopher Monig, an apothecary's servant, died and was buried, and a few days afterward apparently walked into the apothecary's shop, and commenced his accustomed employment as usual, and continued to do the same day after day. "He looked very

ghastly upon those who had been his fellow-servants, who were afraid to say any thing to him ; and his master, being sick at the time, he was often very troublesome to him, would take the bills that were brought him out of his hands, snatch away the candle sometimes, and put it behind the stove ; at last he took a cloak that hung in the shop, put it on, and walked abroad, but minding nobody in the streets, went along, entered into some of the citizens' houses, and thrust himself into company, especially of such as he had formerly known, yet saluted no one, nor spake to any one but to a maid servant whom he met hard by the churchyard, and desired her to go to his master's house and dig in a ground chamber, where she would find an inestimable treasure." Search was afterward instituted at the place indicated, but nothing was found but "an old decayed pot with a hæmatites, or blood-stone, in it." This affair being notorious, and causing great excitement in the place, the Princess Elizabeth Charlotta, who was the chief magistrate of the town, caused the young man's body to be dug up, and his clothes and other goods which he had left when he died, to be removed, after which the Spirit ceased to appear. What is especially remarkable in this case is, that the apparition was visible to the external eye ; and we here relate it as a parallelism, in some measure, to the *exterior* apparitions of *distant persons*, and other remarkable phenomena of that general class, which have recently occurred in our city.

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JAMES YOUNG, of Clinton, Parish of East Feliciana, La., editor of "The Louisiana State Paper," writes us of matters and things pertaining to Spiritualism in that place, and concerning his own position and doings in reference to the cause. He says he was on one occasion unexpectedly called upon to publicly defend Spiritualism against the ridicule and misrepresentations of a lyceum-lecturer, and that, speaking under a powerful spiritual influence, the result of his effort was highly favorable to the spiritual cause. Our correspondent, however, does not find in that place so large an amount of sympathy for his spiritual ideas as he could wish ; and finding the sphere of politics less congenial than that of spiritual propagandism, he desires to return to his previous occupation at the North, as a disseminator of the truths of the new unfolding. Spiritualists in Philadelphia, Washington, and Cincinnati can vouch for the qualifications of Mr. Y. as a lecturer, and no doubt they have the ability to aid him efficiently in finding the sphere of usefulness which he so much desires.



## POWER OF SPIRITS OVER MATTER.

THOSE of our readers who are engaged in an inquiry into the philosophy of the various phases of the Manifestations, will be interested in the subjoined article by an able correspondent. "Phoenix" does not appear to favor the idea that the tangible forms whereby Spirits demonstrate their presence to our senses are either of very gross matter or "solid structure." His theory is extremely ingenious, to say the least, and is rendered plausible by an imposing array of accredited facts which are already comprehended within the domain of physical science.—ED.

MR. BRITTAN :

*Dear Sir*—At the Conference held at your office on Tuesday last, many hypotheses were offered to account for what are called, by Spiritualists, partial organisms, and which, to my mind, were so transcendental in their character as not to be understood by the majority of the audience. In this, as in all other subjects connected with Spiritualism, we should commence to reason from things known to things unknown, and by such means we may, by the help of Natural Philosophy, as expressed in that portion of the Divine Law known as natural law, obtain a platform for thought which accords with our every-day observances, and, therefore, may be readily understood.

It is true that many subjects presenting themselves during spiritual investigations seem to be beyond the power of the human intellect. Thus it is difficult for us clearly to conceive of eternity of time or infinity of space; still, it is doubtless proper for us to apply natural law, so far as we clearly understand it, to the solution of even spiritual problems; and hence I would suggest another hypothesis to account for the exist-

ence, or rather the *mode* of formation, of Spirit-hands, so far as recognizable by the senses, and to render this more clearly understood, will commence with the well-known conditions of matter when controlled by such laws as relate to our subject, and its effects on the senses. I refer to *intensity* as taking the place of *quantity*, for in such action as embraces this fact our senses are deceived. Thus atmospheric air may be so intensely impinged upon a surface of even the hardest material, as to wear it away. Every iron-founder knows that the inner surface of the nozzle of his bellows is absolutely abraded and worn away by the intensified atmosphere passing through it while relieving itself from compression; and every engineer is aware that a right-angle turn in the steam-pipe will be worn away at this turn, by the action of the steam, when forced to change the direction of its line of travel.

We can not conceive of materials having less identical shape than the ultimate particles of dilated steam; but still, when millions of these particles are brought to bear in rapid succession on harder particles, the latter are abraded by such action. A wheel of paper revolved with sufficient rapidity will cut a bar of steel in two, simply because a million of particles of paper are brought to bear on a single particle of steel, while perhaps the paper is but nine hundred thousand times as soft as the steel; and hence the one hundred thousand particles in excess become an active cutting instrument, for the weight of these particles is multiplied by their velocity. This fact may be clearly understood as developing itself when an ordinary candle is fired from a gun at a plank target; for although the candle is probably a thousand times softer than the plank, still, when its weight and hardness are multiplied by its velocity, it will pass through the plank as readily as would a musket ball, and this, too, without abrading the surface of the candle.

Now, as the first step to our platform, let us remember that the smallest particle, if passing with velocity as great or greater than that of lightning or of light, becomes capable of puncturing the hardest surfaces ; and as Spirits know no space, the velocity with which diffused matter may pass in any direction, under Spirit-guidance or will, will render it precisely as hard or powerful as the force [the will] may propel it. The reader will please bear this proposition in his memory while we present the next phase for his consideration.

All our senses are deficient, in their rapidity of action, to our thoughts ; thus the sense of sight can not forget an impression made on the retina in less than one sixth of a second ; and although a sky-rocket carries a train of fire of not more than one inch in length, still, to our vision, it seems to be as long as the distance through which that rocket travels in one sixth of a second, that being the time necessary for us to lose each impression made on the retina of the eye. Our sense of touch, of taste, of smell, and of hearing, each has a definite period which it requires to commence the exercise of its functions, or to part with an impression received. Under the combination of these effects we form lasting and delusive remembrances, among which may be enumerated nausea, arising simply from shapes—as mistaking allspice for nauseous pills, etc.

We have now only to suppose a single particle of matter to adopt such a line of travel as to represent the figure of the surface of a hand, or of any other object, and that it shall perform the whole length of this line of travel in a less space of time than that which is necessary to enable either of our senses to receive or forget the fact of such figure, and to our senses this becomes a solid body of such shape. At great velocity it would have the hardness, as an entire figure to our touch, of the diamond, and would require an equally hard substance

with the diamond to abrade its substance. At less velocity it might imitate softer substances, to our senses, until at still less—for the representative of every quality of surface is but the measure of the rapidity of travel of its ultimates—it may represent the human or flesh texture.

A rod, stationary at one end and revolved with great rapidity at the other around an imaginary center, say of two feet diameter, would form a funnel; and should a stream of water be injected into this imaginary mouth, every drop would be thrown by centrifugal force in an annular sheet from this mouth, and even the outer surface of the rod, representing the outer side of this cone, could never be wetted by such stream of water if the velocity were sufficiently great. We all know that the ultimate particles of every substance in nature are at all times in continuous motion; and it is more than probable that the apparent statical condition of portions of surfaces is due to the fact that the dynamic rapidity of action of its ultimates is too great for the observation of our senses.

Physiologists tell us that every particle of the human form is replaced once in seven years, or less; but they do not tell us, what probably we shall ere long discover as truth, that this change is going on with such rapidity that probably every particle which we consider as ultimate is receiving and exhaling millions of times per second; for we have no reason for supposing that any change in the configuration of the human hand is intermittent. We know it, however, to be so; while, to our senses, it appears continuous, merely from their want of pertinent applicability.

Suppose a rod or shaft to revolve ten thousand times per second, and a single bristle to be inserted in its shaft like a spoke inserted in the hub of a wheel. All will readily understand what would be the appearance of this bristle, and can not but know that it will have the appearance of a wheel in

the state of rest. We may know, also, that to the touch we shall find it similar to feeling the circumference of a wheel of the same diameter; and that if we present a comparatively hard substance against this imaginary wheel, the hard substance, and not the single bristle, will be abraded.

Under this hypothesis, we may readily understand how the impression of Spirit-hands may be made, even in the hardest materials; for the diamond itself could not withstand the action of a single particle of down when performing its gyrations with the velocity of light on a space represented by the size of a human hand. I would not argue that every Spirit-hand is represented by a single particle in rapid motion, nor by a single million of particles moving with great velocity; but that a single particle may, at such velocities as are expressed by the terms *no record of space*, so configure a hand, as not only to deceive our senses, but on such portions of Divine Law alone as are called natural law, perform all the phenomena which have been claimed by Spiritualists, the only elements supplied by Spirits being the condensation of such a portion of matter as would not be recognizable by the most powerful microscope, put in motion at the ratio of speed which all philosophers readily accredit as the rate of travel of the Divine Will and Attributes in their modes of operation.

In support of the above hypothesis (for I only offer it as such), it may be necessary to show that organisms containing an equal amount of material with the human hand can not be formed by Spirit-influence without an entire cessation of the Divine law as now existing in the form of natural law, and therefore we should prefer those hypotheses which accord with known results ascertained from known processes.

As a substratum for our argument, let us adopt the adage, that all substances in nature hold heat in proportion to their bulk, irrespective of their weight. We refer to heat in that

state known as *latent*; and a few familiar instances will explain the law: Thus, a cubic inch of alcohol placed on the head will soon form 1,723 cubic inches of the vapor of alcohol, and thus its capacity for latent heat will be increased 1,723 times, taking up present heat and rendering it latent from the nearest hot object—the head; and it is for this reason that alcohol or water evaporated from the hair cools the head, by really absorbing present heat, and rendering it latent. Should ether be used instead of alcohol, the expansion would be so much more rapid, that the brain would be frozen. The same wind, which by being dilated abstracts the heat from the dew on the mountain-top and caps the loftiest peaks with snow, when descended into the valley and compressed by fifty miles of super-natant atmosphere, gives out the latent heat as present, which renders the valley verdant, its bulk or measure being lessened relatively, while its weight remains the same. Air in a bellows, while compressed, is hotter than at the point of its reception; and even the lungs of animals when they compress air cause it to give up part of its latent heat as present heat, to supply a portion of what is called animal heat to such parts of the viscera as are remote from the heat-producing or more immediate digestive organs. A common pocket-light was many years in use composed of a cylinder one inch in diameter and ten inches long, closed at the bottom and fitted at the top with a piston which could receive a small quantity of tinder. The sudden forcing down and withdrawal of this piston would ignite the tinder, for these ten cubic inches of air being readily compressed from its great elasticity to the half of one cubic inch, liberated the latent heat from the nine and a half missing cubic inches and rendered it present heat to the half inch, thus causing it to be white hot, and igniting the tinder before it could lose its intensity by being radiated from the surrounding surface.

The blacksmith lights his fire in the morning by compressing a cubic inch of iron from hammering, one ninety-nine hundredth of a cubic inch. The latent heat belonging to this missing portion of the bulk becomes present heat to the mass, and thus enables him to light his match.

With these facts before us as things known, let us for a moment contemplate to the slight extent our senses will permit, what must be the degree of dilation of matter through space ; and if this matter should be brought together with electrical velocity, even so much of it as would be equal in a statical condition to one joint of a finger, if configured even of the size of an entire body, would produce a degree of present heat greater than would be sufficient for the fusion of, probably, a ton of iron. We may form some notion of its divisibility in space from the fact, that neither the microscope nor the laboratory can detect its presence, and this, too, when the very odors that float in the atmosphere are subject to minute and quantitative analysis ; nor must we deceive ourselves by supposing that extreme dilations are without the pale of this law relative to the absorption and retention of latent heat, for even to the melting point of platina we know that for every degree of heat added, all dilated aeriformed bodies increase one five hundredth part of their bulk, and a sudden compression of any dilated matter will cause it to give up its latent heat in present form, as readily as a compressed sponge will yield up previously absorbed water.

What experienced Spiritualist does not know that, at times, the feet of a medium placed on the feet of a member of the circle will gradually seem to grow hot, until the amount of heat is painful. We have known this to occur in several instances, and now attribute it to the partial organizations concentrating in the immediate vicinity of the medium, and more especially at points of contact. Spirits take great care not to present

these physical demonstrations until they have long communicated with spirits in the earth-form, and more generally in dark circles, where probably a smaller amount of organized matter will present the necessary apparent organism. At least it is certain that dilated material can not, without a suspension of natural law, be suddenly aggregated without the liberation of that portion of heat which previously existed as latent, and therefore it is fair to infer, in the absence of exact knowledge, that when partial Spirit-forms are created, it is from means not requiring a suspension of natural law, rather than from those which set at naught all previously ascertained truths.

PHOENIX.

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## WHERE IS HEAVEN?

AH, we shall find when we go from earth,  
That cloud-land is immortal;  
Life's dreams are its only real worth—  
A glimmer of light from our Father's hearth,  
To show us the way to his portal.

That "bright blue sky" our childhood knew,  
Where the gold-winged angels were flying,  
We shall raise our eyes in rapture to,  
When the world is passing from our view,  
And we know that we are dying.

Above, above is the better land  
Whither our souls are going;  
Yon milky way is the silv'ry land,  
Over whose shore, in music grand,  
The river of life is flowing.

A. M. H.

WILLIAMSBURG.



## THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

THE following beautiful lines, originally published in R. P. Ambler's *Journal of Progress*, over the *nom de plume* of META, were written by MRS. CATHARINE W. HART, who was introduced to our readers in the TELEGRAPH of the 18th ult.—ED.

“ Upon those pallid lips,  
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes  
That image sleep in death, let no tear  
Be shed—not even in thought.”—*Shelley*.

Weep not for her—weep not that she is passing  
Through death's dark vale to her bright home above;  
Send back thy tears—beneath the sunbeams basking  
Soon will her spirit bathe itself in love.

She hath been weary here. She hath known sorrow—  
Not transient sorrow, but a deep despair—  
Ah! wouldst thou keep her, when a bright to-morrow  
Will from her soul efface each withering care?

True thou hast loved her—oh, how well! how dearly!  
None but thy heart itself alone may know—  
The one prized friend, not for thy bright hours merely,  
But tried and true when grief's deep fountains flow.

And thou wilt miss her; and each passing hour  
Will seem more dreary when her smile hath gone;  
From every scene, from every tree and flower,  
When she hath fled, the glory will be shorn.

But think not though for her the veil is lifted,  
The lovelier things of that fair life to learn,  
Each hour to grow more spiritually gifted,  
That she will leave thee, never to return.

No ; often in thy silent hours and lonely,  
Some blessed influence o'er thy soul shall steal—  
Some shadowy presence, which thy spirit only,  
With its deep inner sense, shall know and feel.

Some bright immortal link which ne'er shall sever,  
And still communion growing still more deep,  
And holy hopes, and dreams which love forever  
Within its urn shall in sweet silence keep.

Then weep no more—tears ill befit the hour  
Which heraldeth for her a fairer morn ;  
Night's shadows lessen—and with kindling power  
Day smiles upon the spirit newly born.

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CAN SPIRITS AS SUCH, SEE NATURAL THINGS AS SUCH?—As the discussion of this question has, of late, occupied a considerable share of the attention of some of the New York Spiritualists, we may state a fact which may throw some light upon it: Some three months ago, while the writer was sitting with a circle of spiritual friends in Southold, L.I., the Spirit of a brother of one of the parties present announced his presence by raps. Immediately after he had made himself known, he took possession of the medium, and began to survey and soliloquize upon a wrecked schooner. His brother informed us that he (the Spirit) had built and owned the schooner before his entrance into the other world ; that his affections were set upon it in an extraordinary manner ; that the vessel had lately been wrecked, and the Spirit now employed every opportunity of using a medium to look after it. The Spirit continued to speak of the wreck, its changes of position since he last saw it through some medium, the progress of its going to pieces, etc., with all the natural solicitude of a man in the flesh who may have been supposed to have owned her, and was now revisiting her ruins after a temporary absence ; and when he left her it seemed to be with sorrow and reluctance. The whole tenor of the Spirit's remarks, which we closely observed at the time, were such as implied *that he could only see the vessel when he came back to earth, and used some earthly medium, such as the one whom he now possessed.* We state the fact ; let others look for its bearings.

## WARNED IN A DREAM.

A LADY passenger in the Baltic, who had intended to take passage in the Arctic, dreamed two nights in succession that the latter steamer had foundered at sea. The dream made such an impression upon her that she determined not to go in the Arctic, and persuaded some of her friends, also, to follow her change of plan. On her voyage across the ocean, before any tidings had been heard of the disaster, she told her dream to many passengers on the Baltic. A few days and the dream was verified!—*Exchange*.

Had this experience occurred in the time of the ancient Jews it would doubtless have been recorded somewhat after the following manner :

It came to pass in those days that the messenger of the Lord came to —, and while the woman slept, behold the angel stood by her in a dream, and said unto her, "Woman, enter not into the ship which is called the Arctic, for it shall come to pass that evil shall befall her, and there shall be great tribulation on the sea." And again the second time the angel came unto the woman in a vision by night, and warned her, saying the same words. And it came to pass that she awoke and was grievously afflicted in spirit. And the woman feared the Lord and obeyed the voice of his messenger.

And after many days it came to pass, when a thick mist was on the face of the waters, that the Arctic, being far from land, was struck by one of the Emperor's ships. And there were on board the Arctic at the time three hundred and four-score souls. And after four hours the vessel went down, and two hundred, four-score and seventeen souls perished in the sea. And it came to pass that the others, being in all four-

score and three, escaped to the land, some in boats and some on fragments of the wreck.

If the above fact is any more significant by being thus recorded, we hope it may be duly sanctified to the best good of all skeptics. Oh, faithless and perverse generation! how long will ye resist the truth and continue in your unbelief?

S. B. B.

## A VISION OF TERROR.

ALONE—alone!

Beating the chill air of a sunless deep,  
With wing ever wearied but knows no sleep,  
Sailing—sailing, alone, alone!  
For a *dark* wild deed would the soul atone.

Alone—alone!

In foul, turbid waters that never move,  
Which a plunge through ages their depth could not prove,  
Sinking—sinking, alone, alone!  
For some loathsome deed the soul would atone.

Alone—alone!

With drear ghosts of mountains in solemn white,  
Whence a soul frozen in throws a ghastly light,  
Shuddering—shivering, alone, alone!  
For a cold-blooded deed would the soul atone.

Alone—alone!

In a desert of sand, a chaotic waste—  
A world of atoms from which form is effaced—  
Restless—seeking, alone, alone!  
For a mind it hath wrecked would the soul atone.

WILLIAMSBURG.

S. H.

## DOINGS OF SPIRITS IN CHENANGO COUNTY.

SMYRNA, N. Y., Dec., 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

We are in the midst of many mysteries, and none of them appear in so plain and unmistakable a form as the spiritual manifestations. We have mediums conscious and unconscious, through whom the power, wisdom, and love of God are most beautifully shown and clearly illustrated.

Some fifteen months since—after twelve months of anxious sittings, and a patient investigation from one to three times weekly—the tables began to move among us, raps were made, and mediums wrote by control of the hand alone. Then impressions came, mental questions were answered, and various diseases were subdued, and in many cases entirely removed by this superior power through the medium used.

I will relate one case only. Mr. —, a neighbor—and one who would scorn deception—became susceptible to this influence. The invisible intelligence told him that his stomach (which had been diseased for more than twenty years, producing a distressing dyspepsia, and presenting about one year since the near prospect of dissolution) could be restored to a comparative state of health, notwithstanding physicians of various kinds had pronounced him incurable. He submitted to the control of this unseen agent with fear and trembling, receiving with proper caution whatever mode of diet or discipline was proposed, until after four weeks' trial he could swallow, and his stomach would retain a common glass tumbler full of water, which he had not done for a long series of years, and could contain likewise his food, which had uniformly been ejected, or at least a great proportion of it. His health has gradually improved, until in place of a pale, emaciated countenance and attenuated form, his round full face and sparkling eye, his sprightly step and general appearance, bespeak a healthy condition, a happy mind, as well as a fair prospect of earthly life and joy for years to come.

At the present time we hold regular Sunday and evening meetings, and never fail to receive instruction. The desponding heart is animated

with hopes cheerful and glowing with the dazzling splendors of future blessedness as well as present consolation, derived from a patient perseverance in well-doing. The sorrows of bereaved hearts are lightened, while a halo of soft, mellow light encircles the mental vision, as scenes of beauty float before it, adapted to inspire the mind with the highest and fondest anticipations.

Strong physical demonstrations have been made in and around this vicinity, enforcing the principles taught, with great power, such as playing on a great variety of musical instruments at the same time, in all parts of the room, without the aid of any person in the body. Lights are also produced of great brilliancy, and sounds are made of astounding power.

I remain yours for truth,

JAMES D. RANSOM.

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## SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY MRS. M. M. B.

Why do ye doubt that Spirit-forms  
Still live within their homes of bliss?  
When all around you daily see  
A thousand truths more strange than this.  
The worm within your garden found,  
That creeps beneath some flower to die,  
Does but put off its earthly form,  
To rise the gorgeous butterfly.

Why do ye doubt when ye behold  
The tall, majestic forest tree,  
Robbed by Autumn's chilling blasts  
Of all its beauteous drapery?  
The storm may howl around its trunk,  
And beat its naked limbs in vain—  
The Summer's genial warmth shall bring  
Its leafy suit of green again.

Do ye not know, that when the day,  
Grown weary with its weight of hours,  
Sinks down to rest in evening's lap,  
It is but to recruit its powers ?  
And though it may be called to pass  
Through midnight's valley, dark and drear,  
It shall with morning's rising sun  
In pristine vigor reappear !

Then doubt no more that Spirit-friends  
Still live within their homes of bliss,  
When you behold on every side  
A thousand truths more strange than this.  
Like earthly worms, you too may droop,  
Like them, at length, you too may die,  
But from each bed of death shall rise  
A soul to immortality.

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PSYCHOLOGIZED BY A CANNON-BALL.—At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, a soldier of the name of Botibouse, who was fighting in a portion of Napoleon's army which was much exposed to the fire of the enemy, experienced a sudden shock, about sunset, and settled down some ten inches or a foot on the spot where he was standing. Being somewhat stunned by the blow, he fell backward, and supposed that both of his legs had been amputated by a cannon-ball. True, he experienced no pain, but this he attributed to the benumbing effect of the blow ; and he now feared to rise or to move a muscle lest the exertion should cause an additional flow of blood. Thus he lay until the next morning, when the surgeons came to look after the wounded. One of them came and placed his hands upon him, and inquired what was the matter. " Ah ! touch me lightly, my friend," said he, " for a cannon-ball has taken off both my legs." " Up with you," said the surgeon, with a hearty laugh, " you are not hurt at all," at the same time giving him a shake. The man sprang to his feet, and discovered to his astonishment that the cannon-ball, instead of passing through his legs, had passed under his feet plowing an enormous furrow in the ground into which he had sunk, giving him the impression that his legs had been short-

ened by the distance which he had settled down. During that whole night the man had actually been under the psychological delusion of supposing that his limbs had been severed from his body. The lecturer who produced this impression on his mind, we suppose would be reckoned among the "*big guns*" of the science.

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MEDICAL SPIRITS AND TESTS.—Mrs. K—g, a medium residing in Birmingham, Conn., was in our city a few days ago, when the following occurrence took place in her presence and through her instrumentality: As she was seated and conversing with some friends at the place where she was stopping, a homeopathic physician of her acquaintance came in bringing a box of medicines for her to take with her in the country. As she received the medicines from his hands she felt that the Spirit of a deceased physician was present, and, the alphabet being employed, the name of one of the earliest homeopathsists in this country was given. Mrs. K. was impressed by this Spirit to say that the doctor, her friend, had canker in his throat, of which fact she had not previously had the slightest intimation. She was also impressed to unlock the medicine-case, when her hand was convulsively carried to two little phials, which she threw out, without knowing what they contained. The doctor acknowledged that he had canker in his throat, and that the medicines contained in those phials were the proper ones to use, in alternate doses, as was directed by the impressions of the medium.

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ANOTHER CASE.—Mrs. K., the medium referred to in the above paragraph, related to us the following fact which occurred in her own experience some time ago. Being severely indisposed, the Spirit of a physician whose name she well knew, came and announced himself to her, and advised her to take a sweat. She endeavored to comply with the direction, but was only partially successful in producing a perspiration. The next day, feeling no better, she sat down and called upon the Spirit-physician again, who, responding through the alphabet, said, "Make a"—At this moment some one came in, and the communication was broken off. In the evening she went to bed in a violent fever, but as she was losing herself in sleep, the bedstead was smartly shaken by an invisible hand. She mused for some time as to what it could mean, and then sank again into a doze; but ere she had fairly lost her-



self, the bedstead was shaken more violently than before; and as she aroused this time, she found the sequel of the communication which she had commenced receiving during the day distinctly impressed upon her mind, and it was to the effect that she should make and take a certain preparation, which she had not before thought of. She immediately called her daughter, and the prescription of the unseen physician was promptly followed, and by its means *she was almost entirely relieved in the space of half an hour!*

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CURIOUS SUPERNATURAL INTIMATIONS.—Mr. Sanford, a Spirit-medium, of Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio, was recently, one morning, found under a preternatural influence, during which he exclaimed, "He is dying! he is dying!" Immediately afterward he imagined himself standing on the platform by the post office, and saw a wagon going by, drawn by two bay horses, with two men in it, and something in behind which he did not sufficiently remember to describe. In the afternoon of the same day a stranger came to Mr. Sanford's house whom he immediately recognized as the man he had seen in his vision in the morning, driving the team. This man had come to get a person to attend the funeral of a man who had died in the morning at the same hour at which Mr. Sanford had been controlled to say, "He is dying;" and when Mr. S., a short time afterward, was standing on the platform at the post office, this same man, with his bay horses, and another person in the wagon with him, and a coffin in behind, came driving by, which was an *exact counterpart* to his vision of the morning. This fact, the account of which we have thus condensed, is communicated to the *Spiritual Universe* by C. A. Bisbee, of Chardon.

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A BODY RESIGNED TO ANOTHER SPIRIT.—At an assemblage of Spiritualists a few evenings since, we saw a gentleman acted upon by spiritual influence in a singular manner. He immediately became powerless, sank down across two chairs, became muscularly rigid from head to foot, gasped as if dying, and almost ceased to breathe. His body was evidently dead to his own spirit; but while in this state his lungs and organs of speech were apparently put in action by a volition independent of his own, and a somewhat lengthy speech was uttered which evidently had no more connection with his mind than a piece of music has with the instrument on which it is played.

## HEAVEN EXALTS THE HUMBLE.

DURING the storm of communications from Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Clay, Channing, and a host of other *great names*, I suppose that the inclosed one from a poor *servant girl* will meet with contempt from some minds, but I confess it is the more valuable to me on *that account*, and for another reason, that it was *rapped out* letter by letter, and is less liable (if at all) to the suspicion of psychological influence of the *mind* of the medium. A great number of Spiritualists "do not want the raps" any more; "they have got above that," they say. Well, I am glad of it; but for myself, I confess I have not, and never expect to get above being taught by them in this sphere, and in the next I am quite confident, if they are to be had, that I shall use them in preference.

The medium in this case was Miss Sarah J. Irish (who is now located here at 56 Pine Street), and I need not tell you who know her so well, that she is the most *reliable medium* I ever saw, heard, or read of, and she is doing a *good work* for the cause here. A. MILTENBERGER.

St. Louis, Nov. 24th, 1854.

## SPIRIT-COMMUNICATION.

*My Friend*—My development and progression (as regards my spirit) has ever been one continued action of nature. On earth I had none of the ceremonies of society to enact, to keep my spirit from acting free and easy. I was what is termed on earth a *servant*; the life of one of this class can not interest you any, or at least but little, you who know it all, all that we see and learn. But I know that the *effect* this life has upon the spirit will interest you at least.

*My change* was caused by giving birth to one of my own kind, therefore sudden. I slept three weeks, when I was awakened by my mother (she having left the world of reproduction long before), who smilingly bade me welcome. I found

my sorrows all had left me, and I calmly looked back upon my earth-life as a thing to be thought of as things past and gone, not to be recalled, not even to regret that the time had been misspent. Now we live but to *progress*, not to regret. When my spirit came to fully realize where I was, I found myself following in the path of light (my spirit-guides) to the divine mansions of love.

As I left the misty regions of material existence, and gently glided along the radiant archways of infinite harmony, my all too happy spirit seemed to be swelled with that sublime emotion and praise to the Cause of all, the Great Author of all, such as earth's mortals can never know. Methinks I hear you say, Then why tell us of it at all, if we can not understand it? I answer, because we would have you form some remote conception, some faint vision, of what is higher even than those seeming realities around you, so gloriously beautiful even in your material creation of perishable substances.

Could you look upon us with clairvoyant eyes, and read the language of the soul, the ever-varying expression of the spirit, *then* could you understand us.

Our language is that of the spirit, not of signs and echoes; therefore it must be spirit that understands the gentle breathings of the spirit, which are ever blending here in celestial music; and love can not create any vibrations that are felt by your earth-body; it must be and is the soul that answers our whisperings, if we are answered at all. I have learned all this and much more, for I am learning what I have to do to progress, and why all things move in such a grand harmonious strain, their First Great Cause, the principles of spirit-being, and their grand ultimates.

All life, all spirit-germs, are introduced in earth's atmosphere but to be perfected in the six grand spheres, and their corresponding circles and degrees beyond earth, in space, in re-

finement, in advancement of every kind that emanates from Deity.

When I had been in the second circle what you term ten years, I entered the *third*, and my spirit was thrilled with the breathings of a more advanced life. *As the sphere moved, so moved my spirit*; here again I saw verified what I had been often shown before, that all things move in harmony one with the other. I will come again if you wish, but you must send for me, for I can not be attracted by your mental action now, there are so many other influences around and about you.

ELIZA YOUNG.

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## SPIRITUAL PANORAMIC PAINTING.

WE have read the subjoined communication with much interest, and feel assured that it will gratify our numerous readers. If our correspondent does not misjudge respecting the scientific character and artistic excellence of the work, Mr. Tuttle will make his mark for Spiritualism, and, perhaps, a fortune for himself.—ED.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

*Dear Sir*—Permit me through the columns of your light-diffusing sheet to give another witness of the triumph of "Ghost Literature" over the slow ploddings of "world's wisdom." In the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and other periodicals I have frequently seen accounts of drawings and paintings executed by the Spirits through their mediums. But the most extensive one that has yet come to my knowledge is now being painted by the mediumship of Hudson Tuttle, near Berlin Heights, Erie Co., Ohio. It already covers about 1,600 square feet of canvas, and is not yet completed. It is 5 feet wide and over 300 feet in length. It is a Panoramic History

of Creation, or, rather, of its geological formations, changes, etc., since its surface had cooled sufficiently to form a crust.

The medium is a young man of eighteen, and previous to his mediumship was in no great degree versed in the arts and sciences; but since his development, under his spiritual teachers, he has rapidly advanced in the acquirement of the principles of science. He was early developed as a writing medium, and under their influence has written many hundred pages on various subjects. The outlines of "Universal Government" was by his hand; another interesting work—"The Arcana of Nature," is now being published in the *Spiritual Era*, Ripley, Brown Co., Ohio.

But as an artist, the Panorama is his first work, and he was as unprepared for it as he was for writing his previous works. About the first of last June he was directed to obtain cloth, brushes, paints, etc., for a Panorama of Creation, and the painting was soon after commenced, and continued about two weeks, and then stopped, probably on account of his most being needed on his father's farm. But in August they resumed the work, and have continued to the present, and, as he is impressed, nearly to its completion.

The designs were quite independent of his own mind, he seldom knowing what would be the characters or filling up of the next scene. The kind of colors and their combinations were under the direction of the Spirit-artists. Its first representation is the appearance of the earth's surface, broken by wide seams of intensely-heated molten matter. Then the beginning of the upheavals from the confined gases beneath, giving all the bleak ruggedness of an immense crater. Farther on comes the precipitation of the waters from the dense black atmosphere, falling on the heated rocks, sending up vast columns of steam. Then we have the representation of a great boiling sea, with rolling clouds of vapor hanging over it in the

distance. These then gradually subside, revealing its dark waters and rugged coast; sea-weeds begin to appear in the shallow waters, and float away in vast islands; then the animals of the old red sandstone age, and near its termination ferns and rushes begin to cover the sterile rocks with verdure; and from thence on to the time when vegetation attained its greatest luxuriance. The atmosphere presents a sooty hue, through which is seen a lurid sun.

The scene is again changed for the billowy ocean, which is now sufficiently deep to allow deep waves to roll. This is the ocean of the Saliferous age, and sporting on its turbid flood is the huge ichthyosaurus, and in an estuary is seen the serpent-necked-plesiosaurus searching for its prey, while in another portion of the scene appear large volcanoes belching forth sulphureous flames and streams of melted lava. Thence on, over the varied changes of intervening ages, we find the graceful fern, the towering palm, the pine, etc., of the Oolite age, with its huge saurians, the winged lizards, and the first of the marsupials make their appearance. On the deep is seen a nautilus, and the restored forms of the much disputed belamnite. The Wealden age next appears with all its reptilean forms; the huge iguanodon, the lizard of the weald, the wood saurian, etc., all in the most life-like aspect. The Chalk period is also well represented with all the animated forms of life developed during the age. During the Tertiary age we see the lion, tiger, fox, hyena, bear, giraffe, and all the gigantic forms which inhabited the globe during this period of its formation. The Vegetable creation also has its new forms.

Then comes the great period of the Drift, most sublimely represented by its ocean of floating icebergs; and from thence up through the progressive development to the time that primitive man became a resident of the earth. The final scene is to be the ascension of the spirit from the gross tenement after

death, to join the inhabitants of higher spheres. All through the painting there is a strict chronological arrangement of all animals and plants—those developed first, standing first in the scene representing the age; and of all the vast number of some 2,500 distinct forms represented, there appears no exception. The whole is finished with an effect and nicety seldom found in panoramic paintings, and forms the most complete, thorough, and impressive system of geology ever produced. Every yard of canvas seems to speak a volume. Viewed in part or as a whole, it everywhere bears the evidence of being the work of a truly master mind, one that comprehended the whole subject and all its bearings, yet executed by the hand of an unschooled stripling, who, previous to commencing the work, knew scarcely any thing of the facts embraced in the great science of geology. If it does not in all its parts correspond with the present theories of geologists, there is a harmony in itself that will carry conviction to every beholder that it must have originated in the spheres of *truth*.

Yours, in the cause of human progress, D. C. GREEN.

MILAN, Dec. 2, 1854.

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\* A SPIRIT PREDICTION FULFILLED.—Mr. H. H. Taylor, of East Rodman, Jefferson Co., N. Y., in writing us on business, incidentally mentions the following fact: He says that having paid a visit to a Mr. D., a sick neighbor, he felt, on returning home, a strong impulse to form a circle. He obeyed the impression, when, through his wife, who is a good tipping medium, it was spelled out by a Spirit who purported to be the father of Mr. D., that the latter would die within four days. The next day the two physicians who were in attendance upon Mr. D. declared that he was better, and would no doubt get well; but the disease subsequently took another turn, and at the close of the fourth day, sure enough, he quietly passed into the Spirit-world, to the astonishment of his physicians and all his friends!

## EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSIONAL SKILL.

WE propose a brief chapter on one of the most fearful "ills that flesh is heir to." Among all the multiform phases of disease there is not one that, from its loathsome and fatal nature, is more to be dreaded than those painful glandular swellings or scirrhus tumors which usually terminate in foul and fatal ulcers. The large blue veins, running in different directions, which, at an early period in medical science, were observed to characterize this class of tumors, were compared to the claws of the crab; hence the name, *Cuncer*, by which the disease is now generally distinguished. Among the Romans, we believe, it was called *lupus*, on account of the wolf-like rapacity with which it destroys or *eats away* the flesh. The acknowledged inability of the Faculty to treat this disease with any great success, and the alleged necessity for resorting to the frequent use of the knife to arrest its deadly progress, has rendered it a terror to mankind, from which thousands of helpless and hopeless sufferers have sought relief in vain.

But the victims of this frightful malady may be delivered from its foul dominion, and we should be highly reprehensible were we to conceal the knowledge we now possess, and thus leave poor human nature to endure its long, painful, and mortal struggle, without one effort to admonish and to save. The man lives in this city who can extract the teeth of this omnivorous monster by putting a plaster on his head. DR. SAMUEL GILBERT, of No. 483 Broadway, so far as we know, is the only man under whose treatment this unrelenting cannibal is sure to lose his appetite and to relinquish his hold. Our



readers know very well that we are not accustomed to use these columns for the purpose of giving an unmerited celebrity to any man; but whenever and wherever the interests of Humanity are to be promoted we are ready to speak; and if in so doing we give to some individual a preëminence over all others of his class, it is because, in our judgment, he deserves to be thus distinguished, not only for his own sake, but for the common good of mankind.

We long since heard of Dr. Gilbert, but presumed, like many others, that the reports of his success were greatly exaggerated. We never for a moment thought of personally considering his claims to public attention and patronage until quite recently; but some months since MR. L. N. GARDNER, of Gowanda, N. Y., commenced calling at our office from week to week to purchase the TELEGRAPH. We noticed that this gentleman carried his right hand in a sling, and that the expression of his countenance often indicated that he was suffering intense pain. After seeing Mr. Gardner two or three times we ascertained, on inquiry, that he was afflicted with a horrible *lupus*, which covered the whole back of his right hand from the wrist to the fingers, and had already devoured muscles, tendons, and even portions of the bones. We learned from Mr. Gardner that before coming to this city he had been treated professionally for six months, in Albany, by a physician who makes a specialty of this class of diseases; but all to no purpose, for during the whole time the evil extended with fearful rapidity. Mr. G.'s hand measured fourteen inches in circumference when he came to New York. Probably no man in this country, Dr. Gilbert alone excepted, would have deemed it possible to save the hand. Under his treatment, however, the disease was speedily arrested, and when we saw Mr. Gardner one day last week, his hand—though greatly disfigured, and its usefulness of necessity somewhat impaired—

was so completely healed up as to require no covering to protect it from the atmosphere. For several weeks past Mr. Gardner has been able to do all his writing with that hand.

The case of Mr. Gardner induced us to accept an invitation to visit Dr. Gilbert's infirmary, which we did on Wednesday of last week. By the politeness of the doctor and his assistants, and the kindness of his patients, we were permitted to examine several cases now under treatment, and will briefly state what we saw. The case of MRS. MOLER, of Virginia, who had been afflicted for many years with a scirrhus cancer in the breast was first presented. For a long time this patient had been treated by distinguished physicians at the South, but with little or no advantage. By the professional skill of Dr. Gilbert the cancer has been removed, and the general health of Mrs. M. is now better than it has been for many years.

The next example was a young married lady of agreeable person and manners. The patient had twice submitted to the use of the knife, and in each case the disease returned with greater virulence than before. She has been under Dr. Gilbert's charge but one month, and is now nearly well.

We were next permitted to inspect the case of MRS. ELIZA SMITH, of Maryland. The patient is now 54 years old. For 23 years of her life she has suffered from a gross fungus cancer on the right breast and side. The patient commenced the present treatment on the 11th day of October, and at the time we saw her (Dec. 13th) the foul mass, weighing several pounds, was nearly removed. The small portion that yet remained presented a dark and lifeless appearance, while the new flesh was perceived to be rapidly forming.

MRS. MARIA PHILIPS, 482 Broome Street, now 72 years of age, was for a long time under the care of the best physicians and surgeons in this city, all of whom pronounced her case utterly hopeless. A large scirrhus cancer covered the breast,

and extending round under the arm was attached to the ribs. Mrs. Philips came to Dr. Gilbert about the middle of October, and is now perfectly well.

The case of MRS. FORNEY, who resides near Lancaster, Pa., was next examined. The patient is 68 years of age; is inclined to plethora. In the month of May last a fungus tumor commenced forming in her left breast, which soon assumed a dark purple appearance, and increased in size with fearful rapidity, until it covered the whole breast and side from the pit of the stomach to the center of the armpit. This lady had been under treatment only about two weeks, but the immense mass was so lifeless, that one of the doctor's assistants probed it in our presence to the depth of four inches, without giving the patient the slightest pain. It is now nearly ready to relinquish its mortal grasp, and to give the poor sufferer back again to life and the world, for which she can scarcely fail to be grateful to Divine Providence and Dr. Gilbert for the remainder of her days.

We saw a letter from DR. BALDWIN, of Winchester, Va., who, until recently, was afflicted with a *lupus* cancer on the cheek and nose, which no less than seventeen of the most eminent doctors in America had treated, and pronounced incurable. At last this medical gentlemen applied to Dr. Gilbert, and was cured. Dr. Baldwin declares in his letter that he is *well*, and his gratitude is expressed in terms which are honorable alike to himself and his deliverer.

During his practice, Dr. Gilbert has removed hundreds of cancers. Many extraordinary specimens have been preserved, and may be seen at his rooms. We are assured that he completely eradicates the evil in at least eight out of every ten cases which he attempts to treat. Patients are always coming and going, and from thirty to forty are constantly under treatment at his Infirmary. When the applicant has no means,

and is destitute of friends, Dr. Gilbert does not hesitate to treat him with the same tenderness and fidelity until he is restored. Some at least of those whom foul and wasting disease had stripped of every thing, even of hope, the last friend of the wretched, have thus found in Dr. Gilbert a good Samaritan who has had compassion on them, and bound up their wounds.

To conclude, we hold that the essential value of any discovery depends on its adaptation to alleviate the woes of mankind, and to augment the sum of human happiness. Judged by this criterion, the discovery made by Dr. Gilbert is obviously one of great practical importance, and justly entitles him to be regarded as a public benefactor.

S. B. B.

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### BORN INTO THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

HANNAH, widow of the late Otis Partridge, senior, of Templeton, Mass., departed this life Dec. 7th, 1854, aged eighty-seven years, one month, and seven days. Mrs. Partridge was the mother of sixteen children, eleven of which are still living. She leaves a large circle of relatives, among whom are seventy-eight grandchildren—our worthy associate is one—and seventy-five great-grandchildren.

The deceased enjoyed a remarkable degree of health until she was eighty years of age. Up to this period her physical functions and mental powers continued unimpaired, and it was frequently remarked that she could walk faster and farther than any one of her daughters—or, indeed, than any of the young girls in the neighborhood. She retained the full use of her senses and all the faculties of her mind until some three

years since, when they gradually began to decline ; and the mind seemed to retire from its outward relations, as if preparing to leave its mortal habitation. Among the first indications of this change it was observed that she commenced to make frequent visits to a rock by the roadside, where she was wont to remain for several hours, and when questioned as to where she had been, and whom she had seen, her usual reply was that she had "*been home*," and had seen her father, mother, husband, and others with whom she had been familiar in early life. Thus the external mental functions continued to decline and the soul seemed to recede by a gradual and peaceful transition toward the interior world.

During the last year of her earth-life Mrs. Partridge could but seldom recall the names of her own children with whom she lived, and when questioned as to the names of persons present she would inquire if it were this or that one—usually naming her early acquaintances and schoolmates.

The deceased lived and died an upright Christian woman, in the faith and fellowship of the Unitarian church, and through life was respected and beloved by all who knew her. Thus has passed from the transient scenes and trying vicissitudes of earth and human affairs, one who quietly left her physical, mental, and moral image more or less vividly displayed on many human beings, through whom her influence will be extended, and must necessarily contribute, in a degree that surpasses human computation, to mold the natures and to influence the destinies of thousands.

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GENIUS has not the privilege of being tried by its peers. Pope says one misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than to love them. Truth on a darkened world is like lightning at midnight : while it startles the beholder with the brightness of its flash, it reveals a wall of impenetrable gloom beyond.

## ANOTHER MODERN PROPHET.

Mrs. SWISSHELM, writing in reference to the war in the East, gives an account of certain remarkable prophecies made by an eminent Presbyterian divine, which are now in the course of fulfillment. We extract the following paragraph :

"Six years ago we heard Rev. Dr. Wilson, then of Alleghany City, and Professor of Theology in the Presbyterian Church, say that in less than ten years a war would break out in Europe between Russia and the Western Powers—a war which would be one of the most terrible ever recorded in the annals of history, and which, by its wholesale slaughter, would carry the name of Christendom with a thrill of wonder to the most remote and barbarous nations, and awaken a curiosity about civilization that would prepare the way for the introduction of the Bible and Christianity into those benighted lands, whose people would be taught, by the rumors of this war, to fear and respect the arts of civilization. This declaration was made again in public, from the pulpit, and was the result of a lifetime study of the prophecies of the Bible. The war, then unthought of, is now begun, and the aged preacher always said the Western Powers would be victorious—that the teeth of the great Bear would be forever broken, and with them the power of the Pope. We heard this same man predict the Mexican War years before it begun, and tell what its end would be. He also predicted the great fire of '45 in Pittsburg, and we are inclined to think that this gift of second sight was more reliable than that of the maker of this old statute, and that the Russians will not be masters of Constantinople. We are of opinion our preacher saw far into the prophecies already written. He said this war would take place—would be very terrible and general, and that it was the last war before the universal peace of the Millennium."

There is one remark in the preceding extract which distinctly asserts that the venerable clergyman arrived at his

conclusions respecting "coming events," from studying the ancient prophetic Scriptures, which is virtually denying that *he* possessed the gifts of prophecy at all. But this could not have been the case with respect to all the illustrations cited, unless the ancient prophecies foretold the *Mexican war* and "*the great fire of '45 in Pittsburg,*" which is not very probable. Had Mr. Wilson lived 3,000 years ago, and prophesied on the right side of the *Ægean* and *Mediterranean* seas, he would probably have had some reputation by this time. But Dr. Wilson is not dead yet, and of course can be no authority; it is also decreed by an ancient proverb that a prophet can have no honor "in his own country;" and pray who does not know that Alleghany City is no place to prophecy?

S. B. B.

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### "HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

IN giving publicity to the communication from our Texas correspondent, which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of the 2d inst., we accompanied the same with the observation, that Spirits not unfrequently rehearse their own earthly productions, or repeat what others have expressed before them; and sometimes this is unaccompanied by any intimations respecting the real authorship of what is said or written. In giving publicity to such communications, therefore, we by no means vouch for their originality. We had reason to suspect that a poem embodied in Mr. A.'s letter might not be an original production by a Spirit, but had no means of confirming or removing such a suspicion. Our esteemed correspondent, whose letter will be found below, informs us respecting its authorship. We also learn that the poem entitled "ELECTRICITY," which appeared in our paper of Oct. 21st, and was said to have been written

in fifteen minutes by Miss Lucinda Hill, was taken from a work bearing the title, if we mistake not, of "Christian Songs," to which it was contributed by Rev. James E. Lyons, D.D., where the poem-bears the title of "The Magnetic Telegraph." The stanzas entitled "Woman's Love," which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of Nov. 4th are doubtless a reproduction of an old piece. We shall not hesitate to give credit where it belongs, however it may affect the pretensions of Spirits or mortals.

## LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 10, 1854.

DEAR BRITTAN:

Though actively employed in my arduous profession, I still find time to luxuriate in the columns of the TELEGRAPH, and dwell on the subject so dear to us, whose sweet and holy teachings we cherish

"E'en in our heart of hearts."

But the immediate object in troubling you with these few lines is to anticipate (as you have partially done) any criticism which "*outside barbarians*" may indulge in. I allude to an article published in the TELEGRAPH of Dec. 2d, from Ebenezer Allen, of Texas, in which occurs the following passage:

"I close with the following Hymn, which purports to be original, no name being subscribed. It was written on the 12th of August, and original or selected, is certainly an exquisite and noble production."

Then follows the poem—"Let there be Light." •

"Let there be light, the Eternal spoke," etc.

Mr. Allen observes he knows not whether it be *original* or *selected*. If you have not already made the discovery, the poem is by CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, and is to be found in Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," under the title of a "Morning Hymn."

It is unnecessary for me to state the poetry of Hoffman ranks among the highest of our native literature. His serious strains breathe an ardent love of nature, and are second only to Bryant's, who never sweeps the strings of Nature's lyre but to

"Discourse most eloquent music,"

while his gayer warblings have the brilliancy of Halleck; and his



Lyrics, especially the song of "Sparkling and Bright," is equal to Tom Moore's bacchanalian effusions. He was a man of superior talents. When we last heard of him a cloud was on his brilliant mind, and he was the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Whether he is now in the Spirit-world we know not. We once spent a short time in his society, and can recall his fine face and pleasing conversation.

Our *erudite* opponents think they achieve a triumph when they detect a poem—purporting to be *spiritual*—which has already been given to the world, as if Spirits having the power to compose and express effusions through a medium, should not also have the power to give from memory any production they were familiar with in the material world. If Hoffman be in the Spirit-world, the *poem* given is more congenial to his supposed condition than a lighter production, in which style, however, he excelled. We believe Hoffman to have been a good man, and know he was an honor to our literature; and if he is in the Spirit-world, we hope he is having "*a good time*."

We have been so constantly before the "foot-lights" we can not report the state of Spiritualism in the Monumental City, but we are told there are several private circles, and we have conversed with many intelligent and educated persons who have expressed great interest in the subject; but the great trouble here, as elsewhere, with our opponents is, they are "too clever," "too well posted," "too downy," "too knowing," "too smart," "too *au fait*," too much on the "*qui vive*," to be *humbugged* by Spirits, so they remain in Cimmerian darkness—"none so blind as those that won't see," so I leave them with this little bit of *advice* from the old philosopher, Count de Gabalis:

"Learn to be poor in spirit if you would penetrate the sacred night that environs TRUTH. Learn of the sages to allow devils no power in nature. Learn of the philosophers to look for natural causes in all extraordinary events, and when such causes are wanting, recur to God."

Adieu.           Toujours le même,           A. W. FENNO.

We are happy to perceive that our friend, Mr. Fenno, is rapidly rising in public estimation, and that he is destined to occupy the front rank among the artists of his class. His fine person and manners, his brilliant intellect, and his accomplishments as a gentleman and a scholar, entitle him to that position, and a brief period will suffice for the achievement.

## ASTOUNDING PREDICTIONS.

REVELATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

WILLIAMSBURG, Dec. 4, 1854.

*Dear Sir*—In the New York *Daily Times* of the 2d inst., there appeared a few disjointed extracts from some prophetic disclosures purporting to have come from the spirit of Napoleon the First. It was never intended by the "Association of Spiritualists," at whose rooms these prophecies were received, that they should have been made public. One member, however, at whose suggestion the spirit of Napoleon was invited, and who indulged a faith that the predictions were to be depended upon, gave the *Times* a copy of the communications received at the first and second sittings of the circle, from which that paper selected the extracts referred to. Since then another circle has been held and further prophecies made.

As secretary of the "Association" above named, and also as having been the "medium" through whom these disclosures were made, I feel it my duty, since the matter has been pressed before the public, to give *all the facts together*, so that a clearer and more just opinion may be formed of their worth and truthfulness than can be elicited from the brief quotations of the *Times*. It has frequently been asserted by Spiritualists—after the occurrence of some great event has been made known to the world—that the fact had been predicted weeks before by the Spirits. To these assertions the public very naturally reply, by asking why the prediction is not made known before the actual event is ascertained through the usual channels? It is for the purpose of answering such queries that I now submit to the world a series of manifestations which a few months will verify or falsify. As for the predictions, I neither adopt them, nor can I say I have much faith in their fulfillment. I spoke as I was impressed to speak. After falling from my lips they are no longer my property. If, however, these declarations are untruthful, one of three things will be proved—either that I am an unreliable medium; or that a dishonest Spirit impressed me; or that my own mind is under the influence, at certain times, of some mysterious power of which I have

no conscious knowledge. In either case, I shall hold to the opinion that the world will still revolve on its axis, as usual.

These disclosures were made at three sittings or circles. At the first, held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22d, I was impressed to sit in the middle of the circle and to submit to the members—about twenty-five being present—that if they would concentrate their minds upon any particular Spirit and invite his presence, their desires would be complied with. Many Spirits were mentioned, until at the suggestion of Mr. Azor Hoyt, the Spirit of Napoleon was unanimously agreed upon.

I seated myself as impressed to do, and endeavored to compose my mind to that state of calm passivity so desirable on such occasions. I was now—very unexpectedly to me—impressed to speak upon the subjects of Peace and Love, by a Spirit assuming to be George Whitefield. The soft and pleasing influence of these themes served to bring me to the proper state of quietude, for as soon as this Spirit left me, I arose suddenly to my feet, thrust my right hand in my bosom, threw my left hand behind me, and commenced walking the room in that thoughtful, abstracted manner so frequently observed in Napoleonic pictures. Mr. Hoyt then asked: If this is the Spirit of Napoleon, will he tell us what were his motives when on earth—whether it was ambition or love of the people that prompted him in all his great enterprises! To which I was impressed to reply as follows:

“From my earliest youth I was a child of destiny. I felt a divinity within me, pushing me on to deeds beyond my own belief of my capability and power of action. If men could have read my heart, and could have known the promptings under which it moved, they would have called me superstitious. I consulted my oracles with as much devotion as ever Cæsar did. The world acknowledges my inspiration, but does not know when the inspiration ceased. Napoleon the General, Napoleon the Consul, and Napoleon the Emperor, in the early part of his career, was a quite different personage from the Napoleon of later years.

“While I followed my inspirations, I was successful. When I moved of myself, I was beaten with my own weapons. I can see it now, but could not see it then. I knew my inspiration in my youth. My first impression when a boy was, that I was not in my own keeping. Solutions of difficult themes were instinctively impressed upon my mind. I leaped to conclusions without any effort of my own. When I first observed this phenomenon I heard an internal voice saying: ‘Do as you are prompted.’ I followed these impressions whenever opportunity

permitted. My only *motive* was to *obey*. I early felt that no mortal foe could affect my life. On many occasions I unnecessarily exposed my person in scenes of imminent peril, but I recognized no danger and felt no fear.

"In all my great battles in which I was successful, there was no effort of my own. There seemed to be stamped upon my brain a complete map and plan of the battle before it occurred, and when it was fought, it was found to correspond.

"Napoleon won every battle that was fought for him, but lost every one that he fought himself.

(Here a member questioned Napoleon again as to his *motives* being personal or for the good of mankind.) "You speak of motives! I had no motive but to follow the impulse that moved me. 'Tis true that I hoped that good would result. I felt like the faithful courser who at the will of his master leaps on and never stops until the rein be pulled. I leaped forth as the Spirit prompted me. But when I grew impatient, grasped the bit between my teeth and essayed to guide myself, I lost the race. I tell you again that Napoleon had no motive but to follow the impressions that strove within him. He was successful so long as he was true to his impressions, but when he became selfish and moved alone, he began to lose the game. When the man forgot his mission, he ceased to be the medium and became the man again. It was not Napoleon who made himself emperor, but the Spirit that placed him there. But having gained that seat, I might have kept it securely. The combined efforts of my enemies could not have driven me from it if I had staid at home. After having become emperor I never should have fought a battle save from behind the walls of Paris.

"I confess now that the greatest and best deeds of my life were not my own. You can not know the struggles that the heart feels that has misused the gifts of God. I was like a man who, not satisfied with having done the best he could, strives to do better, and undoes all he before accomplished.

"I sought divorce from Josephine without inspiration. \* \*

"When I threw off the scholar and became the teacher, I lost all I had before gained.

"You may attribute my success to the Spirit that prompted me. My defeats attribute to Napoleon. When my star first began to rise, there was danger of my becoming extravagant and infatuated by the destiny which governed my every action. There was need of a soothing and

correcting influence to curb the passions of my wild nature. It was then that inspiration first introduced me to Josephine. France could not have produced a woman better suited to my wants. Had I possessed the wisdom of Solomon it would have taken me to her door. Her extraordinary power over my unruly nature fitted her for my companion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What am I now? I am not rewarded for what I have done for its quantity, but for its quality—not for how much I have done, but for how well I have done it. The lowliest peasant in my dominions may rise above me if he does the little he has to do well. \* \* \* I could make you a prophecy if I could find organs through which to make it. \* \* \* You shall see great things in Europe ere long. Europe to-day hangs upon a hair. Oh! I could now ride upon the storm and direct the lightning. (In answer to a question if he approved of the course of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, he replied with great warmth :) "He is no nephew of mine! He has carried France back half a century, and what angers me most, he has carried her back on my shoulders. There was need of an emperor in my day. There is no need of an emperor to-day. I can say no more now."

On Wednesday evening, 29th ult., another circle was held at the rooms of the Association. After sitting about five minutes, a Spirit purporting to be my father spoke as follows: "My son, let your mind be entirely passive. When you feel an impression, give utterance to it without question—leave that for after consideration. If you fail you lose nothing, if you are successful you gain much, and at no cost to yourself. Feel that you are isolated and alone within the sanctuary of your own chamber. Breathe forth every thought that is impressed upon your mind."

(Napoleon then influenced me to speak the following:) "The map of Europe lies before me. Premature conclusions have somewhat tended to frustrate the designs of wise and acute minds who are molding the destinies of Europe to their proper proportions. All appears dark, with the exception of the center, where a light, faint and not yet well defined, is described by the watchmen on the walls; and though the world at large may not see cause for hope in the faint glimmer, yet sage minds rejoice because it comes from where it should come—from the center, and not from the outskirts.

"Ere three months have passed, dating from this hour, the assassina-

tion of a crowned head will astonish and bewilder the magnates of Europe, and overturn an empire. In another quarter, a traitor to his king, but a loyal man to his God and to his fellows, will turn his sword against his master and raise the banner of the people. This will occur some time after the first event spoken of. No more to-night."

On Friday evening we held a private meeting at the rooms of the Association, seven or eight persons being present. As at the previous circle, the Spirit of my father first took possession of me and said :

"Whatever doubts may linger in the minds of those present, let them be removed, if possible ; for doubt has an evil influence. Bid faith rise in your hearts. Faith is like the opening flower, whose outspread leaves invite the morning dew to its embrace ; while Doubt goes with folded arms and admits no one to the privacy of his chamber."

After a few minutes of entire silence I was made to rise and pace the floor *à la Napoleon* for a short time. I was then impressed to say :

"Napoleon is here. A third of a century has not sufficed to release me from the captivity of St. Helena. When confined to that lone rock, my heart was with France, and with France my heart still beats. The Spirit-Emperor seeks the welfare of his people even more earnestly than did the Emperor of Earth. The power of Napoleon the Spirit is far greater than was the power of Napoleon the Man. Napoleon the Man sailed with the tide ; Napoleon the Spirit can control the tide. Napoleon the Spirit can a thousand times out-general Napoleon the Man, but Napoleon the Spirit finds it harder to impress his people than did Napoleon the Man. This is the great obstruction to be surmounted. I know that I have the hearts of my people ; but they do not know where to find me ; they do not know that I still live. Let me but assure them of this great truth, and I am again at the head of my army. My heroes of Italy, of Egypt, of Austerlitz, are with me now. Ney, the man of five hundred battles, is with me. Murat is with me—Bernadotte, Canino, Lucien, are with me. They are now, as when on earth, looking to Napoleon. My marshals, like myself, still love France, and liberty more. They, like myself, now perceive the errors of our former policy, and, like myself, wish to repair our former errors. Having put off the earth-form, we have also put off earthly tastes and desires. We now perceive with spirit-eyes and love with spirit-hearts. We now feel the truth of that great precept embodied in your declaration of human rights, that—all men are born free and equal."

(Allusion was here made to the prophecies of the previous evening,

and the Spirit was asked if they would really be fulfilled. To which was answered :)

"We will come to that directly. What I am now saying is principally intended to bring the medium to the proper state to make a further communication of great moment. His mind is unfortunately too active, and by making these general remarks I hope to succeed in calming it to that state of evenness which is necessary for my purpose. \* \* \*

"When I was in Egypt, I remember having dreamed that I was playing the part of an Atlas, and that I carried one of the Pyramids on my back. After my return to France, I mentioned this to Josephine, observing that, of all my dreams, this was the most improbable; for though I might command armies, and overturn kingdoms, and break thrones in pieces, I could not, with all my soldiers at my back, lift that monument from its base. To which Josephine replied: 'But how, if you directed your force to the removing one stone at a time, would not time and perseverance remove it from its foundation?' I had never thought of that before—of moving it piecemeal. My ambition was, with one gigantic effort, to lift it from its bed. And so I became emperor by moving one stone at a time. And thus will we now move Europe—one stone at a time—impressing one, guiding another, and whispering to still another mind, until the whole Continent is in motion.

"The top stone is already in motion—yea, the earth around the very base is loosened every day. Nicholas is the top stone of the European Pyramid. For thirty years he has lain quietly in his bed. We have just succeeded in moving him.

"There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and Menschikoff. Nicholas will soon see that there is more than one mind in Russia. I'll tell you more of this some other time. Only remember my words, 'There is trouble brewing between Nicholas and his general.'

"The people of Europe are wondering now—when they have done wondering, they will think; and they will think but a little while when they will begin to act. Then will the *Spirits* strike!

"Nicholas is stubborn and haughty. Francis is petulant and arrogant. Louis is dyspeptic and fantastic. Victoria is placid and self-satisfied.

"NAPOLEON."

At a private circle held on Sunday evening, 3d inst., the following singular verification of the truthfulness of the above predictions was given through the *tippings of a table*—one letter at a time. Mr. Dones, of Williamsburg, was the medium. The Spirit communicating purported

to be William Young, a Moravian minister, who left the form thirty years ago :

"My friends! Tell your folks that there is no fear but that the predictions will be fulfilled. There is a band of men who have sworn to release their land from willing slavery. Oh! my friends, tell your Association that they must not be frightened at the shadow of a witless laugh. Fools laugh when they can not reason. What will the world think when they toll the knell for the death of the-tyrant? What will they think when they hear of the trouble between Nicholas and Menschikoff. They will then look upon spirit-prophecy with respect. What will they say when they see the Russian general turn his army against the emperor, and raise the banner of liberty? This will surely happen between the first of next month and the last of the month following. What will the world think when they hear that Sebastopol is taken—by the friends of universal freedom? The Russian general with his officers will turn republican, and go help the Hungarians. I have good reason to know that this will happen from true and reliable information that I can depend upon. Under the laws of God we can tell a truthful spirit when we see him. You may depend upon these predictions. I would not for worlds deceive you."

J. F. COLLES.

—*Sunday Dispatch*

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**ANOTHER CASE OF DOUBLE PRESENCE.**—Marcenus Wright, of Victor, Ontario Co., New York, forwards us an account of the following curious fact which occurred in his own experience on the night preceding our last election day, or rather on the early morning of that day. He found himself mysteriously in company with an old and intimate friend whom he had not seen under two years before, and whom he knew to be in Kentucky pursuing the occupation of a surveyor. He was conscious of meeting his friend in the road in a strange place; he had with him an overcoat and a satchel, which, on seeing Mr. Wright, he cast upon the ground, and then addressed him as follows: "Why, friend Wright, how glad I am to see you! I am shortly coming home to spend the winter. It is pleasing for me to think that I shall soon see my friends again. Tell my people I am about to give them a long visit." "When he closed his last remark," says our correspondent, "he gathered up his overcoat and satchel, and passed out of my mind."



The next day Mr. Wright met with the brother of his phantom friend, and related to him the interview he had had with him in his vision. The brother was surprised at the account, and said that he had, the day before, received a letter from his absent relative, in which he had communicated a similar statement respecting his intention to return home. "The person," says our correspondent, "has since arrived, and I have conversed with him, and among other things alluded to this occurrence. *He was as familiar with the story as I was—had seen me on said occasion, had spoken with me, and mentioned that he intended coming home at that time.*" These, to us, are facts of much interest, and we would thank friend Wright to forward us any more of the "same sort" of which he may be in possession.

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## THE WORLD'S RENEWAL.

THE five great Ages of the Past  
 Within the Present have their place—  
 All states of life their separate space—  
 Pervade in Man's existence vast.

What seemeth vaileth that which is ;  
 The unknown yet shall be the known,  
 When Love regains its ancient throne  
 And speaks through angel witnesses.

The aged man becomes again  
 The child, and, on his dying head,  
 Visions of Life's young morning shed  
 Their glory like a diadem.

And thus the aged world grows bright,  
 The old-time visions reappear,  
 The Golden Age is drawing near,  
 And evening ends in morning light.

NOTES.

## R. P. AMBLER IN ST. LOUIS.

FOR some months past Bro. Ambler has been laboring with energy and success, in and about St. Louis, to expound the philosophy of Nature and the truths of the immortal life. Bro. A. is certainly one of our most earnest and eloquent speakers, and, if we may judge from the notices which have of late appeared in the Western papers, his powers are duly acknowledged and appreciated. We clip the following from the *St. Louis Sunday Republican*:

REV. MR. AMBLER'S LECTURE.—Many of our readers may not be aware of the very able and interesting series of lectures that are being delivered every Sunday morning at Wyman's Hall, by Rev. R. P. Ambler, of New York. We are assured by those who have listened to these lectures from Sabbath to Sabbath, that they are of a style and character which commend them to the favorable consideration of every intelligent and truth-loving mind. For thrilling eloquence, beauty of diction, force of logic, and soundness of principles advanced, they are seldom if ever equaled by our best pulpit orators. In short, they are believed to be above criticism. We hope our readers will go and listen to these lectures, and judge for themselves of the truth of what is here stated.

St. Louis is an important position, and Spiritualism has nothing to fear or be ashamed of while its principles and aims are represented before the tribunal of public judgment by a man whose known ability and uniform rectitude entitle him to universal respect and esteem. Bro. Ambler is, moreover, fortunate in being surrounded by many noble men and women whose intelligence, freedom, and fearlessness render them kindred spirits in feeling, thought, and action. We extract the following brief testimonial from Bro. A.'s private note:

The TELEGRAPH comes to me promptly, and its visits are highly prized. I love its bold, independent, and manly spirit. It seems to me that just such a paper is now especially needed, not only to vindicate the claims of Spiritualism, but to guard against the misdirection and fanaticism of its friends.

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## ANOTHER SPIRIT FROM THE ARCTIC.

ALMOST every week brings to our notice one or more illustrations of the intercourse between spirits and men, resulting from the loss of the ill-fated Arctic. The subjoined example is related by the *Knickerhocker Magazine*. In the judgment of materialists it is governed by no spiritual law. It is only "A Singular Incident," which might have occurred at any other time as well. To us it is at least extremely probable that the departing Spirit was present where the form was visible, and that it assumed the appearance which so startled the wife, to indicate alike the fact and the cause of its separation from the body:

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—A lady of Pittsburg mourns a husband, lost in the ill-fated Arctic. Some time before the news arrived of the disaster, and about the time she expected his return (indeed, she had received notice that he would probably arrive on the very day the circumstances occurred which I am about to relate), while she was sitting in her room, a friend called, and found her in a state of extreme agitation. Upon inquiring the cause, she stated, just a moment before, while she was sitting, thinking of her husband, perfectly conscious of all around her, the door opened and he appeared before her with coat and hat off, bending over slightly toward the floor, as he walked toward her, while the water streamed down his shoulders and arms, dripping off his finger ends upon the floor. Just as she was about to question him, he left the room, and a moment after the person alluded to above came in. The visitor rallied her upon her fears, and succeeded in partially quieting

her mind. The incident was related to the writer a day or two afterward, but had been partially forgotten, until the dreadful tidings brought it fearfully vivid to my mind. Alas ! for that poor widow.

One after another Spirits of the departed come back and reveal themselves to our senses ; they affirm that they are dwellers in the spiritual abodes ; we inquire and ascertain that they have spoken truly ; but materialism, with thoughtless head and pulseless heart, still goes on its old way with the consent of the press and the approbation of the clergy. S. B. B.

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## A ROYAL GHOST STORY.

THE *Mayence Journal* contains the following letter, dated Aschaffenburg, 27th of October, under the head of the "Black Lady," a pendent to the legendary "White Lady" of the Berlin Palace, whose apparition is believed to announce the approaching death of some member of the Hohenzollern family : "The Queen Theresa, of Bavaria, died of cholera at Munich on the 26th, as already known. I hasten to communicate to your readers the following highly interesting and affecting details, of which I can guarantee the exact veracity : On the 6th of October, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, two princes of the Bavarian royal family, equal in birth and relationship, were seated at tea in a room of the Aschaffenburg Palace. A folding-door divides this room from another apartment, and a smaller papered door separates it from the ante-chamber, usually occupied by the domestics in waiting. Of a sudden the latter door opened, and a lady covered with a black veil entered, and made a low courtesy before the two illustrious personages. One of the princes, no little astounded, asked the lady if she were invited to tea, and, pointing to the folding-door leading into the tea-room (where the queen and ladies were assembled), gave her to understand that she should enter. No reply, and the lady vanished through the small papered door. Both the illustrious personages were extremely agitated by this wonderful apparition and its mysterious disappearance.

One of them immediately hastened to the ante-chamber, to inquire of the servants about the mysterious figure. No one had seen it come or go except Asvat, Queen Theresa's body hussar, who had met it in the passage. No other trace could be discovered. The illustrious persons narrated what had occurred, and it soon came to Queen Theresa's ears, and she was so overwhelmed thereby that she became greatly indisposed, and wept during the whole night. The journey to Munich was fixed for the following day. All the luggage and half the servants were already on the road. To remain longer at Aschaffenburg was scarcely possible. Queen Theresa was filled with the most sorrowful forebodings. She asked several times if it were not possible to remain here. It would be too painful for her to quit Aschaffenburg this time. The mysterious and ominous Black Lady glided constantly before her imagination. Somewhat calmer, at length, by judicious observations, she at last sorrowfully commenced the journey, which was not possible to postpone. But still, at Munich, where she was at first indisposed, but recovered, her mind was preoccupied with the apparition of the Black Lady, of whom she spoke to many persons with trembling apprehension. She was sought to be consoled by saying that the sentries on duty had seen the lady enter the Palace. But all was in vain. The idea that the apparition of the figure had a sinister foreboding for her life never quitted her mind. Twenty days after the mysterious evening Queen Theresa lay a corpse in the Wittelbacher palace. Your readers are at liberty to judge of the incident as they please. I must, however, solemnly protest against suspicions being thrown upon the exact truth of these facts, derived from the highest authority, as I took the above narrative *verbatim* from the statement of the best-informed persons before I had the slightest suspicion of the queen's death. The two illustrious persons narrated the circumstance of the apparition minutely to several persons, so that the whole town heard of it next morning, and on that same evening the whole *personnel* of the palace and the soldiers on duty were strictly examined, and requested to state all they knew of the matter—a good proof that the occurrence can not be set down among ordinary nursery tales.”—*Albion*.

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An angel, incapable of feeling anger, must envy the man who can feel and yet conquer it.—*Jean Paul*.

## VOICES AT TWILIGHT

BY MRS. MARY F. MOTT.

O, I love the shadowy twilight hour,  
 That comes with a dreamy spell,  
 To soothe the heart with a magic power,  
 And peace to the sorrowing tell.

The flowers have folded their petals bright,  
 All gemmed with the dew-drop sheen,  
 The bird, on glancing wing of light,  
 Is away to the woodland green.

And over the spirit there cometh a spell,  
 A thought of the friends we love,  
 Who are gone with angels pure to dwell,  
 In the better land above.

Their places are vacant at board and hearth.  
 We miss them in hall and bower;  
 They have passed away from the sphere of earth,  
 They are gone where no storm-clouds lower.

But oh, at the hushed and holy time—  
 The hour of the closing flowers—  
 When we list to the evening bell's low chime,  
 That tells of the dying hours—

They rise before us all fair and bright,  
 Each brow undimmed by care,  
 With the radiant look, and the eyes' soft light,  
 And the smile that the angels wear.

Bright, guardian Spirits! they hover near,  
 A vigil of love to keep;  
 They list to our sorrows with pitying ear,  
 They bend o'er us while we sleep;

And when the hour of death shall come,  
And we from earth's cares pass away,  
They will welcome us to their radiant home,  
In the land of unfading day

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## THE NASHVILLE GHOST.

THE editor of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Evening News* has seen a ghost, or something else for which he is unable to account. He relates the story of his visit, in company with several citizens of that place, to "a haunted house," where himself and others saw a figure resembling a nude female, which distinctly appeared to them, and then *disappeared* in a most mysterious and unaccountable manner. We copy the story, which may be supposed to be true, as the narrator is probably not a Spiritualist :

In a tenantless house, just a few steps this side of Brown's Creek, on the Nashville and Murfreesboro' Turnpike, it is said something resembling the figure of a woman in a state of nudity has been seen at various periods within the past two years. It was first observed by a lady who lives a short distance beyond the creek, and who has to pass the "haunted house" in coming to and returning from the city. She is a highly respectable lady, and her veracity would not be questioned by those who are personally acquainted with her. Other members of her family, and other persons who have passed this house, testify to having seen this supposed apparition at various times and under various circumstances.

Before and after this appearance, on several occasions, the house has been thoroughly searched, but no evidences of its being occupied by any living creature (except fleas and rats) have been discovered. These circumstances bring about the inquiries : If this creature is really a woman, in the enjoyment of human life, how can she conceal herself when persons enter the house? how does she avoid detection and

arrest? how is it possible for her to live there without food and clothing?

In company with a number of citizens we visited this place of haunted fame, for the purpose of being convinced as to the truth or falsehood of these strange reports. Detachments of the party approached the house in four different directions, so that there could be no egress undiscovered. After entering the ghostly establishment, candles were lighted, and the party made a thorough investigation of the premises, but discovered nothing more mysterious than a few rats' nests, and an old hen with a family of juvenile chickens under her motherly care.

The lights were extinguished and the party retired from the house; took position at various points in the yard, and patiently waited for what might transpire. We were not kept long in suspense; the apparition appeared in the usual manner—the figure of a woman destitute of clothing. It answered no questions, but shook its head and hand in a frightful and forbidding way, then suddenly disappeared, how and where we know not. The house was again searched, but with no better luck than before. We returned to the city satisfied that we had seen something, for the existence and appearance of which we were unable to account.

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HON. N. P. TALLMADGE.—Gov. Tallmadge arrived here last week, looking fresh and strong as an oak that has outgrown the weakness of its youth, and yet has lost none of its life and vigor by length of years. Spiritualism renews one's youth by filling the mind with new ideas and beautiful images, which shine out through the material envelope—the body. The Governor certainly looks as genial as a summer's day, and yet firm enough to face a stout north-easter.

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MR. E. V. WILSON, of Toronto, Canada, writes us a curious account of the medication of water by a Spirit who purported to be an Indian doctor. The Spirit had been consulted in relation to the health of a Mrs. S——t, which was in a very imperfect state. He said he could



help her, and afterward gave direction for the formation of a circle, at which the patient was to be present. After the circle had become seated, according to direction, it was ordered by the Spirit that a tumbler of water should be placed upon the table, and that the lights should be extinguished. This being done, the table began to shake, and was sometimes raised from the floor more than a foot. Then the table would be at rest for a moment, and the glass tumbler upon it would be shaken; and, finally, a sound was distinctly heard as if something was being poured into the tumbler. Then they were ordered to strike a light, which being done, they found to their astonishment that the color of the fluid in the tumbler had changed from that of clear water to that of dark brandy; that it had a strong aromatic smell, and a taste similar to that of the waters of the Ballston Springs. Our correspondent is sure that none of the parties present could or would have introduced the foreign substance into the water, and sends us the names of the parties forming the circle as vouchers for the good faith of this statement.

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**ROME TO BE BURNT OR SWALLOWED UP.**—Dr. Cumming, in his "*Apocalyptic Sketches*," and many other authors, have asserted, as their interpretation of some parts of the Apocalypse, that Rome will be destroyed by fire from heaven, or swallowed up by earthquakes, or overwhelmed with destruction by volcanoes, as the visible punishment of the Almighty for its popery and its crimes. Townsend, in his "*Journal of a Tour*," says he is unwilling to deduce any argument of this kind from the prophecies which are unfulfilled; but he beheld everywhere—in Rome, near Rome, and through the whole country of Italy from Rome to Naples—the most astounding proofs, not merely of the possibility, but of the exceeding probability, that the whole region of central Italy will one day suffer under such a catastrophe. The soil of Rome is tufa, of a volcanic origin; the smell of the sulphur, which is found to be most disagreeable, must be the result of volcanic subterranean action still going on. At Naples, the boiling sulphur is seen bubbling near the surface of the earth. When a stick was drawn along the ground the sulphurous smoke followed the indentation; and Mr. Townsend says it would never surprise him to hear of the utter destruction of the entire peninsula of Italy.—*Tribune*.

## RHAPSODY AND REASON.

MR. EDITOR :

The old Greeks understood the philosophy of spiritual mediumship. You will find it set forth, very beautifully, in Plato's Dialogue of Ion. The persons of the dialogue are Socrates and Ion, a rhapsodist. I make my extracts from Plato, translated by Burgess, vol. iv. of "Bohn's Classical Library." The rhapsodists were a kind of itinerant minstrels—similar to the troubadours of the middle ages—who strung together, and sung portions chiefly of the Homeric poems. They wore a particular dress of scarlet or purple—the latter to represent the color of the sea, the former of blood—while they were chanting portions of the Odyssey and Iliad respectively; and when they had a contest, the victor gained a lamb as the prize. According to Xenophon, Socrates said they knew Homer indeed accurately enough, but were in other respects great simpletons. We have legions of rhapsodists coming on earth again, in the shape of mediums of all kinds. It is well, perhaps, that we should listen to Socrates on the subject. I extract such portions of the Dialogues as bear upon the topic :

*Ion.* What can be the reason, Socrates, that whenever any one is discoursing upon any other poet, I begin to nod; but when any one brings Homer to my recollection, I am at no loss what to say.

*Socrates.* It is not difficult, my friend, to guess the reason of this. For it is clear to every one that you are unable to speak about Homer by art or science. For if you were able by art, you would be able to speak about all the other poets. Why I say this, do you, Ion, request to hear from me ?

*Ion.* Yea, by Zeus, Socrates, I do; for I delight to hear you wise men.

*Socrates.* You surely are the wise men, Ion, you the rhapsodists and performers, and those whose poems you recite; whereas I speak nothing but the simple truth, as becomes a mere unskilled person.

In the statuary's art, did you ever see any one who as regards a single statuary was skilled in explaining what he had executed well, but as regards statuary in general, was at a loss, grew drowsy, as having nothing no say?

*Ion.* No, by Zeus, I never knew such a person as this, but of this I am conscious to myself, that as regards Homer I speak the best of all men, and am least at a loss, and every body else says that I do speak well, but not as regards the rest. Consider, then, why is this?

*Socrates.* I do consider, Ion, and I commence showing you how this seems to me.

This faculty of speaking well about Homer is not an art, but a *divine power*, which moves you, like that in the stone, which Euripides calls the *magnesian*.<sup>\*</sup> For this stone not only attracts iron rings, but imparts a power to the rings, so that they are able to do the very same things as the stone does, and to attract other rings, and sometimes a very long series of iron rings hung as in a chain, one from another; but from that stone depends the power in all of them. Thus, too, does the Muse herself move men divinely inspired, and through them thus inspired, a chain hangs together of others inspired divinely likewise. For all the good epic poets compose all their beautiful poems, not by art, but by being divinely inspired and possessed (by the Muse); and so, too, the good lyric poets, just as the Corybantes dance, not being in their sound senses, compose their beautiful lyrical poems when they are not in their sound senses; but when they go on according to the harmony and rhythm, they become mad, possessed by a god, as are the priestesses of Bacchus, who, possessed by a god, draw from rivers honey and milk, but are unable to do so when in their senses; and the soul of the lyric poet does that which they say they do. For assuredly they say to us, that drawing from fountains flowing with honey, and gathering flowers from the gardens and glades of the Muses, they bring us their songs, as bees do their honey, and are ever too on the wing. And they tell us, too, what is true. For a poet is a thing light, and with wings, and sacred, and unable to compose poetry until he becomes inspired, and is out of his

<sup>\*</sup> Magnet.

sober senses, and his imagination is no longer under his control. For so long as a person is in complete possession of it, he is unable to compose verses or to speak oracularly. Hence as they compose not by art, they say many beautiful things relating to their subjects, as you do about Homer; but each is able to compose that alone through a divine allotment to which the Muse has impelled them; for they do not compose by art, but through a divine power; since if they knew how to speak by art upon the subject correctly, they would be able to do so upon all others. And on this account a deity has deprived them of their senses, and employs them as his ministers, and oracle-singers, and divine prophets, in order that when we hear them, we may know it is not they to whom sense is not present, who speak what is valuable, but the god himself who speaks, and through them addresses us. And of this assertion Tynnichus the Chalcidian affords the greatest proof; who never composed any other poem which any one would think worth remembering, but the Pæan, which every body sings, of almost all hymns the most excellent, and as he himself states,

“An invention of artless Muses.”

For in him, most especially, does the god seem to me to point out to us that we are not to doubt about those beautiful poems being not human but divine, and the work, not of men, but of gods; and that poets are nothing else but interpreters of the gods (*or Spirits, as we now call them*) possessed by whatever deity they may happen to be. And in pointing out this, the deity has through a poet the most indifferent sung a melody the most beautiful. Or do I not seem to you, Ion, to say what is true?

*Ion.* To me at least you do. For you somehow, Socrates, touch my very soul by your arguments; and the good poets seem to me, by a divine allotment, to be in this way to us the interpreters of the gods.

*Socrates.* Mind now, Ion, and tell me this: Whenever you are spouting well, and astonishing your audiences most, at such times are you quite in your senses or beside yourself? and does not your soul fancy itself carried away in a state of ecstasy by the deeds you are telling?

*Ion.* How clear a proof have you, Socrates, produced! For when I am reciting any tale of pity, my eyes are filled with tears; but when any thing of horror, my hairs stand erect through fear, and my heart leaps.

*Socrates.* Know you that you rhapsodists produce this same effect upon the majority of your spectators?

*Ion.* I know it very well. For I am constantly looking down from

my standing-place above, upon those who are weeping, or looking fiercely, or astonished, in unison with what is narrated.

*Socrates.* Know you not, then, that this spectator of yours is the last of the rings, which, I said, receive their power from one another by means of the Heracleian stone! The middle ring are you the rhapsodist and the actor; but the first ring is the poet himself. By means of all these does the god draw, wherever it pleases him, the souls of men, having suspended from each other the power. And as if from that stone there is suspended a very numerous series of chorus-singers and dancers, and under-masters, hang the rings depending from the Muse. But from one Muse one of the poets hangs, another from another. And this we call by the expression, "He is possessed;" for the meaning is very similar, since he is held fast.

I have made this long extract from this Dialogue in order to show to your readers, if you think it worth while to lay it before them, that the phenomena of Spiritualism, as developed in these latter days, are but the exhibition of laws of the human soul which expressed themselves in a most poetical form in the mythology of ancient Greece, as well as in all mythologies that have ever existed.

Spiritual communion is the cause of all religious impressions; and the worship of a people indicates the sphere with which they are in connection. The gods of ancient Greece were the spirits of departed heroes, molding the people whom they loved into social conditions, coincident with their own natures.

The modern phenomena of spiritual mediumship and telegraphic communication with departed souls furnish a key to the mysteries of all the ages. This Dialogue of Plato is utterly incomprehensible, except by the light of mediumship. Any one at all familiar with the rhapsodies of mediums, will see that there are many Ions on earth again, and that the cool, calm wisdom of Socrates is needed to tame their transports and reduce their inspirations to order.

Respectfully your obedient servant, J WEST NEVINS.

PHILA., Dec., 1854.

## NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

DECEMBER 12, 1854.

THE subject proposed for consideration this evening was—The Facts and Results of Individual Experience in Modern Spiritualism. Mr Brittan was asked, "What profit other than to his pocket he had derived from that source?"

Mr. Brittan replied, in substance, that the effect of his faith in, and advocacy of, Spiritualism upon his *pocket* had been for some years past not exactly in the direction of "laying up treasures on earth," and there was still "room to let" in that interesting locality. Still, to him, Spiritualism had been beyond *all price*. A man will be as he thinks and feels. His acts are simply the ultimates of his thoughts. We see the proof of this throughout the whole field of human activity; in the arts and sciences, education, government, in fact, everywhere. It may not be that any man fully realizes his ideal, but his outward acts are an attempt to embody it, and they show the moral and intellectual status of the man. In the ratio, then, of the elevation of thought, will be the purity of life. He did not claim that Spiritualism had yet accomplished all its glorious destiny in him, but he was sure it had done much. It had settled on the invulnerable basis of demonstration what he conceived to be the highest ideal of human thought, and this must react upon the life. It is impossible to be a genuine Spiritualist without a corresponding impulse being imparted to the religious feelings. It may not affect him in the external and popular sense of the term, but in very truth the true Spiritualist must be a religious man. The natural result of Spiritualism is to subjugate the senses to the soul, to bring the passions under the dominion of reason. When this is done, then will Spiritualism have accomplished its mission in us, and not till then. The subjugation of a human soul to itself, and the development of its immortal manhood, is its highest aim and its most glorious victory.

Dr. Young expressed himself glad of the opportunity to confess that Spiritualism had not done much for him as yet. He thought there was not enough known about it to be of much use to any one. He

thought we were proclaiming our faith on a too slender basis of facts. Much of the alleged evidence of Spiritualism could be blown to the four winds. He did not wish it to be reported that he was not a Spiritualist; what he wanted was, that every alleged fact should be doubted, denied, and canvassed, until every doubt shall be annihilated. He thought Thomas was the best disciple Christ had. He asked for physical proof, and got it. We should do the same, and with the broadsword of sound logic make war with all that is vulnerable in the spiritual hypothesis.

Mr. ——— spoke of the difficulties and doubts which had beset his mind, more especially in the earlier investigation of this subject. He started from the platform of entire skepticism with regard to it. Time after time he visited mediums and would go away apparently convinced of its truth, and again doubts would arise, again to be resolved by a force of evidence that he could not withstand, and, until it can be proved by evidence equally clear that he has been the victim of the most stupendous swindle imaginable, he must hold it to be true. At any rate, it had with him all the force of truth. There are some truths which we can only know through observation and experience. It was said by Brougham, that a man by thought alone might arrive at the conclusion that two and two make four, or he might resolve a mathematical problem by a mental process, but no man could tell *a priori* whether a pebble would fall up or down. Observation alone could determine that. So of the vast range of natural phenomena, we must examine for ourselves; we are slow to believe that which occurs without the range of our own experience; but the moment we make a fact our own by personal verification, it readily suggests a variety of applications. This is eminently true of the manifestations he has witnessed. Prior to his investigation he did not believe in a future state. He could not observe it, or know of himself any thing about it. It did not lie in the field of his own experience. But Spirits themselves by a thousand proofs have demonstrated it to him, and he must receive it and believe it until, as before stated, it can be shown by proof equally strong that he has been the victim of a swindle. This fact, like every other natural truth once firmly rooted in the mind, of necessity must grow. It enlarges the whole field of mental exercise. It presents facts beyond what we have heretofore observed. It uproots many preëxisting hypotheses in the sciences, and enables us to revise and correct our old deductions. It has given him a higher standard of morality and of

manhood. Previously, he had thought the *code gentleman* embraced all that was necessary to regulate human intercourse. It has changed his views of the Bible, and of its tendency. He had been a silent disbeliever both of its facts and general teaching. Many of its obscure statements have been made to him as clear as the light of day. He has learned, for instance, that charity is not the mere giving of alms; but that its highest manifestation consists in "*the ability to view truth devoid of prejudice*," an elevation of mind which, in his judgment, no man save Jesus of Nazareth had yet fully reached. He was free to say unhesitatingly, that the best papers on natural philosophy and chemistry he has ever seen in print or out, he has received through these manifestations, notwithstanding the "*twaddle*" of which the world complains so much. A system of Geogony has been disclosed in this way which accords with known facts, and thus commends itself to his judgment. He can now go understandingly from chaos to the present time, and onward still with an hypothesis which is no offense to reason or to nature. He has learned now, that natural laws are *God's laws*, and that every fact in nature has a spiritual origin, and of consequence a spiritual relation and significance. This is a very feeble and imperfect sketch of the truly noble testimony borne by the gentleman to the facts and results of modern Spiritualism.

Mr. Olcott stated some facts, among which he spoke of the spiritual appearance of a Newfoundland dog seen apparently in different places by different persons at or nearly the same time. He would like to hear an explanation of that and similar phenomena. This elicited remarks from several gentleman, who presented different theories with regard to that and other physical appearances produced by Spirits.

Dr. Young, who had previously asserted the incompetency of proof to establish spirituality in any case, defended the dog-ghost with great vigor, contending it was simply egotism which denied to the animal kingdom the immortality that we claimed for ourselves.

Mr. Fishbough said the phenomenon in question was as well established as any other spiritual fact, and belonged to the general class of physical manifestations, the law of which he would like to explain did time permit, or was there any hope of being understood. In the hope, however, of reaching some minds present, he would remark briefly that man is the essence of the whole universe, and therefore contains within himself the representatives of all forms and entities. Now, matter and spirit are in essence one and the same thing, under different



conditions of being. Spirit is substance not in relation to the external senses; matter is substance *externalized*. A Spirit-man, therefore, possessing within himself the essence of animal as well as of all other forms, has only to will the objective appearance of so much of the universe within him as he desires to see, and he is at once surrounded with it. In this way plants, animals, or any thing else, are made to appear objectively to the Spirit. Now, let us inquire how Spirits, and the forms they produce, are made visible to the external senses. He had said spirit was substance not cognizable externally. We can not see a Spirit in the normal exercise of those senses, because we see right through him; but their abnormal or interior exercise (as is amply demonstrated in the higher phases of clairvoyance) brings the spiritual world into view. The clairvoyant, by virtue of his interior spiritual state now sees Spirits as before he saw earth-men only. It is impossible for him not to see them while in this state, as it would be for us to exclude an object painted by the sun's rays upon the retina of the external eye. Now Spirits, to render themselves visible to the external man, must *reverse this process*. They must, so to speak, *abnormalize themselves backward*. This is what he means by the externalization of spirit, or, rather, this he supposes is the mode of accomplishing it. He saw no more difficulty in the reverse, than in the direct process, and the latter we know to be true. The externalized Spirit, therefore, is *inevitably* visible to the external senses, on the same principle (reversed) that he is visible in his normal condition to the clairvoyant.

## SESSION OF TUESDAY, DEC. 19TH.

Remarks were made by Mr. West, Mr. Levy, and others, embracing facts and deductions tending to illustrate the vexed question of "Evil Spirits," Mr. West avowing his compulsory faith in their existence, and Mr. Levy denying the same.

Dr. Gray read the following communications. One was a letter from Mr. Conklin, detailing facts which he had witnessed in Mr. "Koons' Spirit Room," in Ohio; the other was from Mr. Stephen Dudley, of Buffalo, addressed to the editor of the *Age of Progress*, and published in that paper of Dec. 10th.

[The letter referred to will be found in another page.—ED.]

Dr. Haskell, of Rockford, Ill., also exhibited a communication addressed to him in the handwriting of the Spirits, and done in his presence at Mr. Koons' Room.

Mr. Clark related some curious facts which had recently transpired in Brooklyn, at the house of a gentleman of undoubted truth and integrity. One evening, week before last, while the gentleman's wife was absent on a visit to Lowell, Mass., and the parlors were locked so that no one was able to have access to them but himself, he being in the lower part of the house and another family occupying the second floor, he heard footsteps overhead, then a loud clatter. This induced him to go up and inquire of the family above what was going on, when he found them as much surprised as himself, they attributing it to the unexpected return of his wife from her visit. They retired to bed with the noises still continuing. (It will be understood that the gentleman is a medium.) He was induced, however, to get up soon after and open the parlors, to see what was going on. On doing so he found every article of furniture in them displaced, and piled up or otherwise arranged in grotesque attitudes, so as to excite his laughter at the comicality of the tableau.

Mr. West related some other facts, going to show the evil nature of some Spirits. The manifestations at Rev. Dr. Phelps' house were cited in proof. There, a heavy iron candlestick was thrown violently at a large looking-glass; *true, it did not hit it*, but then it showed the diabolical intent of the Spirit, as he thought. He had been with Dr. Phelps in Philadelphia, and while passing through the hall on their way to the room of Mr. Gordon, an empty porter bottle was thrown down stairs by the Spirits and dashed to pieces at their feet. It was the doctor's opinion, and he had been forced reluctantly to coincide with him, that one half of the Spirits now in communication with us were evil Spirits.

Mr. Brittan said he had no fault to find with the opinions of Dr. Phelps. They are those of his creed, and of the whole orthodox world; and it is from this very respectable, but perhaps rather questionable authority, that the idea of evil Spirits in the popular sense is derived. It is not from the facts themselves. He had been to some extent familiar with the occurrences at Dr. Phelps'. He had seen and read much respecting the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, but he had yet to learn either from his own experience or from somewhat extensive observations of *the first fact* showing *deliberate malice* on the part of Spirits. True, there was some property destroyed in the manifestations at Dr. Phelps', but that was, perhaps, the cheapest, if not the only way they could secure the doctor's attention, and when that was done, he believed that their violence ceased. He thinks the difficulty in regard to evil

Spirits grows out of the attempt to weld the facts of modern Spiritualism to preëxisting creeds. The facts themselves do not warrant any such conclusion as accords with the orthodox conception of evil Spirits. Mr. B. cited several cases, which viewed through a popular lens would appear fantastic, if not demoniac, whereas the result revealed a purely benevolent purpose.

Dr. Gray remarked on the subject of false communications. He had no doubt of the truthfulness of the statements of Mr. West and others on that subject, but the first thing to be settled is, *are there false statements from Spirits at all?* He cited an instance from his own experience, to show how these mistakes may occur. Himself and others were at the house of Mrs. Fox not long since, where very interesting manifestations occurred, during which a very loud and different rap from any previously noticed was heard on the door. At the same time his wife's dress was pulled, indicating a wish for the alphabet, and in this way it was spelled out to her—"I want you to speak to Henry." Now, at this time, the little son of a friend of theirs residing at Newburg, whose name was Henry, was very ill, and when the name was spelled, they at once concluded that he was dead. They felt certain of it, and their answers confirmed it. But a telegraphic dispatch the next day proved it to be an error, and he thought the wisest course for him was, to wait patiently for an explanation. In about a week they met again. In the mean time no intimation had been made to the mediums that a mistake had occurred, nor do they know it now. At this time it was intimated in a way wholly inexplicable to the mediums, and with which they could have nothing to do, that a satisfactory explanation would be given. At the appointed time, to the same person, and in the same way as before related, the same sentence was commenced again. "I want you to speak to Henry —," a friend of theirs living in this city. The substance of the request was, that she would try to prevail upon him to receive an important communication from a near relative of his now in the Spirit-world. His object in relating this was to show how these mistakes occur. Mediums are impressibles. They can be influenced by the circle as well as by Spirits. In the case cited, their previous knowledge of the condition of the child at Newburg, coupled with the supposed mention of his name, induced under the circumstances a degree of painful certainty of his death constituting a state positive to the medium, so that the Spirit could not use her force for the completion of the sentence, we having converted her forces into an echo of our own thoughts. A

positive state of the circle psychologizes the medium, by the inherent law of the case. Thus the mistake was wholly with us. It grew out of our own impatience and positiveness, and can not be charged either to the spirits or the mediums. Analogous facts are seen in the disturbance of the forces, when physical manifestations are being made; accidents sometimes occur in consequence. Spirits do not communicate with us on any "hobgoblin, hocus pocus" principle; the means they use are natural laws, and whatever interferes with them must vary the result, whether it be the formation of a hand or the statement of a fact.

R. T. HALLOCK.

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### A DISINTERESTED WITNESS.

THE New York *Dutchman*, edited by R. M. Griffin, is very candid in its treatment of Spiritualism and the TELEGRAPH. The editor does not profess to be a Spiritualist, but he certainly *has* the honesty and discrimination to distinguish between calm thought and passionate feeling; between reasons and assumptions, facts and follies, science and superstition; and we hope he will make the distinctions in such cases as broad and clear as the fundamental differences involved in the subject. The editor reads a short lesson to several members of the editorial fraternity, respecting the injustice of their course in copying only such things concerning Spiritualism as are calculated to deceive the public, by placing the subject in a false light. We are happy to acknowledge that our cotemporary gives additional force to his precepts by a righteous example, as will be seen from the following, which we extract from a late number of his paper:

**SPIRITUALISM.**—Much of the country press have been induced to remain silent on this subject who formerly were rabid against it, though we still hear considerable about it. The press which now speaks

against Spiritualism usually pick up all the stray paragraphs on the subject which have a tendency to place the Spiritualists in a foolish and ludicrous light. How much better, more consistent with truth and justice, and more liberal toward other people's views, it would be if this class of papers would occasionally give a paragraph on the other side! One half the people who still cry humbug, mad, crazy, fanatic, never have attended a circle, never investigated the subject one hour, and never read any work on the subject. The SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is the first paper started to discuss this subject, has discussed it in a very liberal manner, and never intruded any assertion upon the subject before the people without giving argument, facts, etc. We are not Spiritualists, and regard the leaders in the cause as strong enthusiasts, and as such, ready to assert every thing, at present unaccountable, to originate with Spirits; but still, the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH—the first paper of the kind started—is very liberal upon the subject, and persons who will take the trouble to read a copy will find it remarkably sane on the subject, and in other affairs (it is by no means entirely devoted to Spiritualism) well posted, advocating the principles of morality, truth, and justice, as taught by the Bible, and in every respect a very readable, well-conducted sheet.

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**REMARKABLE PROPHECY.**—The following remarkable prediction was made by Friar Bacon, who was born in the year 1214, some 640 years ago. "Here," says a certain writer, "is poetry and philosophy wound together, forming a wondrous chain of prophecy:"

"Bridges unsupported by arches will be made to span the foaming current. Man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and beho'd a single steersman sitting at the helm guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars; and the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, shall dart on its course with resistless force and rapidity. Let the simple elements do thy labor; bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plow."

## THE LATE ESTHER MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA, 11 Mo. 30, 1854.

THE following communication was received through Henry C. Gordon from the Spirit of Esther Moore :

I felt the appropriateness of the lines spoken by T. L. Harris to a friend in this city, and can adopt that language now :

"I rose like a mist from the mountain,  
When day walks abroad on the hills ;  
I rose like a spray from the fountain—  
From life and its wearying ills.

"I have bathed in the heavenly river  
I have chanted the seraphim song ;  
And I walk in my brightness forever,  
Amid the celestial throng."

My departure was a bright one ; there was no darkness or gloom before me. I felt that I knew the road well, for I had heard the angel-voices as they spoke of the bright onward path of progression. My journey from outward life was short and pleasant. Bright Spirits were around me, cheering me with their living presence, and holy words of love fell upon my spirit in tones of sweetness, and I did not realize that I was going to the Spirit-shore. A short season of unconsciousness passed over me ; no long and dreary night enveloped the "valley of the shadow of death" as I passed from the outer form to the inner life. After a short refreshing season I awoke, not to suffer pain in an earthly frame, worn and weary with years, but to rise beyond the rugged cliffs of earth, to mount upward where the chain of mortal bondage and religious oppression never reaches.

When this change came over me I did not realize that it was death. I beheld the opening of the golden portals, and I looked around upon the earth. I did not ascend, as many suppose, with the swiftness of an arrow, through the circles and spheres up to the throne of God. I found much to attract me, and my soul was filled with joy on entering the circle of Spirits around me. In this circle were innumerable beings

who hovered close to my spirit, and expressed in their beaming countenances the joy they felt in meeting one whom they dearly loved. There were the Spirits of many who had endured the galling chains of bondage while on earth, but who had now passed away forever from the iron grasp of the cruel task-master. These saw that my mission had ended below, and, rejoicing in the goodness and glory of our Father, they hovered around me and embraced me in that love and affection which angels only know. Many bright ones from other spheres and circles came to greet me with a soul-stirring welcome to the home of the blessed above, and with these my spirit glided gently away.

And now, when I return and look over this highly-favored city, I see that it is deplorable. It is pitiful that in this great city full of Friends, and of men and women who ought to be more liberal and more disposed to advance—it is sad that there should be so much indifference and strife.

Now she shows me two beautiful trees that appear to be growing in a forest side by side; their tops are waving by the strong wind, which seems to bend their bows until they come in contact; the limbs are rubbing together; both seem to be struggling to claim the same ground and the same position before the sun. Now I see that the limbs which have been thus rubbing together seem to have taken fire, and they are consuming each other. There is a great smoke and a dark cloud resting over the whole forest. This she says is the present condition of the Society of Friends. Those who are not in the blaze are in smoke; some begin to feel the heat and are trying to move off; others rush into the midst of the consuming pile; their self-will impels them to consume themselves rather than to yield a point. I was not one of those self-willed; for I withdrew my presence from their midst, and I gave God the glory, not man, that I found the right pathway to peace and happiness.

The medium said: I see still a blackened mass of burned trunks and limbs of trees where this fire has been raging, and from their ashes has sprung another growth, which seems to be enriched by the experience of the past, for there appears to be a regularity, and freshness, and harmony manifested in the form of this new forest. I see birds flying among the young trees, and they are singing so sweetly and melodiously that it seems to be a hallowed grove. In the foregoing is conveyed the progress and development of Spiritualism.

## WONDERS AT KOONS' SPIRIT ROOM.

WE are indebted to the *Age of Progress* for the following highly interesting account of modern miracles, occurring at the Spirit Room of Jonathan Koons. The statements which have been published from time to time respecting the marvelous displays of Spiritual presence and power which have been observed at that place, are too well authenticated to require our corroboration. We may, however, observe that we have conversed privately or corresponded with many candid and intelligent gentlemen, who assured us that the descriptions hitherto published are not exaggerated in the slightest degree. The subjoined introductory remarks to Mr. Dudley's letter are by Stephen Albro, the able editor of the *Age of Progress*.—ED.

The gentleman who communicates the following account of extraordinary manifestations at Koons' Spirit Room, in Athens County, Ohio, is too well known to all our city readers to require a word from us as to his truthfulness or his intellectual capacity. To our distant readers, it may not be deemed unnecessary to say, that Mr. Stephen Dudley is the head of the well-known firm of "S. Dudley & Sons," in this city; that high-toned moral sentiments and the most scrupulous regard to veracity are his prominent characteristics; and that his is not of the order of intellect which can be easily deceived, deluded, or stultified.—S. A.

BUFFALO, Dec. 15th, 1854.

FRIEND ALBRO: Having made the visit to Koons' Spirit Room which I have long had in contemplation, and arrived safely at home, I now proceed to redeem my promise to you, which was to give you a faithful account of what I there witnessed with my eyes, ears, and touch. I am aware that my abilities are not adequate to the task of doing justice to the subject, nor do I think justice can be done to it by any one. I shall therefore content myself with telling you a plain tale of truth,



embracing only the more prominent facts ; all the truth requiring too much language for me to write or you to publish.

Our company consisted of four persons. All but myself were from the city of New York. They were Mr. Conklin, the celebrated test medium, and two ladies, who refuse to have their names published. We left Buffalo by railroad, on Monday morning, Nov. 27th, and arrived at Koons' Spirit Room on the following Wednesday, at noon. The incidents of a railroad journey would be of no interest to your readers ; and you so recently gave a description of the way, and of the Spirit Room, and its environs, in the account which you copied from the *Cleveland Universe*, that a repetition of it would be superfluous. It may not be amiss to observe that, from Columbus, Ohio, to the Spirit Room, is seventy-two miles of very unpleasant stage road.

Prior to our arrival at the Spirit Room, there had been arrangements made for a public meeting for that evening. At the appointed time—seven o'clock—there was quite a crowd, composed principally of near-dwelling citizens, some of whom were believers and some skeptics, the latter being in the majority. We, being strangers, were, by the politeness of Mr. Koons, provided with comfortable seats in an eligible position. It was a very inharmonious party, but the spirits did all they promised to do. After we were all seated, Mr. Koons gave a short but very appropriate lecture, at the conclusion of which the spirits announced their presence by a tremendous blow on the bass drum. It sounded almost like the discharge of a cannon. Then commenced what seemed to be the charging, by the spirits, of the electrical apparatus, which was described in the communication which you copied from the *Cleveland Universe*. In this charging, the large table, on which the apparatus stood, shook like a tree in a gale of wind. A reveille was then beaten by the spirits on the tenor and bass drums. In this room, by direction of the spirits, Mr. Koons had a variety of musical instruments—some hanging up, and others lying on the tables. Upon the table at which we were seated were two violins. Mr. K. took up one of them and drew the bow on it. Immediately the spirits accompanied him on the other violin and on other instruments. Mr. K. then asked the spirits for a vocal accompaniment, which they immediately gave ; and I think, if any thing can give an idea of heaven on earth, it must be such music as was made by that angelic band. At the same time there was a most extraordinary exhibition of spiritual pyrotechnies, seeming to consist of flying insects made of fire, which, in their motions,

kept time with the music. The form of these was like human hands. The next exhibition was a spirit-hand, as perfect as any hand of flesh and bones, moving about among us, and dropping pieces of sand-paper near us, which were covered with phosphorus. The object of this seemed to be for us to pick them up, so that the hand might come to us and take them from us. This was repeatedly done. I picked up one of those pieces, and the hand came and took it from me; and in doing so it seemed to linger in contact with my hand, that I might feel and examine it. The feeling of it differed in nothing from a human hand, save its coldness. After some conversation with the spirits, which was conducted on their part by speaking with the human voice, through a trumpet, they bade us good-night, and thus ended the general entertainment.

About two hours after our dismissal, young Mr. Koons, the medium, and myself went into the Spirit Room alone, to see if we could learn what the proceedings would be the next evening. The medium put the trumpet on the table, and immediately the spirits took it up, elevated it about the height of a man's head, and gave us "good-evening" through it, to which we responded. I then commenced a conversation with them, asking them if the spirits of my father, wife, and other relatives were present. They said they were, and that it was my wife who put the tambourine into my lap two or three times during the previous sitting. I told them that we had come a long distance to meet them, and that we wanted a private interview with them. They replied that they knew how far we had come. I said, "We are desirous to witness those wonderful manifestations which we have heard so much of from other persons." The leading spirit replied that, if all things were favorable, we should be gratified. I asked him what he meant by things being favorable. He said he meant a harmonious circle, and not such an one as we had previously that evening. After some further conversation, he dismissed us with "good-night."

The next evening, at the time appointed by the leading spirit, Mr. Koons, his wife and son, our company of four, and two other gentlemen—nine in all—repaired to the Spirit Room. Mr. Koons, Mr. Conklin, and myself were seated at one side of a square table, and the other members of the circle were seated otherwise about the table and the room. All being seated and quiet, the single and startling concussion, was sounded on the bass drum, as a signal that the spirits were ready to commence the performance of the evening. Now again commenced

the convulsive trembling and rattling of the large table and the apparatus on it, as before described. The reveille was again beaten on the drums. Mr. Koons took up his violin and drew the bow, as before, when the spirits again joined him in concert. Mr. K. asked them if they would play on a large harmonica, which lay on another table. They immediately took it out of its case and played on it in a masterly manner. They were then asked for a vocal accompaniment, which they gave in such harmonious strains that I thought, if it was the devil, he was fit to lead a choir of angels.

At an interval in the music I requested Mr. Koons to ask the spirits if they would not then commence writing for us. Without hesitation or delay they supplied themselves with the paper and pencils which we had taken in and laid on one of the tables. Here let me observe that the paper which we took with us was printing paper, unsized and unruled, and unlike any other paper that was there, or in that part of the country. And I will also mention that I also put on the table one of Flersheim's Buffalo pencils. They placed the paper on which they were about to write on the table in front of Mr. Koons, Mr. Conklin, and myself. I being between the other two, it lay immediately before me. Now what appeared to be a human hand, holding a pencil, was plainly visible over the paper, and immediately commenced writing with a rapidity that no mortal hand can equal or come near to. The paper, the hand, and pencil were much of the time so near us that we could all three have placed our hands upon them at the same time. Mr. Conklin was so intent upon close inspection that he got his head immediately over the hand and the pencil. Thereupon the hand made a sudden move upward, and hit his nose with the pencil, which gave him such a start that his head flew up as if the pencil had been sharpened at the upper end. When any one expressed a wish to see the hand more plainly, as some did, it would cease writing and open its fingers, showing its perfect construction and the flexibility of its joints. One of the ladies, who was not as near as we were, expressed a wish that she had been more eligibly seated. Immediately the hand and paper moved to the corner of the table nearest to her, wrote there a few lines, and then returned to its former position. When it had written both sides of the sheet full, it handed the pencil to me, which proved to be the same Buffalo pencil which I had placed on the table. The spirit-hand then folded the paper and placed it in my hand. I took it, and was subsequently instructed what to do with it. On receiving the

paper I observed that it was the same printing paper which is described above.

I mentioned that I had heard of spirits shaking hands with visitors. As soon as I had thus spoken, the hand was presented to each one in the room, all of whom received it and shook it, save one, who was too timid to suffer his hand to be clasped by the cold hand of a spirit. After a few words of oral conversation, they dismissed us with their usual "good-night."

In the course of the day, the spirit of my wife, who has been in the spirit-world about one year, requested me to meet her in the Spirit Room in the evening, after the close of the circle, with no one present but the medium, that she might converse with me through the trumpet. I went with the medium, according to the appointment, and we were saluted by the presiding spirit with a hearty "good-evening." The spirit of my wife tried to converse through the trumpet, but did not succeed. Thereupon the presiding spirit apologized for her failure, and proffered to speak for her, which he did, giving her language, and we conversed for some ten or fifteen minutes. I can not express the gratification which this interview gave me, nor is it necessary that I should attempt it.

At this interview I received instructions from the presiding spirit to bring the communication which the spirit-hand had committed to my keeping, to Buffalo, and have it published in *The Age of Progress*. In obedience to this instruction, the communication follows:

"To the Friends from Buffalo and New York:

'We are glad to meet you here, and we hope your visit has not been induced by a desire to gratify an idle curiosity in yourselves, as is the case with many to whom we have bestowed our visits and presence in this room. We have labored, now, some considerable time in this place, to produce something more tangible and philosophical than the manifestations of the M.D.'s\* and D.D.'s of the world, for the elevation of mankind. Our labor in this place is to show the infidel and skeptic that there is a brighter state of existence beyond the shadow and valley of the grave than what is realized here upon this earth's circumscribed sphere. Mortals of this earth have for many ages been groping their way through doubts, fears, and despondencies, with regard to the fu-

\* Alluding to the three Galens, in Buffalo, who held the knees of Mrs. Fish and her sister, to prevent those joints from giving intelligence from disembodied spirits.

ture ; yet in all their researches and earnest desires to know the truth of their future states of existence, together with the varied manifestations made by departed spirits to earth, they are still short-coming in appreciating the truth and philosophy of this matter ; and our labor in this place is designed to bring about and establish that scientific knowledge which is most and best calculated to elevate man's condition. For when the proper knowledge of Man's own constitutional nature is once established, so as to enable him to know himself, the tyranny of superstitious fears can no longer enslave the mind. Yes, friends, just as soon as the interior perceptions of man become excited to action by the impressive reflections of higher objects than those pertaining to this world, the icy chains of cruel slavery will at once be broken, never again to usurp the individual rights and privileges of the general mass. Yes, friends, was it not for the debt of love we owe our friends of earth, we would not labor in this great cause of reform and redemption of man ; and how much longer we may be enabled to conduct our manifestations to this purpose and end, in this place, is a matter unsettled with us, as it depends upon the patience and perseverance of our mediums in this circle, which depends much upon the encouragement offered them by those who participate in the avails of the light and knowledge which is shedding forth through their instrumentality. We wish to congratulate our *servant* Conklin for his fervent zeal, for yielding his personal interest to the cause of our mission ; and as long as the oppressions are not too rigid and hostile, we desire to say to him, and to our servant Koons and son, be of good cheer, and persevere in the cause, and the pearly rewards of your labor and forbearance will be augmented in the courts of your destined abodes ; and so with all who cast their mites into the treasury of light and knowledge.

" Dictated by the presiding band of this room."

In addition to the above communication, the presiding spirit gave me an oral message to the editor of *The Age of Progress*, informing me that he was well acquainted with him.

In conclusion, I will state that any one who is anxious to see the original manuscript which was written by the spirit-hand, can be gratified by calling on me.

STEPHEN DUDLEY.

## CONSECRATION ODE.

BY REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

Sang at the Consecration of Evergreen Cemetery, Kingston, Mass.

Here, when the dark pines solemnly  
Their sacred branches wave,  
And breathe through all their tuneful strings  
A requiem o'er the grave

Father of souls of every sphere,  
On earth or in the skies,  
That joined in mystic brotherhood  
In progress to thee rise—

We hither come, in tender awe,  
And thoughtful, solemn tread,  
With holy rites to consecrate  
A city of the dead.

Where high and low—all lowly now—  
And rich and poor shall meet,  
The child, his journey scarce begun,  
And age with tottering feet :

A city of the dead, within  
Whose mansions, dark and deep,  
Full soon ourselves and children all  
In death's cold arms shall sleep.

Shall sleep? The spirit never sleeps  
Or knows death's mortal gloom ;  
'Tis but the worn-out robe of flesh—  
It drops into the tomb .

While high above Earth's brightest scenes,  
On joyful wing we rise,  
To mansions in our Father's house—  
*A city in the skies.*

At heaven's bright threshold kindred souls  
In fond expectance wait,  
To guide our weary spirits home  
Through "the celestial gate."

There fairer groves than earth can boast  
Shall charm our longing eyes,  
While, led by angel-bands, we rest  
In bowers of Paradise.

Then wave your joyful heads, ye pines !  
While men exulting sing—  
"Oh, grave, where is thy victory !  
Oh, death, where is thy sting !"

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LOCAL SPIRITS AND DIVINITIES OF THE HINDOOS.—In some parts of Hindoostan the belief is current that each tract of land, together with what it bears upon its surface, continues under the special charge of the Spirit of its former earthly possessor, who must be propitiated in a suitable manner before the land can be occupied in safety. Whether this belief has any foundation in reality or not, there are many curious stories tending to give it countenance, told by English writers who have long resided among the Hindoos and observed their customs and superstitions. Among the rest is one concerning a particular district of land in the valley of the Nerbudda, which, after the death of its proprietor, had been mysteriously infested (it is said) in such a manner as to render it comparatively valueless to any earthly tenant. One Mr Lindsay, of the East India Company, while in charge of the same district, made an attempt to reclaim the land from its comparative desolation, and as a preparatory step took measures to survey it and fix its boundaries. To avoid any obstructions to this work, which he knew would be a triumph to the superstitions of the natives, he caused a new measuring rod to be made. Equipped with this and other necessary

utensils, he entered the field, his assistants following him with alarm and expectation. The rope was applied, and if the reports of the natives who were present are to be relied upon, it immediately flew into a thousand pieces. It was at all events certain that it immediately broke, and that Mr. Lindsay was taken ill about the same time, and some days afterward died. If we admit, what now seems undeniable, that houses are sometimes haunted by the Spirits of their former occupants, and in such a way as to render them untenable, it will not be difficult to conceive that those fields might have been haunted in a similar way.

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**SKEPTICISM WORRIED OUT.**—A medical man belonging to one of the ocean steamers recently attended, in company with a friend, a spiritual circle in this city where the manifestations consisted in table-tippings. After witnessing the movements for a while, he declared his belief that they were made by some person or persons in the circle, but not by Spirits. As he expressed this idea, all persons except himself withdrew from the table to the back part of the room, but the table continued moving as before. He still declared that the phenomenon could not be spiritual, when his chair was quickly drawn back several feet; and whenever he repeated his declaration of skepticism the same movement of his chair would occur. He afterward left the rooms and walked down Broadway, occasionally saying in his mind, "It can't be Spirits; it can't be Spirits;" but whenever he mentally repeated this declaration, an influence would thrill through him depriving him of all strength and compelling him to sit down. He afterward stopped at a hotel and detailed his mysterious experiences to a friend, ending with the usual declaration, "It can't be spiritual;" but on repeating the latter expression his chair was jerked back again several feet; and so the manifestations followed him wherever he went, until he was forced to resign his skepticism and acknowledge that they were spiritual.

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**THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED.**—The French officer, Saint-Arnaud, before embarking at Constantinople, sent his will to his attorney in France, with the order: "If Sebastopol is not taken on the 28th of September, you may execute my will on the 29th." On the 29th the hero of Alma yielded to the disease with which he had so long struggled, and died in the hour of his military glory. We find this statement in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.



## CANCERS CURED BY SPIRITS.

## EDITOR TELEGRAPH:

Some three months since I reported some *facts* under the caption, "Modern Miracles," etc., as wrought by Spirit-power through Mrs. S. B. Johnson, of Bangor, Me., promising more of the same sort in due season. With your liberty—as Mrs. Johnson has been sent to Philadelphia to heal the sick, and has given me access to her numerous testimonials of cures—I will present the three following cases of cancers treated and cured by her under Spirit influence and direction, as follows:

"This is to certify, that I, the undersigned of Musquodobit, Nova Scotia, aged 75 years, have been afflicted for *eleven years* with a *cancer* in the lip and cheek, which set at defiance all medical treatment by the regular faculty, and had become so offensive that but few could endure the stench long enough to dress it, and pay necessary attention to my wants. In *six weeks' time* Mrs. S. B. Johnson, of Bangor, Me., made a perfect cure of my '*incurable*' case." (One year has elapsed since the date of this certificate, and a letter from the old gentleman gives assurances of continued health and soundness.

Dated, HALIFAX, N. S., Oct., 1853.

2d Case: TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"This is to certify that my wife, Hannah Shepherd, has been afflicted for some two and a half years, with a *cancer* in the breast and shoulder, incapacitating her for labor; and for more than a year compelling her to wear her arm in a sling. Having had recourse to our best regular physicians without hope, she was on the point of submitting to the surgical knife—not with the promise of cure, but prolongation of life—when Mrs. S. B. Johnson, of Bangor, Me., a "Healing Spirit Medium" came to town. I applied to her, and in *six weeks* my wife was "*healed*"—perfectly cured!

DAVID SHEPHERD,

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb., 1854.

HANNAH SHEPHERD."

3d Case: "This is to certify that I have been sorely afflicted with a *cancer* in my *nose* for *four years*; suffering intensely, and getting no

relief from numerous physicians, I became despairing of aid. One eye had lost its muscular contraction, and the sight nearly obliterated, when Mrs. S. B. Johnson, of Bangor, Me., came to town. I applied to her, and in the short space, wonderful to relate! of *three weeks*, my cancer was cured.

STEPHEN GLAZIER."

FREDERICTOWN, N. B.

Reader, the day of healing the sick has returned to bless our world again. The power of God as manifested in apostolic days, accompanied with the miraculous gifts developed by Christ, are by the self-same power and goodness vouchsafed to man *now*, in A. D. 1854! More anon.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec., 1853.

C. H. DE WOLFE.

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## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

1. WHEN you undertake to write for the public, be sure you have something to communicate.
2. Let the ideas you would express be well defined in your own mind before you attempt to convey them to others.
3. Be particular to express your thoughts in as few words as possible, and avoid a too frequent recurrence of the same terms in similar relations.
4. Remember that an idea, when once appropriately expressed, derives no additional force or importance by being repeated.
5. Do not begin by selecting the profoundest subject within the whole range of human thought. We recollect an instructive anecdote of a boy, who was presented with a new hatchet, and he straightway got on to the largest log in the wood—and then—*he got off again!* It is not advisable to take the largest log first.
6. If unpracticed in composition, bear in mind that you may exhaust your powers in treating a familiar theme.

7. Be sure to discuss the claims of your *subject*, and keep your own out of sight.

8. Always commence where your *subject* begins, and stop where it ends.

S. B. B.

## MOUNTAINS.

THE gentle shepherd leads his sheep  
To mountain summits lifted high,  
Where nearer bends the eternal sky,  
And loftier souls the silence keep.

For Spirits walk amid the hills  
Of brighter form and purer mold,  
The influence of the age of gold  
The atmosphere with music thrills.

Go up, O Man, if thou wouldst find  
Interior truth, where, grand and large,  
The mountains rise beside the marge  
Of seas that roll from spheres of mind.

Hear the eternal billows roll,  
Hark to the music of the sea,  
And thou henceforth shalt wiser be,  
And stronger nerved in heart and soul.

EVENING (Aug. 2).

NOTES.

A SOMNAMBULIST—DANGEROUS LEAP.—On Monday night week, a boy about fifteen years old, son of Daniel B. Croucher, residing on Bonney Street, while in a fit of somnambulism, sprang through a pane of glass, and fell a distance of twenty feet, narrowly escaping the loss of his life. He was dreaming at the time it occurred that the house was on fire, and that he could not possibly effect his escape in any other manner than described above. Fortunately he was but slightly injured. The most singular part of all was, that in his flight he broke but one pane of glass, measuring nine by thirteen inches.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

## NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

DECEMBER 26, 1854.

MR. PARTRIDGE called on the friends present for any facts they may have witnessed of recent occurrence. Not having any to relate himself, he read the following circular which had been addressed to the TELEGRAPH, by Robert Owen. Mr. Partridge prefaced it by some remarks on the peculiar views of Mr. Owen, and of his conversion to Spiritualism from what is usually termed infidelity.

THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM IN 1855.

All governments, religions, classes, sects, and parties, in all countries, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a meeting to be held in the metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 14th May next, in St. Martin's Hall, to hear explained "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which *all* governments may make, with the aid of their respective religions, every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And, as a preliminary measure, the TRADES OF THIS METROPOLIS are invited to elect and send delegates to a meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday, January 1st, 1855, at 7 P.M., to have explained to them, that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow-workmen over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which they will be recommended to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates to be held as stated on the 14th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race, without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order and wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class in any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within the new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and with a right good-will to aid and benefit them, regardless of their class, creed, country, or color.

There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings ; but the whole will be conducted with " Truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their condition will be alone to the God of the Universe, who evidently worketh all things in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man.

ROBERT OWEN.

LONDON, 25th November, 1854.

A gentleman present related the facts of a circle which met on Wednesday evening last. Mr. Hume was the medium. When seated, the first thing noticed was an undulating motion of the table, which was followed by its being lifted entirely clear of the floor. This was repeated several times. Once or twice it was raised as high as the chins of the party sitting at it, the hands of every person in the room being upon the table. A guitar in its case standing in one corner of the room was heard to move, and on examination the end resting upon the floor was found to have moved several inches. Loud raps were heard in its vicinity while this was being done, and a closet door opening upon the room in which they were seated, was shut with some considerable force. The circle during these occurrences remained seated at the table, and some six or eight feet from where they took place. The guitar case was then unlocked by Mr. Hume, and the instrument placed under the table. In this position it was played upon repeatedly, not, to be sure, in the highest grade of the art, but with very fair average skill. *The hands of the party during this performance were all upon the table in plain sight of every one.* There was no chance for trick, the room being sufficiently light for all to see the exact position of every person and thing in the room. The guitar was then placed in the lap of every member of the circle in rotation. Each one took hold of the end presented, and held on until the instrument was removed by the invisible agency. The table, the chairs in which they were seated, and the floor of the room itself were made each, in turn, to exhibit a tremulous motion, sensible to all. The large rocking-chair in which Mr. Hume was seated, was next rocked forcibly. Then, by direction through the alphabet, the whole party of ten persons, in rotation took the same chair, and were rocked in the same way. The application of the power was as though a person had hold of the upper part of the back of the chair with one hand, and the other on the arm. The application of the force at these points could be felt distinctly at every vibration ; and the force neces-

sary to produce them may be appreciated by stating that the feet were held out straight, and were frequently made to strike the under side of the top of the table. Every one was touched in turn as by human hands, some large and some small. A lady present who had been touched with what purported to be the hands of her little daughter, asked if she could take the handkerchief out of her lap? Very soon it was seen to move slowly from her lap, and disappear beneath the table. In a few minutes, raps indicating the alphabet were heard, and this sentence was received: "Mother, now look and see what we have done." On looking, the handkerchief was found knotted and twisted into the form of a *doll-baby*, not very symmetrical, but sufficiently like to show the evident design, as well as ingenuity and power to execute. Several other interesting facts occurred during the evening.

Dr. Hallock said he was present when the facts just narrated occurred. The point which he particularly wished to illustrate was, the open character, so to speak, of these manifestations. When an important fact is stated, accompanied with the explanation that it occurred in a dark room, it naturally raises the question of deception in the mind of the hearer, which the most elaborate statement of particulars can not in all cases eradicate. From beginning to end, these manifestations were free from that objection. Every person in the circle, medium included, was in full view. When the guitar was played, all our hands were *seen* to be on the table. A man could not have touched the strings of that instrument with the toe of his boot even, much less with his hand, without detection. So of all the other facts of the evening. In one instance, after several unsuccessful attempts to retain a sheet of paper upon the smooth surface of the table when elevated to a considerable angle, the table with the sheet of paper on it was turned so as to rest on its edge, the top being vertical, and the paper still retaining its position, until it was suffered to fall at the request of one of the gentlemen present. The exhibition of power and intelligence manifested on that evening were done *for us*, and not *by us*—if ten pairs of eyes, with the remaining complement of senses, are to be taken as evidence.

Mr. Cunningham, of Washington (D. C.), said he was opposed to all spiritual hierarchies. He had no objection to the manufacture of creeds or theories—provided we did not enforce them upon others. We naturally love our own children, but let us take a lesson from the nursery. The mother loves to see her little darling attract the attention of her friends, so she has it crisped, and curled, and otherwise embellished,

and then presents it with the best foot foremost—but mind, she does not force it upon their attention. She leaves that to nature and the law of affinity. So should we do with our darling theories. The question of the day is, “Can Spirits communicate with us?” The question “*How?*” may be settled at leisure. We must have charity for each other, and for all men. To differ about the philosophy of a fact is not “a hanging matter.” Pope says,

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.”

Men may dispute forever about theories, but they can not quarrel long or very bitterly with facts, and these are what the world needs. It says, all spiritual manifestations ceased with Christ and his Apostles.

All the sects denounce modern Spiritualism. This mistake of the world and of the church can only be overcome by an array of facts to the contrary. Theories will not do it. The facts of church history—the spiritual experiences of the different founders of her varied sects—will not do it. The church to-day is fighting the battle of materialism against an army of “living witnesses,” and against the facts of her own history. He cited two instances of spiritual manifestation occurring many years ago, one in this city and the other in Kentucky, as illustrating the unbroken chain of spiritual facts manifest through all ages of the world. Mr. Cunningham stated many interesting facts of his own knowledge. He had ridiculed the rapping and writing mediums as well as other men. Finally a young man came and told him he had found it all out, so they sat down to hear the humbug exposed, and got up convinced of its truth. They had manifestations at once. He was himself developed as a writing medium, and, strange as it may appear, the first manifestation through that method was a *lie*—that is, many would call it so—but the lie so-called produced a change in the conditions and purposes of his soul which could not be effected by any other form of truth. Call it a lie if you choose. In his case it changed hatred into love, and enmity into affection; and such being the effect, let the name take care of itself. Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

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**GOLD MADE BY SPIRITS.**—The following circumstance, incredible as it may appear to minds merely on the sensuous plane, was narrated to us by a well-known clergyman, who personally witnessed and carefully

observed the occurrence, and whose testimony no one who knows him would think of questioning for a moment. The fact stated is specially commended to attention at this time, as tending to the solution of a question recently much agitated among New York Spiritualists, viz., whether interior substances can be externalized, rendered palpable to the senses, and endowed with weight, power of resistance, etc. The narrator stated to us that about three years ago he was at a spiritual circle in the city of Brooklyn, during the sitting of which, as if in answer to some queries which were agitating the minds of those present, a lock of hair was seen to stand upright upon the head of one of the company, and upon the lock were observed about twenty visible crystallizations, in the forms of octahedral prisms, bright and sparkling, and seeming to be solid gold. These particles were removed from the lock, closely inspected by the eye, and rubbed in the hand, and so great was their power of resistance under pressure that they left visible indentations in the hand, which indentations remained for some time. The Spirits, who, the meanwhile, kept constantly rapping through the medium, claimed that they had projected these particles from the internals of the atmosphere, where they had substantially existed. The crystals remained visible for about twelve minutes, when, after being duly inspected by the company, they suddenly dissolved and vanished.

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A SPIRIT-SENT DOVE.—On the 27th of Nov. last, a regularly constituted spiritual circle in Boston was promised, by the Spirits, the presentation of a *white dove*, which, they said, would go to the hands of one who would take care of it for the circle. At a subsequent session of the circle this promise was redeemed in a singularly interesting manner. After the party had been sitting for an hour, and had been pretty thoroughly subdued to the influence of the Spirits, one of the entranced mediums was made to say, "The dove is coming, and is now in the hands of the medium." The members of the circle all looked, and saw a beautiful white dove in the hands of a Mrs. Vinton, one of the party. It was a veritable bird, and no psychological specter, and its resting in Mrs. V.'s hands was understood as indicating that she was to keep it for the circle. A full account of this affair, with reflections, is given in the *New Era*, and the names of the members of the circle are given in attestation of its truth. Bela Marsh, the well-known Boston bookseller, was one of the party.



## CURES BY SPIRITS.

MILFORD, Ct., Dec. 19th, 1854

DEAR BRO. BRITTAN :

Since I last wrote you we have had a visit from some *healing mediums*, and although this is perhaps the very *stronghold* of Sectarianism, they have caused considerable investigation, and have been visited by some who would not have been expected out of the pale of church proscription. The *mediums* referred to are a Captain Calvin Hall, of Somers, Ct., and a Mrs. Dexter, of Ware, Mass. They came to Milford by direction, and found the place better prepared for sowing the Truth at the time than at any other since I have been acquainted here, on account of the supposed death and burial of a girl whom many believed to have only been in a trance state, and that she was buried alive. But even with this operating upon them, the people were so *sensuous* and *superstitious* they were refused a hearing on their first visit, but they have since visited here once a week, and have had a large number of calls for this place. Captain Hall has certificates from various sources, of cases he has cured by the aid of the Spirits. His treatment consists in making passes at the Spirits direct, and giving only magnetized water. Those treated in town have experienced much benefit. Of his certificates I have taken off a synopsis, which, with the above, are at your service.

Dolly Hale, of Barre, aged 27 years, who had suffered extremely for three years from neuralgia, which had induced fits, after exhausting the usual sources of medical aid in Barre and Worcester, was directed by a clairvoyant to Captain Hall, and was cured in three weeks at his residence.

Mrs. Adeline K. Fletcher, aged 47 years, had the nerve of the right eye paralyzed for three years, and had nearly become blind in it, when sight was restored through the mediumship of Captain Hall.

Mary A. Francis, of Stafford, was relieved of a severe cough, after raising blood, becoming greatly emaciated, and having the lower limbs swell badly, by the manipulations. She had been a long time under the effect of anodynes to suppress the cough, and took none after the operations were commenced.

Caroline Sibley, of Ware, was cured of a severe headache which had existed for about three months, and had resisted all remedies which she had applied, by Captain Hall laying his hand on her head and making a few passes.

Mary Adams, of Somersville, testifies that she had been in ill health for thirty years with what the doctors called "liver complaint," that her diet had been reduced by their order to one cracker a day with brandy and sugar, that she had a bad cough, had taken medicine for nearly 20 years steady, and had had fits from January to April, averaging three per week. Captain Hall cured her immediately of fits, her cough was relieved, and she commenced improving without the aid of drugs, or the use of tea, coffee, or spirituous liquors.

Sophronia Davis, of Somers, had been under usual treatment for a severe pain in her head two weeks, and had nearly lost her hearing, when on calling on Captain Hall, the pain was removed by his treatment and her hearing restored.

Lydia W. Gates, of Somersville, was cured of rheumatism and other difficulties.

Nathan Burlingame, of the same place, certifies that his wife was cured of severe dysentery by the operations—"the disease abating from that time." "Under the peculiar influence the dysentery was cured."

Peter Deming, of Somers, had his eye badly injured while cutting timber, by a bough springing and striking the sight, so that there was a scratch across it, and the "eye looked more like blood than any thing else, and was very painful," was cured by the operations of Captain Hall. "The eye was almost immediately restored to its former color, and in a very short time was as free from pain as ever, and he could read a newspaper with as much ease as ever."

Another case, where the patient was examined at a distance of miles from his bedside, and the disease was accurately told as decided by a post-mortem examination, was also certified. In this instance the diagnosis and prognosis differed from *seven* physicians who made the examination, and found the *Spirits* correct.

Yours, P. D.

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SENSIBLE ODOR FROM SPIRITUAL SUBSTANCE.—In the month of January last a well-known medium, residing in this city, being at the house of a merchant in New Orleans, became interiorized, and saw and de-

scribed a certain Spirit. The Spirit said that during his life in the body he had been a dealer in precious gums, spices, and perfumes. He bore in his hand a box of sandal wood, which he opened, and by an art known to Spirits, caused the room to be filled with a strong odor of camphor, perceptible to the external sense of smell by those present. The medium requested that the door of the room should be opened, which being done, the odor extended through the hall, ascended to the upper stories, and filled the house so that the domestics distinctly perceived it and spoke of it, though they knew nothing of what was going on in the room with the medium. We have the account of this circumstance from a well-known gentleman, who was a personal witness of the affair, and on whose testimony we can place the most entire reliance. This fact will also be perceived as having an emphatic significance in respect to the now agitated question, whether Spirits can, under certain circumstances, project substances from the interior into the exterior and sensible world.

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JOSEPHUS A SPIRITUALIST.—It appears that Josephus, the Jewish historian, was not unacquainted with Spiritual phenomena, such as are exemplified in some of their main features at the present day. Speaking of the wisdom of Solomon, he says, "God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons. . . And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons so that they never return. And this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing people that were demoniacal in the presence of Vespasian, and his sons, and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring, that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through the nostrils (a magnetic process). . . And when Eleazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such a power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon, as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had gone out of the man; and when this was done, the skill and wisdom of Solomon were showed very manifestly." (See Jos. Ant. B. viii. : chap. ii. § 5.) We find in this latter sentence another parallelism to the movement of physical objects by Spirits at this day.

## ROUSSEAU.

T. L. HARRIS.

THE following description of the genius and spiritual mission of Rousseau, the most fervid and passionate hater of despotism in the eighteenth century, is selected from the MSS. of the new and forthcoming "Lyric of the Golden Age." This poem, the most powerful and striking of the productions of its invisible authors, was finished a few days since, being a volume of over two hundred pages, and having occupied about forty hours in its delivery.

There was a Genius, hating hateful things,  
And loving Virtue, as a lover clings,  
Impure himself, unto some chaste sweet spirit.  
This man from God a burning soul did 'herit—  
Swift, eager, passionate, intensely strung  
To joy and sorrow, and he moved among  
The sons of Time a meteor mid pale lamps,  
His brightness veiled in loathsome grave-yard damps  
Exhaling from corruption. Oh! the clod  
Where violets bloom than he was happier far,  
And he went wailing, like some falling star,  
Companionless, heart-broken after God.

God loved him in his errors, and he sent  
Three mighty men from heaven, who, in the tent  
Of mortal sorrow, thrilled his mind asleep,  
In trances lifting him where angels keep  
Their solemn vigils o'er humanity.

This was Rousseau, the dreamer of strange dreams.  
Sweet Clarena! oft he turned to noblest themes  
Amid thy shades; and when, in later years,  
He won a name, his agonies, and tears,

And hopes, and expectations, and despairs,  
Wild mimeries, and secret burning prayers,  
His solemn midnights, his delirious mornings,  
His mockeries and his jests, his dim forewarnings  
And prophecies, all took through speech new birth.  
His three-fold nature touched heaven, hell, and earth.  
His three-fold thought, outspoken, thence became  
Sweet sunshine, cheering dew, and scorching flame.  
A million murdered heretics, white sown  
In calcined ashes, and o'er Europe strewn,  
Made him their wild avenger. It was he  
Who whispered thy great name, O Liberty !  
With his own heart communing, awed and still.  
He knew not how that name ere long should fill  
Mankind with hope and despots with dismay.  
As forked lightnings harmlessly that play  
Around the cottage roof, but strike the spire,  
And change the fortress to a funeral pyre,  
Fell his swift thought ; it broke the enslaving charms  
That numbed mankind ; it shook with fierce alarms  
The settled ease of nations. Hollow groans  
Were heard reverberating under thrones ;  
Old dungeons preached with stony lips to men.

"Better," he spoke, "to share the lion's den,  
Go clad in skins, and grasp the savage lance,  
Than wear gay robes and in the minuet dance.  
Better to feed on Nature's simple fare  
Than feast where slaves the kingly board prepare.  
Better wear Indian costume, far, and rule  
O'er worlds of thought, than be the Tyrant's tool,  
Fettered in velvets, manacled in lace,  
And eating dust to win a lackey's place.  
Better go houseless, fetterless, and free,  
Than palace-hived, to crouch the fawning knee.  
And better, better far, to worship heaven  
'Mid the magnificence of morn and even,  
When stars their burning chariots drive through space,  
When Nature mirrors back her Author's face ;

When, with cathedral voices, grand and high,  
The storms and seas chant praises to the sky;  
Learn of the flowers their lesson; from the dust  
Of graves extract the solemn words of trust;  
In the deep heart find God, and breathe the prayer  
Of penitence and faith through midnight air;  
Commune with Deity when he unveils  
His face in lightnings and his breath in gales;  
Find Pentecostal flames in morning light,  
Baptismal waters in the dews of night,  
Than worship where an impious priest pretends  
That God through wafer and through wine descends,  
And eats the God he makes, and wets his lips  
In Deity's red blood." The dark eclipse  
Of doubt lay on him, but in heart he tried  
Religious forms by Jesus crucified.  
Finding priests recreant, perjured, base, and vain,  
He turned to Nature's ancient lore again.

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A QUAKER MEDIUM TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—In Mr. Glanvil's "*Saducismus Triumphatus*," published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, an account of a neophyte in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day. At times his speech would be entirely taken away from him, and at others he would be forced to speak in a manner quite independent of, and even contrary to, his own volition, while his muscular system would be controlled in a variety of ways as by a power foreign to himself. For the purpose of reclaiming him to the Church of England, from which he had seceded, the minister prayed with him, and at the conclusion of the petition he (the Quaker) was forced to exclaim, "Thine is the kingdom!" which he repeated over a hundred times. "Sometimes," says the narrator, "he was forced into extreme laughter, sometimes into singing, while his hands were usually employed in beating his breast. All of us who stood by could discern unusual heavings in his body. This distemper in him did continue till toward the morning of the next day, and then the voice within him signified that it would leave him, bid-

ding him to get upon his knees in order to that end, which he did, and then presently he had a perfect command of himself." The identity of this case, in all essential features, with many that are now occurring, will be seen at a glance; and the repetition of these phenomena in different ages of the world, proves that they are all referable to an *established law*, and not the result of the ever-varying caprices of man.

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**A MYSTERIOUS VISITATION.**—A correspondent of the *Spiritual Universe*, writing from Chagrin Falls, Ohio, says that he was recently awakened, one night about one o'clock, by what appeared to be the footfalls of a person coming up stairs to his room. He spoke to the invisible presence, but received no answer; but presently there commenced a concert of ticking, rattling, and rumbling sounds of every variety, from that made by striking the stove pipe with a whip to the beatings of drums, and heavy elaps of thunder. These sounds continued, with variations and slight interruptions until the dawn of day, and then ceased.

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### ANOTHER "REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE."

WOBURN, MASS., Dec. 20, 1854.

MESRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN :

*Gentlemen*—In the TELEGRAPH of NOV. 18, I perceive a letter in which is shown the exact coincidence between a communication received by me in Feb., 1854, purporting to have been from Sir John Franklin, and accounts from Dr. Rae, first published in the *Montreal Herald*—more than eight months afterward—on the 21st Oct., 1854. I send herewith a certificate from the proprietors of the New England Stereotype Foundry, proving that the plates of the "Epitome of Spirit Intercourse" were delivered to Bela Marsh on the 23d Sept., 1854, *four weeks* before the account was received from Montreal.

Yours truly,

ALFRED CRIDGE.

BOSTON, Dec. 19, 1854.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

This is to certify that we stereotyped for Mr. Bela Marsh a work named "Spirit Intercourse" (written by Mr. Alfred Cridge), the plates of which were delivered Sept. 23d, 1854. HOBART & ROBBINS.

## EFFECTS OF ETHER AND CHLOROFORM.

THE Dentists of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City have lately held two meetings at the Dental Academy in Bond Street, for the purpose of relating the facts of their experience in the administration of ether and chloroform for anæsthetical purposes. The exciting motive of these convocations was the recent trial and conviction of Dr. Beale, a Philadelphia dentist, for alleged improper liberties taken with a young lady while the latter was under the influence of chloroform, the testimony in the case being only that of the young lady herself, who spoke from the remembrance of her impressions while under the effects of the stimulant. The question particularly agitated was, whether such testimony should be considered valid in a Court of Justice, in the absence of corroborative evidence. Many facts were stated of a highly interesting nature, as showing the psychological hallucinations that are apt to take possession of persons while under the operation of these subtle stimulants. For instance, Dr. Main stated that after extracting three teeth of an etherized gentleman, the latter coolly demanded of him ten dollars. He thought he had been driving a chariot with four white horses, at the Hippodrome, and had beaten a span of black horses, and won ten dollars which he had bet. Another man, while under the influence of chloroform, thought he was driving his fast team, eating, smoking, and drinking. Another thought he had been locked up in the Tombs, and wanted the doctor to go his bail. A boy thought he was fishing; a lady thought she was planting flowers; and an Irish girl—a Cath-



olic—pronounced her priest and her religion a humbug (this declaration must have been made at a lucid moment). While having eleven teeth extracted by Dr. Marvin, of Brooklyn, a lady, after having taken a large quantity of chloroform, screamed violently, and thought they were squeezing her head between the hinges of a gate, and that they afterward threw her among a drove of cattle, which tried to gore her to death with their horns. Dr. Griswold, of Williamsburg, stated that recently, after he had given ether to an athletic man, the owner of a distillery, the latter sprang up, and, with clenched fists, swore violently, and on returning to consciousness, stated that he thought he was in his distillery, and that one of the men had carelessly produced some derangement in the machinery, at which he became enraged. Dr. Rich said that a young lady, having a remarkably fine head of hair, thought, while under the influence of chloroform, that her brother, by whom she was attended, plucked out a quantity of her hair, and she persists in that impression to this day. A gentleman, under the same influence, thought he was in heaven, and described the glorious visions he saw there. Another man, under the hands of Dr. J. W. Smith, of Brooklyn, on recovering from the intoxication of chloroform, thought he had been in hell, and the idea took so firm a hold of him afterward that he could not dispel it, and he is now, in consequence, in the Lunatic Asylum! A lady who had received chloroform from Dr. Smiley without any immediate unpleasant effect, got up on the same night and went, *en chemise*, to a fire in the neighborhood, and did good service in inciting the firemen to the performance of their duties. Several instances were also related in which amorous and other improper manifestations had been made by ladies while under the excitement, and in which they imagined that insults had been offered them, and could not be dissuaded from that impression after returning to their natural state.

The impression pretty generally prevailed that Dr. Beale, the Philadelphia dentist above referred to, was very probably the victim of some such hallucination as the latter, and that he should not have been convicted by the testimony of the young lady alone ; but no formal resolution to that effect was passed by the meeting.

We mention these facts principally on account of their interesting psychological and physiological bearings ; but lest these statements should contribute to engender an unwarrantable prejudice against ether and chloroform, it is deemed proper to add that these are merely exceptional cases, selected from among hundreds in which the administration of those anæsthetics was attended with no unpleasant effects whatever.

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**DECISIVE TESTS OF SPIRIT-IDENTITY.**—A friend who requests that names should be suppressed in this relation, mentioned to us the following facts witnessed by him at a recent circle : The medium, while external consciousness was entirely suspended, said : " Adaline is here." He said that the Spirit was formerly an acquaintance of Mrs. D., who was present. That lady, however, had no recollection of a deceased acquaintance of that name, and the Spirit, for identification, proceeded to describe the place at which they had last met. The description was so perfect in every particular that the lady instantly recognized it, and thus knew the Spirit. She asked the latter what was the cause of her death, and was answered that she was murdered by a young man who had crushed her life out by pressing his knee upon her chest. She said that the young man was imprisoned for the act for seven years, and she even mentioned his name. Mrs. D. recognized the statement as correct in every particular, though it was certain that the medium had never known any thing of the circumstances.

The same circle met on the evening of the same day, when the Spirit, " Adaline," appeared again, and said to a person present, " Tell your aunt that she must get rid of that habitual coldness of the feet, and that headache, or the consequences may be serious." The lady said it was true that she did experience much difficulty from coldness of feet and from headache, but that she had never mentioned this fact.

## THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

"But those, who *do* the Will of my Father."

LOOMING up out of the gloom of the past appears that bright and cheering ray of hope, "Spiritualism"—a *new-born certainty* of an hereafter conscious existence, and a relief from the almost universal inward dread and fear of utter extinction at death. It came as it were "like a thief in the night," noiselessly and void of ostentation, and has taken the cold and stolid sentinels on the walls of materialistic philosophy by surprise. Beauteous and divine light! God's new covenant with sinking humanity! a blessing pregnant with a *seeming* hope of a redemption of the race. Will it prove such? That is the question which now agitates the deep-thinking lover and friend of his species. Will it prove of any *practical* benefit to man, or will it, like all preceding systems, resolve itself into a mere *talking* Theology? Spirits may communicate; nay, God himself may commune with man, but unless man obeys in life, in act, and in deed the injunctions given, we remain where we are and have been for ages. We are still the same divided, conflicting, competing, *legally* swindling, overreaching, plodding, huckstering beings we ever were. The injunctions, "Be united," "Love ye one another," can no more be fulfilled than it ever has been.

We most emphatically declare, and are willing to stake the truth of our declaration on our answer from the Spirit-sphere, that the present state of society is not the state for Spiritualists to live and abide in—that it is antagonistic to morality and utterly subversive of a life of spiritual purity—that it is

at once an absurd, pitiless, degrading, and inhuman system. The system perpetuates an *inequality* of physical condition—imparting enormous corrupting riches on one hand, and degrading, painful penury on the other. Such results are inherent in, and inseparably connected with, the present social or, more truly, *anti-social*, system, and *for* this it ought to be condemned and shunned by every one believing in the spiritual philosophy. What is, and has been in all time, the great, prolific source of ignorance, immorality, and crime? What but poverty? Away then with a system, for the future, which tends irresistibly to enchain the mass in hopeless penury, while it yields inordinate wealth to the *few*, making them *tyrants* over the *many*. Can there ever be purity, contentment, or brotherly unity under so selfish and merciless a system? What is commerce, really, if once stripped of its assumed dignity? Verily, an embodied lie—a huge deception! Men who are engaged in its pursuits cultivate falsehood as a science, indispensable to success. They unscrupulously employ untruth as part of their legitimate stock in trade.

This seemingly sweeping charge is no exaggeration, as every one's observation and experience will attest. Is a system so mean, groveling, and animalized adapted to the life of a people actuated by a pure Spiritualism? Nay, it is suited only to the gross sensualist—to the selfish, misanthropic, and miserly soul. God evidently gave life to the intent of its being perpetuated and preserved to the longest possible period. But every advance in the price of food (the aim of all traffickers) renders it just *so much more difficult* to be procured to appease hunger, hence it is just so far *an attack upon the life* God has given, and hence must be a sin in his sight. To aid in famishing people to death is the unvarying *tendency* of all the leading modes of traffic and commerce; hence such are species of indirect murder, and as such must shock and revolt the nature

of the genuine Spiritualist. Divided interests, competition, and little petty selfish efforts, may have done very well for the *past*—for the infancy of the race—but they are not adapted to the exalted and glorious career of the *FUTURE*.

Spiritualists must aim to found a *new temporal* system ; a system based upon those principles of love, mercy, and justice which shall be consonant with their high aspirations toward a spiritual life. You must seek to build up *THE TRUE UNITARY KINGDOM*. The past and present belong to the *kingdom of mammon*. The past has been characterized by *division* and *disunity* ; the *FUTURE* must exemplify the opposite—unity, coöperation, brotherly and united effort. The possessive pronoun “mine” must be supplanted by that more fraternal word “ours.” There must be “*our* palace, *our* gardens, groves, vineyards, and luxurious farms, *our* temple, *our* music hall, *our* library, *our* sculpture and picture-galleries ;” in fact, *our* every thing that is at all calculated to advance our knowledge, purity, and happiness. Industry, toil, and merit have pined in hovels in the *past* ; be it the task of the new dispensation to see it housed in palaces in the future. Such is the mission of Spiritualism, failing in which, it were an empty bubble, like unto all preceding systems.

The old system is worn, rickety, decrepit, insomuch that every lip becomes prophetic of its downfall. All cry, “Some change is about to take place.” Such is the soul of man speaking through the lips its deep conviction of the corrupt and impious nature and tendency of the present conflicting system. There *must* and *will* be a change. Who shall guide and control the wild and explosive elements in the coming crisis ? Who so proper as Spiritualists ? The people have ceased to have reverence for their ancient guides. Orthodoxy has lost its power to govern. The *NEW ORDER*, then, is the only hope of society in the approaching change. We fearlessly repeat,

that the upbuilding of the unitary kingdom is the allotted mission of Spiritualists. For the truth, of this declaration we are willing to abide the answer and decision of our spiritual counselors. Question them on the subject, and then act, or cease to trouble them any longer.

The superficial may object on the ground that "the coöperative and unitary principle *has* been tried, and failed." The simple answer to this is, "It failed for the very *want of Spiritualism!*" Inquire if such was not the fact. Spiritual communion is the only light, the only guide, which can teach the grand secrets of the unitary kingdom, or perpetuate it in all its glory, purity, power, and usefulness. The spiritual kingdom and the temporal kingdom must be *in unison*, must be *one* and inseparable. One is the handmaiden of the other. United, they become omnipotent for good and noble ends—the exaltation of sinking humanity. United, they form at once a grand science—the science of sciences. They take guardianship of every thing relating to the welfare of the soul *and* the body—of the whole and entire man. They form a *perfect* science whose aim and grasp is wide as the race of man. The unitary kingdom in its scope and appointments, as revealed to us, is grand and magnificent in the extreme, abounding in every thing rich, chaste, and beautiful; in every thing that will elevate, ennoble, and purify humanity. In the great work of its erection, Spiritualists are destined to become the visible hands of God laboring upon earth for the salvation of his suffering people. Your parent hath cried, "Come home!" Inquire of your counselors if it is not so. You are to cry no longer, "Lord, what shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" He has said, "The laborer—*his* laborer—is *worthy* of his hire," and he *will* add all these things unto you. You will be the princes of his household, ever welcome guests. At his board you will be

well and sumptuously supplied, without money and without price. Want, tears, and poverty shall be known no more.

In the Truth,

JAMES NIXON.

POTOSI, WISCONSIN.

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## IMMORTALITY.

THE immortality of the soul is not only a delicious and a magnificent dream—the most delicious and magnificent of dreams—but it is a law, the most absolute of the laws of the universe. It is a truth, the fullness and purport of which no fierceness of imagination can compass; and yet it is, when once rightly apprehended, as plain a reality as this living body, this breathing *I am*, in which it is temporarily concentrated.

The fact of to-day is the fancy of yesterday; and so forever the universal imaginations of eternal souls print themselves deathlessly into sensuous expression. Fact is the highest poetry of the universe. It is the expression and resolution of all thought. The spiritual powers of thought-realms are ever seeking to become something—to express themselves materially—to impregnate, as it were, the womb of time—and perpetuate their deathless natures in generation; and so the book of fate—the records of destiny—are written in the eternal conjunctions of thought and matter—Osiris and Isis, Orzmad and Ahriman, Jupiter and Juno, Creator and the Created, expressed symbolically in every religious myth that has visited the soul of man.

This is the law of spiritual impression. The spirits of every man and every woman are electrically or magnetically or odically (I use these words for want of better) coincident

with certain spheres of thought, love, hope, desire, or endeavor. We are all of us expressing in our daily lives the spiritual spheres to which we naturally belong, and the daily history of this planet is the outspoken thought of the spiritual realms that are acting upon it, modified by the material conditions which they can not wholly control, and by those individual idiosyncrasies which are derived from the heart of Nature herself. We talk of the law of progress, but there is an immortality of the past as well as an immortality of the future. "Before Abraham was, I am." Progress pertains, however, to consciousness, which is a culminating point in the history of the soul, when the wandering spirit, having exhausted ethereal realms, once more incorporates itself materially, and the marriage of Cupid and Psyche is again consummated under the auspices of Hymen.

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PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1, 1855.

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## REV. U. CLARK'S SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

NONE who know how little I am disposed to accept the marvelous and incredible, will suspect me deceived in reference to what follows. Three months since I should have regarded it impossible to experience what I now know to be the most unquestionable realities. For more than twelve years I have been able to give evidence of possessing strong positive psychological capacities, yet without evincing the least susceptibility to the influence of other psychologists. Within the last two months, however, I have found myself growing strangely susceptible to innumerable foreign influences and impressions, sometimes flowing into the interior like the revelations of a whole universe unveiled in supernal radiance. Coming within the sphere of certain individuals, I began to receive an involuntary impression of their entire being, and would readily delineate all their emotions, wants, tendencies, physical and spiritual conditions, spirit-relationships, etc., and would administer



whatever counsel their peculiar cases required. The operation seemed so natural and simple, and yet so remarkable, at first I could hardly believe it real. But after subjecting myself to numerous experiments, and examining nearly one hundred persons, most of whom were strangers, and with some of whom I had exchanged no words, I have received tests allaying all doubt in my own mind. Sitting down by the side of individuals, or sometimes standing apart in the same room, and often lately when persons are at a distance, while I am in a condition perfectly normal, I am drawn into communication, and receive a reflection of their interior state distinctly impressed on my own interior senses. To my spiritual perceptions all the objects and emotions absorbing the individual become as natural and palpable as material objects and scenes thrust before us in the public street by daylight.

Nothing but tests, however, will satisfy the skeptical as to the reality of spiritual pretensions like these. While lately in Troy and vicinity I experimented with about forty persons, and was said to fail in no single instance. One night, addressing an audience filling the Troy Tabernacle, I lost sight of every thing except a kind of impression which put me in communication with the whole assembly, and enabled me, for an hour and a half, without any preparation, to anticipate the spiritual wants of the hearers in a manner I never before realized. May not this afford a hint of apostolical inspiration, and account for the involuntary eloquence which broke forth from men of old as they were moved by the "Holy Spirit" to open their mouths, with the promise of an utterance whose words swept over the heart-cords of the multitude like the breath of Heaven, thrilling melody of rapture to angel-choirs? At the house of Mr. W. Holmes, retiring late one night, a few moments after, a spirit-form, in the garb of a genteel mariner, came near the bedside, and giving a graceful salutation, in a moment disappeared. After several inquiries the next day, the Spirit was identified as a friend of Mrs. Coan, the medium, who was on a visit with us in Troy.

Another night I became disturbed by various singular sounds around my head. They seemed like efforts to tune stringed instruments of music. Two or three times something like a tuning fork appeared to shoot through the brain, leaving a sound behind more novel than agreeable. Doubting my senses, I arose in bed, and sat upright. But the sounds grew more distinct and harmonious, and snatches of beautiful tunes smote my ear. It was along toward morning, and the night was lark, stormy, and tempestuous. The wind smote with clattering strokes

on the tiles of house-tops ; window-blinds and shutters swung with discord, and the rain pattered down in dismal drops, anon changing to torrents, threatening the desolation of a deluge. I sprang to the floor, to be reassured of my senses, and looked out up to the darkened heavens. At that moment I distinctly heard the closing bar of a magnificent tune, which seemed to be played by an innumerable band, sweeping through the ærial realms at the distance of about one mile, and up at an angle of about forty-five degrees. I threw up the window, and listened to hear if any voices or footsteps were audible. But all was silent save the elements of a dark and stormy night. Nobody in Troy would aid me in finding material cause to account for that midnight melody, notwithstanding the most persevering inquiries.

Falling into a drowse on a lounge one afternoon, while residing in the house of Dr. Dexter, New York, Mrs. Clark was reading an article on Keats and Shelley, and she made some remark, unheard by me, in regard to Shelley's being present. Soon after, I awoke with a thrilling consciousness of the poet's presence, and with him I seemed to have just gone to his distant tomb, and wandered through the Oriental scenes among which he reveled on the eve of his mournful departure from a world which knew little of his bright and burning soul before it took its celestial flight.

In communication with a Brooklyn lady one evening, I seemed carried away to Oriental lands, to live in an ideal life, modeled after the warm-colored poetry and philosophy of the East ; and I told her she must have been exceedingly fond of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. The lady, with astonishment, declared that "*Lalla Rookh*" had been her ideal poem, and that she had read it forty or fifty times. I never saw or heard of her before.

At my father's house, in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., a few evenings since, while my mother-in-law was relating some interesting incident, I suddenly checked her, and confidently stated that there was a person in the next house feeling very unhappy at that moment. I was not acquainted with the family, and none of its members had been named during the evening. My mother immediately went in, inquired, and found my impression to be so strikingly correct that the family were nearly alarmed on learning the occasion of the inquiry.

I was in a large circle a short time since, when I was peculiarly impressed with the fact that a certain lady present was in strong sympathy with some spirit-friend, who desired her out of the earth-form, and

who had influenced her to believe she was not to remain long in this mundane sphere. At the close of the circle I was presented to her husband, neither of whom I had ever seen or heard of before, and on telling him what I saw, he declared his lady had been influenced as I stated, and that she had spoken of dying with pleasure within a few days. The next day, however, her feelings entirely changed into a happier mood, precisely as I had predicted previous to knowing to the fact. I have never yet spoken to the lady, and I believe she has no knowledge of my having had any revelation in regard to her.

These are only a few out of many test illustrations of the practical and beneficent workings of the spiritual philosophy now unfolding with matchless rapidity. This psychologic faculty of reading the soul of humanity, when understood in all its bearings, will be recognized as one of the divinest gifts of God. We have but to know each other—know all the deep springs of the interior life—and then we shall suspend all censorious judgment, and see in each a germ of sympathy and fraternity worthy of celestial regard, however deeply enveloped in darkness; and we shall learn how He who told the woman of Samaria her whole life, still sought the lowliest and lost of humanity; and how Heaven, to whose eternal eye all secrets stand revealed, still beams with everlasting benediction over an entire universe.

I ask none to accept the testimony I here offer, without investigation, and I hold myself in readiness to afford all aid in my power to those who sincerely ask.

U. CLARK.

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## INSPIRATION.

FORGET thyself, if thou wouldst be  
A messenger of Truth to men;  
The human mind should be the pen  
Moved by the hand of Deity.

Forget thyself, but not thy kind;  
The heart that like a fountain flows  
With generous love most purely glows;  
God through the heart inspires the mind. NOTUS.

## NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF JAN. 3, 1855.

Mr. LEVY was speaking when the reporter took his seat, and if he was understood, was commenting upon a printed circular, being "A brief Statement of the Views, Objects, and Plan of the Ceresco Union, Wisconsin, together with their Constitution." Mr. Levy commended it as being, so far as his knowledge extended, the first organization of the kind which recognizes the element of modern Spiritualism. By request of Mr. Levy,

Mr. Partridge read the preamble to the constitution, and remarked that organizations had not accomplished much for the benefit of man. We have a vast political organization—state and national—the principal benefits of which are confined to minor organizations and cliques, whose object is to amass wealth, without regard to individual rights; and we also abound with religious and social organizations, which, up to the present time, have been mainly remarkable for the education and training of sharp disputants and expert wranglers, who, in their pursuit of victory over each other, generally forget what little principle they may have been blessed with in the beginning. What he wanted to see was a proper organization of the *individual*. If we can get the man right, he will make clothes to fit himself. Organizations want to boil their fish before they have caught it. His maxim is, "First catch your fish."

Mr. Fishbough thought Mr. Levy mistaken in supposing no prior effort at social organization, incorporating the element of modern Spiritualism, had been made. It had been done both at Hartford, Conn., and at Mountain Cove, Va., neither of which had set the world on fire as yet, or we would have seen, at least, some of the smoke; though he thought the world would yet receive benefit from their efforts, particularly that of Mountain Cove, which had planted some seeds of eternal truth, which would yet irradiate the sterile plains of this unbelieving world with their immortal beauty. In his opinion the Wisconsin organization would not succeed. It lacked the proper cement. Crystals

in nature are not formed by the pressure of suffering from without, but by affinity from within. Nor is that force of their own creation or of themselves. God is there in the potency of an eternal law, and he must be recognized as present in all human organizations as well, or they will as inevitably crumble to pieces as a ball of sand.

Mr. Ingals said he was about to make the same correction instanced by Mr. Fishbough. The early Christians were also a case in point. They were a pretty fair crystal, too, but their Spiritualism did not consist merely in stupid wonder at the mere facts of their newly opened intercourse with the spiritual world. It excited in them other faculties besides that of marvelousness. It shone in their deeds of justice and love to each other and to the world. It took effect on their lives and actions. Spiritualism, old or new, which consists of a mere belief in external wonders, which looks with holy awe upon the lifting of a table, and with supreme indifference upon the misery of man, is not *the* Spiritualism which commends itself to his respect. He would not say that the external manifestations of our time were low or trifling. God never trifles with us. They have reached many minds, doubtless, which could be influenced in no other way. But his faith in immortality was not founded on a table, and he thought the faith in Spiritualism which began and ended with that piece of furniture, insufficient to redeem either its possessor or the world from existing evils. He could not say amen to Mr. Fishbough's prophecy of failure, based on the want of a divine element in their preamble. It recognized a *divine truth* which might be a tolerable substitute, though the name of God did not appear. Deeds, not professions, are the true criteria of judgment. He had seen practical Atheists with their belief in God done in such exquisite word-painting as to deceive even themselves. He did not believe a man a Christian simply because he said he was one. You might cover a liberty-pole with the name "*apple tree*," in gilt letters, without changing its character essentially (though we may our own), but we are sure to be set right when we come to gather the crop. We should submit the proposed effort of our Wisconsin friends to the same test. He would not condemn it as hopeless until its results had proved it so; nor was he devoid of hope in similar efforts. There was vital power in the combined action of true hearts. A three-fold cord is not so easily broken. There is efficiency in united wisdom and virtue. Thus it may require ten men to remove the obstructions from a piece of ground on which one man may afterward raise excellent wheat. So of the mighty forest.

of vice and ignorance, rearing its gigantic growth above the soil of modern Christianity. Its demolition is work for *hardy-handed pioneers*. It can not be grinned down nor prayed down. If human beings are to take the place of the wild beasts that now haunt it, it must be cut down and removed, so that the sunlight can enter it. Your crystal can not form unless the proper conditions are supplied, the law of affinity notwithstanding.

Mr. ——— remarked that he could relate many facts which had occurred during the past week. He did not pretend, however, to account for them, nor did he know that they were performed by Spirits, but he was thoroughly convinced that no one in the form had any physical connection with the manifestations.

At a circle held Christmas night, the Spirits directed a sheet-iron blower to be placed under the table, on which they endeavored to light matches. This we heard, but could not ascertain from whence these matches were obtained, as none were on the carpet at the time the blower was placed there. They were frequently heard rubbing upon the iron, but did not ignite, and were probably not of Partridge's make.

Every member of the circle was touched by Spirit-hands. Several of them had their feet raised until their toes touched the bottom of the table. The table itself was many times partially lifted.

Several pages of useful communications were rapped out by the alphabet.

A whimsical description was given of Purgatory, but, at the same time, bearing strong analogy to probable truths.

The Spirits advised that their comparative advancement should be understood by their replying in numbers to the question, "What latitude are you in?" instead of "What sphere do you occupy?"

A Spirit who stated his latitude to be 2, as compared with that of another Spirit, more progressed, who claimed 6 as his latitude, after describing his present position to be extremely uncomfortable, said, "It is not fire and brimstone, but I can tell you it is a place to dread."

The question was then asked, "Are you less happy than when on earth?" "Oh, no; I am not half so wretched. I outlived my friends, and my property took wings, and I was a most miserable creature on earth. I died a victim. My Spirit is despoiled of beauty, and I am not what I might have been."

*Question.* Have you access to as advanced Spirits as when on earth?

*Answer.* The Spirit of my soul has forsaken the haunts of wicked-

ness, and here alone I mourn over my past follies. I by practice was wrong, but in theory I was not bad.

At Mr. Hume's circle, Dec. 27, ten persons present, the speaker was requested to stand on a table. The Spirits then lifted him and the table. Two other gentlemen, who are now present, were also requested to stand with him on the table, and the Spirits lifted all three with the table, the total weight of the three being six hundred and thirty pounds.

An accordion was placed under the table, and the Spirits played "Sweet Home," and the themes of many other tunes, which seemed to be original—at least, unknown to the members of the circle, one of whom was a music publisher. The table was many times lifted a foot or more from the floor.

While two tables were a short distance apart—say six inches—and a cloth thrown over both, Spirit hands were pressed up against the lower side of the cloth, so that members of the circle placed their hands on the top of the cloth and received their touches.

At a circle lately held at Mrs. Brown's, the speaker placed a *concertina* in a case under the table. The Spirits took this instrument out of the case and sounded it. The sawing of wood and filing of iron were loudly and well imitated. A large number of articles placed under the table were moved about and arranged in every imaginable manner—many handed up into the hands of members of the circle. A warm hand touched the hands of the members when held under the table, and several times many were touched at the same instant.

Three bells, placed under the table, were rung. The largest of these bells was suspended in the atmosphere, and rung violently for two and a half minutes, the rapping going on constantly during the ringing.

Stair rods, placed under the table, were stood upon end between members of the circle, outside the table, and from that position fell over on the floor.

The table was lifted several times, but at no one time were more than three legs off the floor.

The feet of one of the circle (the speaker) was lifted so as to strike the toe of his boot against the top of the table on its under side.

Mr. Ives related a very conclusive test which he had recently received through Miss Calliope, a medium, to be found at 394 Broadway. Facts, and a conversation which transpired twenty-three years ago, were correctly stated through the alphabet—facts known only to himself. They were stated as proof of identity, and were what he called *proof*. Mr.

Ives said it always pained him when he heard these external manifestations undervalued; they had done much for him—too much to permit his speaking of them lightly.

Mr. Barnard gave an instance at his own house on Christmas day. They had a family party, and a very skeptical relative of his wished to have a circle. Without any expectation of much success they complied. Among other tests very satisfactory to the gentleman, one by way of a certificate of personal identity was given him, which he had all to himself. The medium, personating his deceased friend, gave him *the grip of the Scarlet Degree of his own secret order!* whereupon his skepticism fell considerably below par.

Dr. Gray read a correspondence between himself and Judge Edmonds, which is herewith submitted.

LETTER FROM DR. GRAY TO JUDGE EDMONDS.

*Christmas Day, 1854.*

DEAR JUDGE—Rules of evidence in Spiritual Manifestations may, perhaps, in a short time, come into universal acceptance, but as yet *we have none*. Each observer makes and modifies his own, from stage to stage in his experience. What is evidence to an observer one day, may not be so the next; there is no forum to decide when he vacillates; he must observe mere facts, and revise his rules as best he can. But I hold it to be a true charity to communicate whatsoever stationary results we may hope we have arrived at, to other minds, that they may be saved somewhat of the pains of skepticism in that inevitable process, the parturition of faith in the human soul.

In this spirit I have seriously preached, as a maxim of my observations in animal magnetism and Spiritual Manifestations, that *the belief or conviction of a seeing medium as to the identity of a Spirit is not evidence per se*.

In speaking to assemblies of the Spiritualists of New York, I have on two or three occasions instanced the published results of your Spirit-seeing as unreliable, or rather as immature experiences, because they have no other basis of credit than your convictions at the time of their occurrence. I have added Swedenborg, Davis, Fishbough, and others, as illustrious examples of a like character; and I can not for the life of me see that we ought to be censured for declining to receive the averments that these men, or you, make as to the personal presence of the Spirit, men and women you have seen. Indeed, I am not able to see



that visions are evidence to any mind, unless they carry intrinsic demonstration with them, or are supported by other considerations than the assertion of the seer. The seer, while seeing, is psycho-negative; and receives impressions from whatsoever mind or minds with which he is in mesmeric *rappor*t with religious reverence as an indisputable revelation. Vain is it to say, with Swedenborg, that God, in the person of Jesus, authorized and consecrated his Spirit-vision, so that his convictions could not be illusory as to identities; no man can say that Swedenborg's persuasion is evidence.

Vain is it to rely on the integrity and childlike honesty of the seer's outer-life character, as a protection against illusions on this topic; the world's history is full to overflowing of the recorded contradictions of seers.

Vain and cruel is it to undertake the stern Hebrew process of stoning the prophets, or of pretending to be able to discriminate the true from the false among them; for all are true and all are false at times. Moreover, it is well that it is so; for men should have no such thing as authority. Testimony is wanted, not authority. Truth for authority; not authority for truth. Every man must create for himself upon the facts; he can not be a cuckoo to eternity, however he may desire to be so.

These ideas form in me the basis of an absolute freedom of criticism as to the mediumship. I will have neither fear nor favor; friend and stranger, Jew and Gentile, ancient and modern, sacerdotal and necromantic, among mediums, come alike before my judgment, as peers to each other and to me. Rejecting their persuasions as to the source of their inspirations, and as to the identity of the persons they see, and also as to the fact of their seeing any person or thing objectively, I kindly and earnestly examine the legends and doctrines uttered by them, to see if they contain the, to me, true stamp of veridicity—if they have the internal evidence of truths vitalized by the love of uses.

In this way I have examined some of the writings ascribed to Swedenborg, which came through Dr. Dexter, and were indorsed by you; and I am compelled to say, that I can not find a single foot-print or finger-mark of the Swedish philosopher in any of them. So also of your Arctic letter; I can find no evidence that you saw Judge Sandford or Mr. Blunt.

I doubt not *you* in these or any other cases, but I doubt *the accuracy*

*of your Spirit-sight* in some, though not in all of the instances I have knowledge of.

You say, perhaps, "What need is there of telling me of your *sage doubts*?" I answer, because I am pained to find by hearsay that you complain of this criticism as being a virtual breach of our kindly relations—because I love you too well to have you suffer one single moment of needless pain.

My duty, as I appreciate it, is to make use of all my experience in medicine, all my observations in mesmerism, all my heart-likes, and head-acquirements, for the advancement of Spiritualism, as I understand it, among the men of our country and of our time; and to do this right-end foremost with my full power, I must be free to criticise by vivisection all products of mediumship, especially those of my own household. I pray you, therefore, old and true friend, to bear with me so far at least as to be ready to meet me with joy after we shall have made the change of spheres. Yours, fraternally, JOHN F. GRAY.

JUDGE EDMONDS' REPLY.

*Dec. 31st, 1854.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR—You were correctly informed as to what I said, but I acknowledge I ought not to have said it except to you. As it was, I said it only to a mutual friend, and then when I was smarting under a sense of the treatment I had received from the Spiritualists of this city within the past year.

The difficulty with you was this, that in your public address, as in your note to me, you assume that I had avowed an opinion as to the identity of Bacon and Swedenborg. That is the mistake. I have not done so, but on the contrary we were careful to avoid that in our publication, and for the very reason which influences you, viz.: hostility to authority.

You know not what my doubts are as to that identity, nor what my belief is on that point, nor on what it is founded. Yet you assume that you do, and the very intimacy to which you referred gave force to the intimation that I had formed an opinion, and formed it upon an insufficient basis.

I could have given to you and to the world that basis, but to what end? that others might believe it was Bacon and Swedenborg? and thus pin their faith on their sleeves rather than on the doctrines taught? That was the very thing we intended to avoid, and you will notice that in none of the communications given through me, whether

didactic or visions, do I ever inquire or even intimate who it is that is working with me. Here again I was governed by the same motive.

We meant to leave our readers to judge for themselves as to who they were from, and we purposely withheld many things which would bear on that question, from the fear that our readers might pause by the wayside to give their attention to the consideration (which has too long been injurious) Who is it that speaks? rather than to that of, What is said?

Now, under these circumstances, is it right to assume that we have expressed an opinion of identity, or that that opinion has no adequate foundation? or right to complain that I desire to curtail the legitimate freedom of criticism?

No, my dear friend. I do not feel myself amenable justly to either of those charges, and if those who know me will only give me credit for ordinary prudence and discretion, my task will be lightened. If, however, their estimate of my character is such that they can not conscientiously do that, I must trust to time to do its work, in convincing believers as well as the world that I have my wits about me, and at least intend to act with discretion, and am not governed by a spirit of fanaticism.

Be that however, dear doctor, as it may, on one thing you may rely, that no criticism in which you may indulge in respect to me can ever disturb our friendly relations, for I know you can never consciously deal unjustly with me, and I can not forget the gratitude which I owe to you and yours for opening to me in the darkest hour of my life such unfailing sources of light and happiness.

I would have answered your note before, but I wanted to see you and read to you my introduction to our Second Volume, in which these very points are touched upon, but I could not, and now I write, while confined to my room with those excruciating pains which trouble me so much. I do not know but my letter may bear tokens of the disease, yet I will not delay any longer begging you to be assured of my enduring gratitude and affection.

Yours ever, J. W. EDMONDS.

DR. GRAY.

A gentleman stated his seeing lately what are called Spirit-lights. They were in globular form, from the size of a pea to that of a grape. They were floating about the room, and some of them alighted in his hand. On being touched they emitted a faint odor of phosphorus.

Mr. Fishbough related similar facts from reliable sources, such as the formation of a hard, yellow substance, like gold, in appreciable particles, through Spirit-agency. Also a case in New Orleans, on the authority of Mr. T. L. Harris, where a Spirit produced the odor of camphor strong enough to be noticed by the servants in another part of the house. These and many other like facts point to the conclusion which he has stated on former occasions—that all substances are spiritual entities. All that we see in nature is the mere exteriorization of spiritual substances. Where did the phosphorus or the camphor come from? In the case of the camphor, he could not suppose it an aggregation from the atmosphere of New Orleans, as he did not think there was enough (the plant not being indigenous) to produce such an effect. He therefore concludes that it, together with all else that impinges upon the external senses, is the ultimatum of Spirit-substance.

The gentleman referred to thought we ought not to import our theories when we have plenty of the raw material at home. Phosphorus is well known to exist in our atmosphere. It is given off from human bodies and from decaying vegetable substances. Sulphur, too, is often separated from the atmosphere. These obvious facts point to a natural explanation. We know that phosphorus imbues the atmosphere, and it seems rational to conclude that Spirits used the existing article for their purpose. As long as we know it to exist in nature around us, why need we theorize about its spiritual origin?

Mr. Fishbough mentioned the subject because it was interesting. The facts may be as the gentleman has stated, but he thought his explanation would not cover them all. He could not think that camphor enough to fumigate a three-story house could be extracted from its surrounding atmosphere. To his mind it is more easy to conceive of it as a spiritual production.

The gentleman replied that intensity of action—a known substitute for quantity in many natural phenomena—might explain Mr. Fishbough's difficulty as to the camphor.

Dr. Gray stated a conversation between himself and our invisible friends on the subject of the supposed atmospheric aggregation of substantive forms. It was distinctly averred that such was the fact. He then asked, Why is not free heat generated in the production of temporary hands, etc., by Spirits? It was answered (through the alphabet) "Because we have a process of conducting or *abducting* the heat thus generated or rendered active. This was one of our greatest obstacles."

He was opposed to the far-fetched material of Mr. F.'s theory, though he had no doubt of the spiritual origin of all organic forms. But the materials for the phenomena we are considering exist in amplitude all about us. Mr. Fishbough is mistaken in supposing camphor is not indigenous. It is found in peppermint, sage, lavender, rosemary, etc. Enough, therefore, is to be had, and it is not necessary to ascribe to Spirits any agency in the affair beyond the ability to use it for their peculiar purposes.

Mr. Fishbough called attention to the rendering of objects *invisible* by Spirits. In this very room a key was made to disappear from a gentleman's hand, and other substances are often rendered invisible by them. Writing, pictures, coin, etc., have been subject to this process over and over again. But how is it done? Not by a removal of the object from the room necessarily, for in some instances this is known not to be the case. Pictures made by Spirits have been obliterated and reproduced on the spot. The key in question is probably in this room now. The disappearance and reappearance of substantive forms are simply *reverse processes* of the same agents acting at will on the plastic elements of the interior world, whence all exterior forms and entities originate.

Adjourned,

R. T. HALLOCK.

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**TUTELAR SPIRITS AMONG THE HINDOOS.**—It is said that the Hindoos on the Malabar coast have a custom of dedicating every tree or field of grain to some particular Spirit, and that said Spirit afterward is believed to take the same under his protection, and will punish the smallest theft upon it either with illness or death. A writer on Hindoo customs and (so called) superstitions, mentions that one day a man rushed up to the proprietor of a jack tree, threw himself upon the ground, and implored his forgiveness. On being questioned by the proprietor as to what was the matter, he said, "I was tempted, as I passed by at night, to take a jack from your tree. This was three days ago, and ever since I have been suffering unspeakable agony in my stomach. The Spirit of the tree is upon me, and you alone can appease him." The proprietor immediately went through the ceremony of appeasing the Spirit, and the sufferer was instantly relieved.

## TO LIVE AND LOVE.

*To Live and Love!* oh, God, are thy commands  
To us thy creatures, and from these do spring  
All things desired in heaven, whose arches ring  
With strains of Life and Love from choral bands.

*To Live and Love!* A theme through Heaven's wide dome,  
By angel-voices sung to music tones  
That thrill the soul of every one that owns  
God, who fills with Life their spirit-home.

*To Live and Love!* Charmed words, through ages long  
Your spell shall bear my bounding heart away,  
From lower spheres to bright and perfect day,  
Where angel-life and angel-graces throng.

*To Live and Love!* Can Earth or Heaven assign  
To man a nobler lot? Out Hate,  
And every passion that doth self-inflate,  
And fill with active Love the thirsty mind.

*To Live and Love!* No more shall sin display  
Its hideous front against that potent spell;  
Darkness and light can not together dwell—  
So Error's night is lost in Love's bright ray.

*To Live and Love!* Thrice blessed the coming day,  
When every heart that beats shall thrill with Love,  
Instilled as breath of morn from Heaven above,  
Till all of Life shall own its gentle sway.

*To Live and Love!* Oh, God, can mortal sound  
The unfathomed depths that in those accents lie?  
Or scan Love's shoreless sea, whose billows high  
The heavenly realms caress in ceaseless round.

*To Live and Love!* Those trembling stars which throw  
On darkened earth their grateful light could tell  
That throbbing hearts of Love within *them* dwell,  
Who, Love, unstinted Love, on all bestow.

Oh! let my Life be Love, while thought remains,  
Not self alone or friends, but all whose souls  
From God's immortal breath of life outroll,  
Through the unbounded fields of His domains.

*To Live and Love!* When back to earth again  
These trembling, tottering frames of flesh shall fall,  
When mind shall soar to spheres beyond this ball  
On which it had its birth and growth, in vain

Shall it have lived unless that Life by Love  
Is taught to win with kindness all its foes,  
To soothe each his suffering brother in his woes,  
And point the clouded mind to light above.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 17, 1854.

H. HERMAN.

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## WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION.

MR. EDITOR:

As facts are what are wanted now-a-days, I will give a few which occurred in a private circle, in my room in Broadway, last April. Five of us formed a circle around a cherry table weighing twenty-five pounds, myself and another medium being present. We asked the Spirits if they would give us some strong physical manifestations! They said they would if we would sit quietly a few minutes. After sitting five or six minutes in silence, with our hands lying on the top of the table, it began to tip and rock to and fro very rapidly, and stamp its legs on the floor as if trying to break itself to pieces. We asked the Spirits if they could raise the table clear from the floor with our hands lying on the top! Immediately it rose in the air about two feet, with all our hands lying on on its top; and this was repeated at our request five times, and all done within fifteen or twenty minutes—thus completely upsetting Professor

Faraday's theory of mechanical pressure. Two of the circle then sat down on the top of the table and were immediately thrown off by my hands being placed on its top. (At a circle held some time previous to this, the table was taken up in this way as high as we could reach, and floated like a feather in the atmosphere; and one of the circle was taken hold of and his clothes pulled by the Spirits.)

After the two were thrown off the table, we formed a circle all around it by taking hold of hands and not touching or being within two feet of it, and then asked the Spirits to move it if they could without any person touching it. Soon the table began to move, and tip, and jerk, and for ten minutes we had questions answered by the tipping of the table without any human being touching it. It would move or tip any way at the request of any one in the circle. One of the circle asked the table to move up to him. All of a sudden it started and came with such force as to startle him considerably. Rappings were heard on the table, and by request the Spirits imitated the beating of a drum, the sawing of wood, and the creaking of a ship in a storm at sea. Tests were also given by rapping out names of Spirit-relatives then present. One of the circle who never saw any thing of the kind before, and being rather skeptical, received a punch in the back by an invisible hand; another was shaken by the Spirits and somewhat frightened.

G. T. MOULTON.

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## A MORNING UTTERANCE.

THE flowing stream of melody  
Through all the quiet night  
Moved calmly on and silently,  
And filled the heart with light;  
And when the sun sublimely rose  
And filled the heaven with day,  
And tinged with flame the mountain snows  
That on its threshold lay,  
Its brightness gave each living thing  
A winged, harmonious voice,



And bade them in the ether sing,  
 And worship, and rejoice.  
 O human heart, O weary heart,  
 But yield thyself to love,  
 And, touched by more than mortal art,  
 Thy fluent life shall move  
 In harmony with birds, and flowers,  
 And angels in their sphere;  
 And gifted with immortal powers,  
 Thou'lt be an angel here.

MORNING (Aug. 8).

## ADA AND THE SCANDINAVIANS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN :

*Gentlemen*—In your SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH of the 2d inst., is a communication over the signature of Ebenezer Allen, from Galveston, Texas, containing among others the following :

Kiosken ar tie slogen  
 Ban eld och crand  
 Och flendens hand  
 Revard O Gud ! den stud ocht land  
 Kiosken ar tie slang gang.

The writer says, "I have copied as well as I could the original, not understanding the language in which it was written, and the medium herself being unable to throw any light upon it further than is mysteriously suggested to her by impression."

recognize with ease in the lines a branch of the Scandinavian tongue, though indeed it is not what is written now-a-days by either the Swedes, Danes, or Icelanders, though it has indisputable marks of being Swedish. The copying is evidently a little incorrect, for instance, "crand" should have been brand, "ocht" och, etc. With all, I think it is as well copied as might be expected. The translation is beautiful, evidently executed by one well versed in both languages. It would be impossible to better it.

The identical stanza, if my memory miscarries not, was commonly sung by the night-watch in all the cities of Scandinavia, being one of a song with a stanza for each hour of the night, commonly called Vagter Visen, or the Watchman's Song. Here is the Danish—

Klokken er slagen ti  
 Fra Ild og Brand  
 Og Fiendens hand  
 Bevar O Gud! denne Stad og Land  
 Klokken er slagen ti.

If the production of these lines was a trick, then why was it not written in the pure modern Swedish, instead of an ancient brogue now with difficulty understood by their own countrymen? Is it probable that "Ada" is so well acquainted with Swedish as to be able to perform such a feat?

I am not "learned enough to understand" the "bummer" below; it is decidedly a jaw-breaker. Yours, etc., AUGUSTUS HARMAN.

St. Louis, Mo., December 15th, 1854.

## MISS EMMA JAY

Miss JAY, to whom we have before referred in these columns, is believed to be one of the most gifted speaking and singing mediums in this country. But this is not all. Her self-sacrificing devotion to her deepest convictions, and to the principles of individual freedom and spirituality, has been subjected to severe ordeals, but her principles have triumphed in each succeeding trial. While she is gentle in spirit and manner, she is also magnanimous in soul and in action; and we feel persuaded that no perverted sense of delicacy can easily allure or drive her from the path of duty. She has many sincere friends, who will pluck up the thorns which beset that path, and plant flowers in the fair pilgrim's way.

At a select circle convened at our office, on Friday even-

ing, 5th inst., Miss Jay was entranced by a Spirit, who delivered through her a philosophical disquisition which astonished all who were present, among whom were Gov. Taftmadge, P. J. Avery, Esq., and other gentlemen and ladies of superior intelligence. The Spirits proposed to engage in a discussion of any subject which might be suggested by any member or the circle, whereupon Mr. S. W. Britton, of Troy, instituted the following inquiry: *Are there any human beings, idiots or embryotic forms of humanity, who are not sufficiently developed, spiritually, to preserve their individuality in the immortal state?* The Spirit *en rapport* with Miss Jay maintained that *there are not*; that *the immortal entity is first evolved*, and that it attracts to itself the grosser particles which compose the physical organism. It was urged, in a lucid and forcible manner, that the human form, wherever it exists, is a clear revelation of the existence of a spirit; that the manifold imperfections of such outward forms are properly referable to the incidental obstacles which interrupt the harmony of their development, and that SPIRIT is at once the Alpha and Omega of human existence. This view of the subject was illustrated with remarkable eloquence and irresistible logic. As an impromptu effort on a profound question, we have no hesitation in saying that it was equal to any thing we ever heard.

On Sunday morning last, Miss Jay addressed a public audience in Dodworth's Academy, in a calm and forcible manner for an hour and fifteen minutes. Her theme was Immortality, and at the close of the discourse, which was listened to with manifest interest, the invisible intelligence offered a solemn and beautiful invocation.

At the close of the meeting, Mr. Partridge remarked in substance that the audience had the proof before them that the spirit of inspiration was not dead, but that it still lived and found utterance through mortal instruments. He was succeeded

by Gov. Tallmadge, who, in a few brief observations, referred in a felicitous manner to what he had witnessed, and expressed the high gratification which the occasion had afforded him.

It appears that even St. Paul was in danger of being "exalted above measure" on account of "the abundance of his revelations," and we know that many modern mediums have been ruined by vain pride, and a thoughtless and selfish ambition. There are many earnest and true friends who sincerely hope and trust that the youthful subject of this notice may be graciously preserved from so great an evil, and that the Spirits of Purity and Wisdom may have her in their everlasting keeping.

S. B. B.

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### MODERN PROPHECY—KOSSUTH.

THERE is abundant evidence that true prophets belong to no particular age, nation, or race. The prophetic spirit, in its divinest moods, was never locked up under or over the altars of any one religion or sect. It has not been solely the Hebrew's possession. Wide as the habitable globe, wherever man has existed—enlightened, civilized, or savage, even—God has revealed himself, among innumerable other ways, by imparting to some of his earth-children the spirit of prophecy—a portion of his own divine ~~pro~~science, whereby mankind have been permitted glimpses into the future—permitted to enjoy a something of that omniscience which, from creation's beginning, saw to its end, and ever sees, as though all time and eternity were an ever-present Now. Much of the world's most precious knowledge has come from prophetic lips—from God-inspired souls, chosen here and there in all lands and

ages—great revealments of the YET TO BE, unperceived; undreamed by the mass of mankind, but written in the souls of prophets, and thus made manifest to the world. And far back as history can trace earth's record, mankind have accepted and revered prophetic souls; if not in their own lands and lifetimes, yet somewhere and at some time accepted and revered them. God does not, in this great measure, impart his Spirit to perish and die out, like seed cast in unfruitful ground.

The prophetic spirit is given for a divine purpose—not to fail, but to be surely accomplished. Often the lesson of prophecy is spurned until its fulfillment, but it is not, therefore, lost. Men and nations are not repeatedly truly warned without becoming wiser, larger faithed, and more respectful toward the human oracles of God. The prophet may be stoned, but the prophecy lives; and mankind may neglect their common record—may forget whatever of their current history—but they seldom or never lose sight of whatever prophecy relates to their good or ill. Many true prophets have won, perhaps, no more than the fame of wise men, remarkable men, or sages. Much of true prophecy, that has worked out its good, has been written down as strange foresight, striking coincidence, or fortunate prediction. The Divine Spirit moves in the souls of his children in more ways to teach, and warn, and guide, and more constantly and familiarly than mankind have believed or been conscious of—hence much that is clear prophecy to the highly inspired soul, has passed ~~to~~ the credit of superior common knowledge, and only the great revealments have been generally accredited as the special interposition of Heaven.

More than this, the sect and creed men have, in the name of one religion or another, aspired to be the custodians of the prophets and of prophecy, and whatever divine light shone through the human soul away from their altars, has been

banned and battled as impious fancy, sorcery, or the work of the "evil one." In the name of religion many prophets—ah! many devout, true prophets—have been stoned. Their blood has crimsoned the sacrificial altars of "the church." Old Galileo, whose revelations were a prophecy of a universal belief to come, and which has come; and Friar Bacon, moved by the Spirit of God to widen the boundaries of men's knowledge, and who saw, like Worcester, through dark centuries, chariots coursing the earth without steeds, and ships cleaving the seas without wind or tide, and man traversing the air, without wings—these and many more noble souls, won by their prophecy the Church's ban and scourge. But their prophecies are fulfilled, and the prophets are not forgotten.

And in our day, among "others of less note," the great soul of Kossuth, equaling in prescience the noblest of the Church's "canonized," and expanding to grasp not only the Present but the Future, has as truly and divinely uttered prophecy as ever did Jeremiah or Isaiah. More remarkably, perhaps, for he has prophesied for his own day and generation—has prophesied to live and behold the fulfillment, and not cast his luminous vision vaguely into the future, imitating the equivocal oracle, whose prophecy might be interpreted this way or that, leaving the question of its fulfillment a matter of argument or doubt. It seems to us that, if God ever inspired man to speak to his age or to the ages—to lesson with the clearest wisdom, founded on the record of the past, or with that spirit of prophecy which, in its prescience, seems to spurn the groping path of common knowledge, and with divine certainty grasp the future and lay it bare, Kossuth has been thus inspired. A loftier, purer, and sublimer soul moves not among men, being of them. With the deep spirituality of his nature, as manifested in all his thoughts and deeds, since he appeared before the world, our readers are too familiar to require proof

from us. Nor need we, nor will we, gather up the golden threads of prophecy he has woven in the web of his various speeches to the world. They gleam there with ineffaceable splendor; in tender light often, sometimes in a sad light, but ever with a light shining and pointing, like the "cloud and pillar" of the Israelites, toward a brighter and better day for humanity—a better day on earth, and a broader and brighter day in the Spirit-land.

But there is something special—something so pointed and direct of Kossuth as a prophet—that we can not pass it by. We allude to the prophecy uttered in his speech at Glasgow, some months ago. His spirit, yearning over prostrate, sorrowing nations, broke forth in that speech, and he prophesied to England and the world, that the proud alliance armed against Russia could not triumph while its goal was but the propping of old despotisms, and not the freedom of enslaved peoples. He prophesied that the great fleets and armies would fail; that the steppes of the Crimea would become the sepulchers of Briton and Frank, ere victory should crown the lioned and eagled flags; that of all the brave souls sent, up to that hour, from Albion's shore, to war to a false end, not one in five would ever return. Many believed his words, and even the heart of throned power trembled at the prophecy; but the alliance kept on its way. A few months have elapsed, and every line of the prophecy is fulfilled. The alliance is baffled—more than four out of five of "England's braves" have fallen—eleven thousand widows, brooding over their semi-orphans and desolate homes, wail aloud in confirmation of the prophet. Much, indeed, yet remains to be fulfilled, for the prophet said, if we may transpose his utterance to something of Scripture style, "Verily, God hath spoken unto me, his prophet, saying, 'This war have I visited upon Europe to punish her national sins and crimes; to shake her thrones and fill her kings with

terror ; and behold, it shall not cease until justice is done unto my peoples—until liberty is restored to Poland, and Hungary, and Italy—lands wherein I desire peace, freedom, and righteousness to flourish. Declare unto the banded men—the warriors and kings—these my words, for I am the Lord, thy God, and their God, and I will cause justice to be done.’”

This part of the prophecy remains to be fulfilled. Let us watch the issue. Kossuth has not, as yet, failed to approve himself a true prophet. Well might such a soul, as its external vision saw on English walls—in the midst of a great ovation to the orator and prophet—the names of his country’s martyrs, behold them pass in solemn spiritual procession before him. But enough. We trust in God that Kossuth may live to see the uttermost tittle of his prophecy fulfilled—live to triumph and rejoice with the liberated nations, and to pour his burning prophecies broader and deeper upon the world’s heart. Orator, sage, statesman—and warrior, perchance, in days to come—Kossuth is not least significant and glorious as a prophet. And all things are a prophecy—time, history, human aspiration—all point on and up, teaching man more and more of his spiritual being and power ; more and more of his affinity with the spiritual world and with God, and more and more that it is not wrong and violence, but love, and wisdom, and truth, that are to reconquer Paradise on earth, and bring to living man the felicities of Heaven.

C. D. S.

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### THE CLOWN.

For him the artist is a man

Who colors canvas for a trade.

“Better,” he says, “to delve with spade,

Than picture out the starry plan.”

NOTUS.



## A VISIT TO BOSTON.

OUR recent visit to the East, though not signalized by any very important incidents, afforded us an opportunity for a brief but pleasant interview with several esteemed friends. We left home on Thursday, the 28th ult., and proceeded as far on our way as Worcester, where we remained over night, at the residence of a sister, who lives some three miles west of the city. Mrs. David R. Gates, the sister referred to, has a little girl aged seven years, who is subject to the control of the invisible powers. About a year since the Spirits directed the family to procure an accordion, promising at the same time that they would develop this child as a musical medium. The instrument was accordingly procured, and the first experiment was so far successful as to astonish the whole family. During the evening which we spent there, this little girl played some twelve or fifteen tunes in our presence, and when we awoke on the following morning, she was quietly seated at the head of the stairs, outside of our chamber door, and serenading us in a truly spirited and spiritual manner. It is worthy of observation, that notwithstanding this child now plays more than twenty different tunes, she has never had one moment's instruction from any visible teacher, and not a single member of the family has ever acquired the use of any musical instrument.

On Friday we continued our journey, and arrived in Boston about noon, where we remained until the afternoon of New Year's day. A large number of Spiritualists assembled in the Melodeon on Sunday, afternoon and evening, and the writer, agreeably to previous announcement, delivered two discourses,

which were listened to with marked attention. Among our hearers we recognized several old and familiar friends, who, many years ago, listened to some of our earliest pulpit efforts. Their presence awakened memories of other days, when we struggled against the despotism of creeds and creed-men, and for spiritual freedom—struggled and achieved our object, at the expense of personal ease and clerical honors. We asserted our independence at a time when individual freedom from sectarian bondage cost more than it now does ; but, after all, the price of liberty, though dearly bought, bears but a small proportion to its real value. Standing amid the wreck of temporal prospects, and surrounded by the perishable symbols of false friendships and ephemeral pleasures, we have still had abundant cause to rejoice, while every day has opened new sources of unutterable peace and joy.

S. B. B.

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‘WE’LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING.’

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

It was a beautiful exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the window—"Good-bye, papa! good-bye! Mamma has come for me to-night; don't cry, papa; *we'll all meet again in the morning!*" And the heart of that father grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that his little angel had gone back to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, wild is the tempest, and dark is the night,  
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;  
Then the friendships of yore  
Shall blossom once more,  
*And we'll all meet again in the morning!*

Art thou doomed in a far distant region to roam,  
To meet the cold gaze of the stranger?

Dost thou yearn for the smiles of the loved ones at home,  
While thou pray'st God to shield them from danger!  
Ah, the night of the waters may shadow thy form,  
Yet soon will the daybreak be dawning;  
Then thou'lt mingle once more  
With the loved ones on shore,  
*For we'll all meet again in the morning!*

Dost thou miss the sweet smile of a fond loving wife,  
Whose music brought balm to thy sorrow!  
Didst thou see her decline in the sunset of life,  
Nor felt one bright hope for the morrow!  
Oh, cheer up, dear brother! though the night may be dark,  
Yet soon will the daybreak be dawning;  
Of all ties bereft,  
One hope is still left,  
*We'll all meet again in the morning!*

Art thou wearied, oh, pilgrim! on life's desert-waste?  
Dost thou sigh for the shade of the wild-wood?  
Have the world's choicest fruits proved bitter to taste,  
And mocked all the dreams of thy childhood?  
Oh, cheer up, poor pilgrim! faint not on the way,  
For soon will the daybreak be dawning;  
Then the dreams which have fled  
Shall arise from the dead,  
*And all will be bright in the morning!*

Oh, *servant of Christ!* too heavy the cross,  
Has thy trust in the Master been shaken?  
In doubt and in darkness thy faith has been lost,  
And thou criest, "My God, I'm forsaken!"  
But cheer up, dear brother! the night can not last,  
For soon will the daybreak be dawning;  
Then the trials of earth  
We have borne from our birth  
*Shall all be made right in the morning!*

W HINGTON, D. C.

## A GOOD TEST.

IF our correspondent has any other facts of equal interest to the one related in the subjoined letter, we shall be most happy to lay them before our readers.—ED.

MR. BRITTAN :

CINCINNATI, *Dec. 24th*, 1854.

Being at leisure, I thought I would improve the time in relating to the many readers of your valuable paper one of the tests that I have had since I became a "medium." Just one year since, I was sitting alone in my room, when I heard a slight noise, apparently in the ceiling above. I turned my eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and there appeared, just entering, a bright light, and as it advanced, I could distinctly see the outline of a face. Presently the whole face entered, surrounded by a brilliant halo of light. I recognized in it the features of an acquaintance of mine, whom I had heard nothing of for nearly two years, but I supposed that she was still living and in good health. My arm was, however, immediately controlled to write, by a Spirit calling himself Russell Eldridge, the brother of the Spirit I had just seen, who wrote as follows :

"I have many things to tell you. The first, however, is, that my sister Amanda has joined me in the Spirit-land. She left the form in March, 1853, aged twenty-eight. Her disease was consumption."

I doubted this very much, thinking that I should have heard of it, had it been true, and thinking (as I was then quite a novice in spiritual matters) that if it were true, it would do much to establish the cause of Spiritualism in my mind. I therefore, on Feb. 19th, 1854, wrote to the father of the Spirit mentioned, who resides in South Manchester, Conn., and gave him the facts as related to me, and on the 2d of March following, I received a letter from Mr. Eldridge, confirming the statement in full. This was very gratifying to me, inasmuch as it proved that it could not have been my own mind in the least, as I knew nothing whatever of the circumstance. On another occasion I was controlled to speak four different languages, of which, in my normal state, I knew

nothing. There are many other instances that I could relate, were it necessary. I may, however, have wearied your patience with my already long communication. With many wishes for your welfare and prosperity, I remain, sincerely yours,

MARY L. FRASE.

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## RAZORS AND BRAINS.

"Good. Rev. E. H. Chapin, in his lecture upon 'Modern Chivalry,' says that the wearing of hair upon the upper lip is indicative of mourning for the loss of brains."

IF our eloquent friend really expressed the idea ascribed to him in the above paragraph from the *Boston Transcript*, he is certainly entitled to the merit of originality. We should never have suspected that there was such an intimate relation between things so essentially diverse as razors and brains. Even now we must be excused if we remain incredulous. Were all men brainless, we should like to know, until barbers were invented? Are the American Indians, who pluck out their beards by the roots, more intellectual than some Anglo-Saxons who do not? These questions may be answered by any one who is conscious of deriving either mental faculties or *cutting ideas* from razors.

The discoveries in electro-physiology disclose the fact, that the brain is the chief seat of nervous or vital power. No small portion of this goes to support the hair, and it is estimated that by the process of shaving, at least *sixty feet* of this embodied vitality is removed in the course of a lifetime. Now it is not probable, in the light of physiology, after cutting off *sixty feet* of a man's brains, that he will have more left than other people. Nor do we believe that Moses and the prophets, Christ

and his apostles, and the philosophers of ancient Greece, whose thoughts have contributed to mold all modern systems of Philosophy, Theology, and Art, throughout the civilized world, had any occasion to go in mourning for such a loss as is referred to in the paragraph from the *Transcript*. Shaving may be a convenient fashion for those who do not fancy a protracted residence at Jericho. (2 Sam. x. 5.) Moreover, it is conceded that the scythe may improve the face of a country that is overgrown with scattering brambles; also that a man's personal appearance may possibly be improved by the razor, provided his beard resembles a scanty crop of *fox-tail* or *red-top*\* in a dry time. But such persons need make no apology for their cutting propensities. Even Nature has no right to find fault with a man for slighting gifts she has either never bestowed, or conferred to the damage of the recipient.

If Mr. Chapin can establish what seems to be implied in his remark, namely, that a smooth face and strong brains go together, he must at once yield the palm of superiority to woman. Moreover, by way of further applying the principle, we may *mow* the same meadow for fifty consecutive years, removing every vestige of each succeeding crop, and thereby improve the soil; we should cut off the lion's mane to strengthen his cerebellum, and pluck the plumes from the eagle's crest to prepare him for a bolder and loftier flight.

We find the natural covering of the face very comfortable, especially at this season of the year. If you please, Bro. Chapin, include us among the mourners on the present occasion. We are resigned, since in this case it is emphatically true, that "*they that mourn shall be comforted.*"

S. B. B.

\* We are not very well posted in the nomenclature of vegetables in general, and if these are not the right terms, we beg leave to refer the whole matter for decision to Nebuchadnezzar, who is supposed to be the highest biblical authority on grass.

## WHAT THEY SAID IN MY DREAM.

THEY said the earth was so glad and gay,  
That angels sometimes there would stray ;  
So bright, they were wiled from heaven away  
In the morning ;

And that immortal were its flowers,  
Bathed from the skies with pearly showers  
By the golden-slippered early hours  
Of the morning.

They said it was a place of mirth,  
In which 'twas joyous to have birth,  
Bright were its forms, and glad its hearth  
At morning.

Oh, never there was known a tear !  
Oh, never there was felt a fear !  
But hearts were light, and souls were clear  
As morning.

Swift fly its summers and its springs,  
Like birds with sunlight on their wings,  
When through the air their music rings  
In the morning.

I know not whether the dream be true,  
And whether the earth hath seemed to you  
Bright as it shone a-lit with dew  
In the morning.

To some I know 'tis a lonely place—  
A veil with which God hides his face—  
A cloud which shuts the sun a space  
Till morning.

Yes! but a moment, short the years,  
 Joy shall be yours who sow in tears,  
 When through the dusk the dawn appears  
 Of morning.

WILLIAMSBURGH.

A. M. H.

## A NIGHT-RIDE WITH THE SPIRITS.\*

Nor long had the midnight morn sunk to rest,  
 When from sleep I was roused by an unbidden guest,  
 With a shuddering soul and breath suppressed—  
 Oh, whither away—whither away!  
 My couch in the darkness was rolling away!

With specter-like swiftness which crushed the air,  
 As if borne on the wing of a frantic despair,  
 Could God ever join my speed-shatter'd prayer!  
 Oh, whither away—whither away!  
 Great God! in the darkness I'm rolling away!

For the soul who lacks faith, fearful proofs await,  
 As the buried-alive struggles fierce with his fate,  
 So the Spirit would leap from its tomb of state!  
 And bear you away—whither away!  
 As I through the darkness was borne to the day.

WILLIAMSBURGH.

S. H.

THE vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

\* The writer was awakened as alluded to above by feeling the bedstead rapidly moving to and fro across the room—a feeling as if an incubus seemed almost to paralyze the faculties of body and mind, though the certainty of the moving was conclusively proved. On subsequent inquiry the Spirits alleged that their object was to gain the attention and control of the medium.



## PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

IN the report of the Conference proceedings of the date of Dec. 5th, there is a synopsis of some remarks by Mr. JOHN O. WATTLES, wherein he alludes to a great calamity which occurred several years since, and in the midst of which he was most providentially saved. Mr. Wattles, in a letter addressed to Dr. R. T. HALLOCK, narrates the circumstances attending the disaster, and his own mysterious preservation from impending destruction. The narrative can not fail to interest our readers. Our good brother knows not why his life should have been preserved, as in his judgment it has been unproductive of any very important results. But the Power that "shapes our ends," in determining the value of a life, may have reference to the *merit* rather than the *magnitude* of human transactions. A *true life*, however humble the sphere it adorns, is the noblest of all human achievements.—ED.

ROCHESTER, 1854.

FRIEND HALLOCK:

I see by the last TELEGRAPH you promise its readers that I will give a "full statement" of the matter to which you kindly refer.

It is several years since the affair occurred, and I do not often recall it, and it may be difficult to reproduce in my memory all the facts as they transpired, omitting nothing important, and relating every thing essential. However, if it will in the least tend to continue the interest in matters of importance that seems now to be awakened, I will make the attempt.

The *building* referred to stood in the *valley* of the Ohio, and perhaps twenty rods from its banks, and was built for the accommodation of six families. It was three stories *high*, "hip roof," and a hall running through from east to west,

dividing it equally. It was not yet completed, but the river having overflowed its banks, drove us from our "shanties" to seek refuge in it. The water was flowing between us and the hills for nearly half a mile in width, which cut off our retreat in that direction, and this building seemed to be the only alternative.

I was the first, I believe, to leave the shanty, and not having much to "pack" (as usual) took up my line of march for the new house quite early in the morning. I recollect a distinct impression I had after I had started, to go to the north-west corner of the upper story, and accordingly went there with my wife, and deposited what we had in that corner. During the day temporary partitions were put up, dividing the several floors into suitable apartments.

The houses along the river above and below us were carried away, and their inmates took shelter with us, so that there were with us at the time thirty-two persons.

By the afternoon of the second day the water was up to the second floor. Some alarm was now felt by several, and they would have left for the highland, but the "drift wood" had either stove our boats or carried them away. Although there were many misgivings as to the stability and permanency of the house (the basement was of stone, the rest brick), no very great fears were entertained with regard to it. Still we hailed every steamboat that passed, but none came to our relief.

During that afternoon, the carpenters had constructed a rude boat, which would have served to land us the next morning. Between eight and nine o'clock, as near as I can judge, one of the brethren came into our room and said he thought the house was going to fall! I stepped out into the hall, and by listening could hear a very faint, slight ticking sound, apparently in the walls, but remarked that I thought there was no cause for alarm, and returned to my room; I had scarcely got seated.

when I heard him call out, "*The house is falling! To the boat!*"

Then immediately began the most terrific crashing I ever heard. The creaking of timbers, the thundering of the walls as they tumbled upon the floors, the tearing asunder of the roof as the walls crumbled from under it, and all falling together into the rushing torrent below, was a scene truly appalling! The whole south half of the building, up to our room, had fallen, and carried with it every person, I believe, in that division of the building, and buried them in its ruins beneath the waters. The surging imparted to the other portion, by the parting of the walls and the rending of the roof, led us to believe that it would soon follow the other. Indeed, there seemed to be no cessation; our floor began to settle beneath us, and the ceiling began to descend upon us, the walls were crumbling, and the partitions breaking.

I put on my coat, and drew on my boots (for I had been partially prepared for bed), and stood looking on the ruins below, and making my calculations to descend as soon as I could see a fair opportunity to do so. But soon *this* part of the building began to reel anew, and the falling commenced at the other end. The hollow rumbling of the tumbling walls, and the terrific crashes of the parting roof as the walls continued falling from under it, drew nearer and nearer, until it reached our room on the east side, and seemed still coming up to us.

A consciousness now of our position—the walls on each side falling in, the windows crushing, and the glass flying into fragments, the swaying of the portion of the remaining roof continuing to crumble the walls yet more—left us no possible hope but that we should be crushed in a moment. The floor above was now within a few inches of our heads, and knowing that, to jump out would be but to be covered in the ruins.

I clasped my wife to my arms, and exclaimed, "We'll soon be in paradise!" "Yes," said she, "and we'll go together," as she returned the embrace.

The last moment of our earthly lives had now evidently come, and we were about to enter upon that higher existence, upon the contemplation of which we had dwelt for years with rapturous delight. At this instant the light of the Spirit-world broke in upon us; a throng from that holy land now stood around us gleaming in celestial lightness. And I am here, thought I—"in that bright house"—without a pang, without a pain! (I thought I had got out of the body.) "Get down now," say they sweetly; "we have something for you to do yet." I saw they were sustaining the crumbling walls, and holding the ruins in their fall.

I immediately looked around for the means of descent, tied the bed-clothes together, and let myself down upon the fallen roof that still lay above the water, being held from floating away by the pile of rubbish beneath it. On finding foothold, I grasped a floating plank and reared it up against where Esther was standing, and she slid down upon it, and we ran to a distant part of the roof; for that heavy dark mass was hanging over us, and seemed to be just on the verge of falling. But as soon as we turned, we saw a woman with a child in her arms, standing on a projecting floor near by where we had been. I ran to place the plank for her descent, but she refused to come. I insisted upon having the child. This she slid down, and I carried it to my wife and returned for her, but, perhaps from bewilderment, she refused still to descend, saying there was no danger. While expostulating with her, I suddenly felt myself whirled from my standing, and gently but instantly thrown to a distance of sixteen or eighteen feet, and laid prostrate, with that overhanging roof over and the walls thundering about me. As soon as the noise ceased

(and this was the last), I heard Esther calling me, for I was buried completely from her sight, and asking if I was alive. I said, "Yes, I am not hurt," and crawled out from under the ruins, conscious of no other physical effect than my mouth and eyes full of lime-dust, and my pockets full of broken bricks. The woman was buried nearly ten feet directly under where I was standing.

Why my life has been thus spared I know not, for it don't seem to amount to much, so far; may the same Power that saved, clearly direct.

But the bearing these remarks had upon the subject under discussion at your conference was, to show in some degree the power of mind over matter.

In the instance of the walls being sustained, it may be referred to accidental causes; and can not well be expected to be as clear a demonstration of mental power to others as it was to myself.

But the last is more clear to another. Upon examination there seemed to be no possible position in which I could have been placed and not have been crushed; had I remained standing, this result would have been inevitable; had I have fallen "*crosswise*" from my position, I should have been crushed, for the rafters of that which fell came in direct contact with the roof upon which it fell; had I have fallen six inches either to the right or left, the same would have been the result. And there seemed to be no other place under that whole portion which fell (owing to the peculiar structure of that kind of roof at the corners), where I could have been placed, without having crossed the position of some of the timbers.

And that the act was not my own, was as self-evident as that I could not jump backward sixteen or eighteen feet, and choose that exact position and lie down in it, in the dark.

As ever, for God and humanity, JOHN O. WATTLES.

I am sometimes asked, "Why did you go into the building?" or "Had you no premonitions of danger?" etc.

I answer frankly, Yes, I had; but my judgment overruled. I knew the house was built strongly, and thought it was as safe as the houses up to *Third Street*, Cincinnati, as defined by previous floods. I recollect distinctly a most gloomy and sickening sensation that settled down upon me in the morning, when the horses were turned out of the stable. As soon as they were loose, they walked round and round the little island on which we then were, turned their heads up stream, and held them up as if snuffing the breezes, and then steered as straight for the hills as they could go, and swam the whole distance where they could not ford, until they reached the hill-side. Had I followed my *impressions*, I should have gone too; but I didn't like the thought of leaving the rest, and thinking the house was sufficiently strong, we took our things and went in, but went, as I followed my impressions above stated, to that particular portion.

There was a slight mistake in that record of the last Conference. It should have been spelt *Gano's*. Major Gano is known to many, and I showed him the letter I received from my wife; also, my wife was in *Indiana*, and not Ohio—*i. e.*, my residence is in *Indiana*, between one and two hundred miles from Cincinnati—which makes the matter more interesting. Let us have things as near *exact* as we can, in these days of wonders.

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WHEN in company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two things—their good opinion and our own improvement.

## DR. DODS AND SPIRITUALISM.

IT will be recollected that some months ago Dr. J. B. Dods published a book which he ostensibly, and, for aught we know to the contrary, really designed as a quietus to modern Spiritualism. That book was eagerly grasped at by the opposers of the new unfoldings, and was quoted with triumph as an ingenious and final exposition of the class of phenomena on which Spiritualists rest the peculiarities of their faith. It has had an extensive circulation, and we are glad of it. At the time of its issue we were in the possession of an important secret as bearing upon its probable future influence. We knew that it was a bait—a delicious bait—that would probably be gulped down greedily by the big fishes and little fishes of anti-Spiritualism, but who were alike profoundly ignorant that there was a hook concealed inside of it. Well, they have swallowed it as we expected, and now it is about time for us to pull up. We may congratulate ourselves upon securing a pretty respectably sized “gudgeon.” The responsibility of exposing the secret, *that Dr. Dods himself is, and has been, for more than twenty years, a thorough-going Spiritualist and medium*, has not fallen upon us, as at a recent lecture of the Doctor at Rochester he was forced himself, by means of sundry knotty questions asked by a lady, to make it public property. An account of the affair we find reported in the Rochester *Advertiser*.

The Doctor, in his lecture, took the ground, as usual, that all the phenomena—not only of rappings, table-tippings, etc., but of mental impressions, preternatural sights, etc., which are

now attributed to the agency of Spirits, are results of some abnormal development of the involuntary, electric, and mesmeric powers of man, which he supposes have their seat in the cerebellum or back brain of the subject himself. Having explained his theory upon this point, he said he would now come to another subject, and of his remarks on which we quote the report as we find it:

It had been reported that he himself, in past days, had been a sort of "medium," having been the subject of and connected with some strange affairs in the State of Maine.

This, said the speaker, is true; he had seen Spirits all his life, since he was 14 years of age, and could now, when he withdrew by himself. This power of seeing is derived from the influence of mesmerism, or electricity, and is more potent in some individuals than in others—the favored ones having a large development of the "back brain."

He then told how he met his father in a piece of woods one day, after he had been long dead; that his father walked along the road with him, and told him that what he had been taught with reference to the future was erroneous; that he, the lecturer, would pass through many vicissitudes, and would live till he was eighty-four years old, but whether longer was not stated; and, added the speaker, I have full faith that I shall live the eighty-four years; he said he had seen his father since his death again, again, and again; had conversed with him often, as he had also with other departed friends. One time he saw the body of a woman floating down a stream—or thought he did; subsequently a neighbor's house got haunted, and he went there one night, took a light, and mounted the stairs, where the noise was said to be, and there met the woman, apparently dripping with water! Went boldly toward her; she retreated, and finally vanished! In the fall of the same year he saw the woman again; she appeared to be alive this time, but vanished as before. He said he was gathering sap one day, when the dead woman came sailing along in the air; took his hat from his head, carried it some distance over two houses; came back and replaced it upon his head, remarking that she, the sailing woman, was then in the resurrection state, and again disappeared. This proved to him the truth of a successive and continuous resurrection—which he commenced preaching!



Here a woman wanted some further explanation about the noises. [A laugh.]

He spoke of persons being most tremendously charged with electricity—so much so as to have been enabled to send their voices a distance of thirty miles!

A WOMAN.—Was it psychology that took your hat over the houses, Doctor? [Laughter.]

He referred all his ability to see dead people to the power of electricity; said we should have electrical bodies in the other world; that the spirit was an organized being, etc.; that the back brain was the reproducing—the creative power, so to speak, of the race, and by whose energy it was continued; said that man had an electrical fist, an electrical foot, an—

A VOICE.—Was the fist the power which shook your house? Can it shake a house? [A laugh.]

O yes. Why not? Lightning or thunder shakes houses, does it not? This is electricity, the life—the permeating power of the universe.

He said he believed that persons, towns, cities, countries had their guardian angels, but no table Spirits—referred every thing to the psychological powers, but said it would take a week to explain it, which we think quite likely.

A VOICE.—At a certain place the other night you saw Father Ballou. He told you the rappings were true. What do you make of that!

DR. D.—No telling tales out of school. [A laugh.]

A WOMAN here spoke, and said that many years ago she had an interview with Dr. Dods, with whom she had been acquainted when quite young, and having heard of his power of prevision, inquired of him about her husband. After much pressing, he told her that her husband would die in six years, and he did, of consumption. Subsequently she was married again, and seeing the Doctor, asked to be informed of the present one's chances of life. The Doctor replied that he would be killed on the railroad in ten years from that time. She said that nearly eleven years thereafter, he was so killed.

THE DOCTOR.—I think I said *about* ten years.

The same woman wanted to know what Paul had told him about the “rappings”—he having recently consulted that authority on the subject.

The Doctor said he would attend to that matter on next Sunday evening at the same place.

Here we find that the Doctor has made a "clean breast" of it, and frankly and publicly revealed a secret which, for some reason, he did not feel called upon to expose upon the pages of his book. His statement, as above reported, amounts to a full admission, not only that Spirits of the other world do really manifest themselves to, and communicate with, mortals, but that he himself, for many years, has, in the most unmistakable manner, been the recipient of such manifestations and communications. The great point of philosophy which he would seem to endeavor to erect into an issue between himself and other Spiritualists consists, after all, only in his assumption that the *medium* of communication between Spirits and mortals consists in the "involuntary," "electric," or "mesmeric" powers of the latter. Of course those who so eagerly grasped at Dr. Dods' published theory will not now hesitate to follow him to the end of it.

But the rappings, table tipplings, etc., they can't be the work of Spirits. No, no; in the belief of Dr. D., Spirits would not do such undignified things—though he admits that they may so far descend from the awful and forbidding heights of their "resurrection state" as to divest him of his old hat, and after floating it through the air over house tops, bring it back and replace it upon his head. We don't like to "tell tales out of school," but since the feline quadruped is already all out of the "bag," except its caudal extremity, we will merely ask the Doctor, as *apropos* to the question of rappings and tipplings, whose house was it in Union, Maine, in which there were such tremendous, continued, and physically unaccountable rappings, thumpings, *boulversements* of furniture, etc., that the proprietor was finally obliged to sell the premises at great sacrifice, and move away to get rid of the annoyance? Mind you, reader, we don't say that Dr. Dods himself was the proprietor and occupant of that house—nor do we say he wasn't.

We only ask a civil question, which we have no doubt the Doctor can answer to entire satisfaction.

At all events, the Rochester lecture places us in the possession of this result, viz., That there is between the spiritual views of Dr. D. and other Spiritualists all the mighty difference that might be conceived to exist 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

F.

## DISEASE TREATED BY MESMERISM.

BAINBRIDGE, Dec. 28, 1854.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN :

*Gentlemen*—I send you the report of two cases of disease, treated by *mesmerism*, to show that my former statements were well founded. You will do me a favor by giving this an insertion as soon as possible, and forward duplicate numbers of the same, to fill the back numbers in my yearly subscription.

Some six months since we organized a spiritual circle, by spiritual direction, and also all matters pertaining thereto, designated the "Home Circle." Our weekly meetings are anxiously anticipated, and fully attended, to listen to the teachings and lectures, which we have the vanity, perhaps, to think would be no discredit to any circle.

### FIRST CASE.

Frances Ames, daughter of Deacon Ansel S. Ames, of Bainbridge, Chenango Co., N. Y., twenty-one years of age, delicate constitution, sanguine nervous temperament; disease, white swelling of the left knee-joint, of some three months' standing, during which time the disease continued steadily to progress, in defiance of the best directed medical treatment of the seven physicians who visited and prescribed for it. The attending physicians considered it a hopeless case, and expressed their fears that amputation would soon be required, as the joint was near the state of supuration.

The above is the history of the case as given by the family on my first visit in the spring of 1854, when I found the limb resting on a

\* double inclined plane (where it had lain ten weeks), considerably swollen, with a smooth, rounded contour, of a pearly white color, firm, doughy, inelastic feeling on manipulation, devoid of animal heat and sensation, excepting at the joint, where both were excessively intense, so much so, that the jar produced by a person walking across the floor caused severe pain. The constitution was fast waning, although under the encouragement of a highly generous and nutritious diet, assisted with the stimulus of ale, wine, bitters, etc.

Under the genial influence of mesmerism the patient immediately commenced improving in every respect, which corresponded with remarkable accuracy with the application of the remedy, which was occasionally unavoidably suspended, at which time the disease uniformly remained stationary or actually progressed, most clearly demonstrating the important fact, that this most positive, and hitherto intractable disease was *perfectly* under the control of this invisible, gentle, and at the same time most powerful remedial agent.

In one week the patient was raised to the erect position; in about four weeks was able to walk, with the assistance of a cane; in about four months (some time last August), discharged; since which she has been constantly engaged in her usual avocations, her general health quite as good as at any former period of her life.

#### SECOND CASE, NOVEMBER 13, 1854.

James A. Pierson, farmer, of Masonville, Delaware Co., N. Y., of robust constitution, bilious sanguine temperament, twenty-eight years of age; disease, white swelling of the left knee-joint, of four months' standing; for two months under regular medical treatment by blisters, tinct. iodine, *etc.*, without receiving any benefit; disease steadily progressing; loss of sleep and appetite; weight reduced from one hundred and sixty-five pounds to one hundred and forty-eight; walked with difficulty with a cane; motion of the limb quite limited, allowing neither perfect flexion or extension; thigh measured four inches more than the well one near the knee. Treatment.—Solely by mesmerism, assisted by bathing with warm water, and the application of emollient poultices, without administering a particle of any medical substance whatever.

Result.—Sleep and appetite immediately restored, all painful sensations perfectly controlled; swelling diminished so rapidly that in ten days the thigh measured two inches less than the well one (showing that the limb had perished to that extent), when it commenced increas

ing in size, and gained one inch in six days; weight increased to one hundred and fifty-six pounds in sixteen days—a gain of half a pound per day, at which time he was discharged, walking perfectly erect without limping.

Remarks.—During the treatment the patient was not only allowed, but required to exercise, to the full amount of his ability. About two weeks subsequently I saw Mr. Pierson, who informed me he had been constantly engaged in his usual avocations, without the least inconvenience, had regained his usual weight of one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and considered himself perfectly well. S. W. CORBIN, M.D.

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## TWO SPIRITUAL FACTS.

### MR. BRITTAN:

The following facts, among others, I related in your presence some time since, and you suggested that they would be of interest to some of your readers. Since that time I have seen my informant (a practicing physician in New Jersey), and have received full particulars of the occurrence. His mother is, it seems, a lady of peculiarly impressible temperament, and has been favored with many prophetic dreams, so often verified that the family have come to place great reliance on her presentiments, and are much guided by them.

One evening, when a young lady, occupying a room with a sister, whose bed was adjacent to her own, but separated by a space of two or three feet, she was undoubtedly approached and impressed by a Spirit. The moon shone brightly in the chamber, giving "a luster of mid-day" to all objects. On retiring to bed she felt her pillow distinctly pulled, and as she was somewhat fatigued and desirous to sleep, chid her sister for the disturbance. The latter protested her innocence, and

immediately afterward the thing was repeated more palpably. She again reproved her sister and met the same reply. It occurred a third time, and then she partially lost her consciousness, rose from the bed, wrapped her dressing robe around her, and, led by an irresistible impulse, went up to the room occupied by a domestic. The girl she found sitting by her bedside, her arm around the candle (which was upon a chair), her head bowed over her book, and she in a profound sleep. Her dress was within an inch of the flame, and just beginning to be singed, and in another minute the sleeper would have been enveloped in flames. Immediately upon waking the girl, the superior influence left her, and she returned to her bed. Did Spiritualism accomplish any thing of good in this instance?

Another more remarkable is a dream. The Doctor, on coming down to breakfast one morning, noticed something unusual in his mother's looks, and on inquiry found she was troubled about a dream of the preceding night. She saw a nephew of hers taken with spasms, and, after an illness of just one month, die—saw and described most minutely those present on the occasion of the funeral. A Mr. D——n preached the discourse from a certain text (which has escaped my memory); his wife made herself quite busy in attending to the necessary arrangements, and made use of some peculiar expressions. The day was rainy, and the mother was prevented from going to the grave. Although they supposed the child to be in perfect health at that time, and the Doctor was disposed to turn the thing into ridicule, he received intelligence the next day that it had been seized with violent convulsions, but that it was a little better, and they thought it would all pass over. *After an illness of just thirty days the child died, and every particular of the foregoing dream was entirely verified.*

Yours,

AMHERST.

## EXHIBITION OF SPIRIT ART.

WE intimated some time since that we had been engaged for several years in making a collection of curious artistic works, executed by Spirits, and that we were about to illustrate the wonderful powers of the invisible intelligences and the principles of Spiritual Science in a series of public Lectures, accompanied by a novel, attractive, and instructive exhibition of what they have done and are now doing. With this object in view, and to render the exhibition effective, we are having a large number of specimens transferred to glass by what is denominated the *Ambrotype process*, which, like the ordinary daguerreotype, produces a *perfect transcript* of the most complicated original. By the aid of suitable optical instruments these will be magnified to any desirable size, and brilliantly illuminated, without disturbing the harmony of their proportions, or in any way impairing their fidelity to the originals. Moreover, they will be exhibited in a manner which will enable thousands to view them distinctly at the same moment.

Among these curious revelations of spiritual power are comprehended the WRITINGS in ancient, foreign, and unknown languages, executed at an early stage in the spiritual movement, through the mediumship of Mr. E. P. FOWLER, of this city, and which have been regarded by all intelligent and learned observers as objects of great curiosity and mysterious significance. This part of the collection contains the extraordinary parchment whereon a Spirit wrote the following sentiment (Kossuth's views of intervention were at the time under discussion in the circle of which Mr. Fowler was medium):

"PEACE, BUT NOT WITHOUT FREEDOM," and *fifty-six Spirits* without the instrumentality of any mortal hand, then subscribed their names to the sentiment. These names have been compared with originals, and are found to be complete *fac-similes*. The other specimens comprehend communications in Hebrew, Arabic, Bengalee, Sanscrit, and other ancient and Oriental tongues. The spiritual origin of these has been authenticated in the most unmistakable manner. After investigating all the material facts relative to the execution of these writings, Prof. Bush declared his views in the following paragraph :

"I can only say for myself that, from the internal evidence, and from a multitude of collateral circumstances, I am perfectly satisfied that Mr. Fowler never practiced any deception in their production. In like manner I am equally confident that he, though the medium on the occasion, had, consciously, nothing to do with a Hebrew communication which was spelled out to me in the presence of a circle of very respectable gentlemen, not one of whom, beside myself, had any knowledge of that language."—See *SHEKINAH*, Vol. I. p. 305.

Among the Drawings we have some fifteen heads of ancient philosophers, seers, artists, and Pagan divinities, Socrates, Christ, Jupiter, and Mars being among the number. These are drawn with remarkable boldness and freedom, and several of our prominent artists who have examined them concur in the opinion that these heads display great learning in art and a master hand. With two or three exceptions, they purport to have been executed by the Spirit of an ancient Greek sculptor. This Spirit has visited the medium—a young lady whose name is withheld at her request—but *three times*, and on each of those occasions some ten or twelve heads were produced in half that number of hours. We were personally present when he made his last visit, and witnessed the *modus operandi* of their execution.

In addition to the above we have a variety of *Flowers, Fruits,*



and other objects, difficult to describe and too numerous to mention in detail, all of which were produced by the agency of Spirits, some of which are said to belong to other worlds, which mortal eyes have never looked upon. These artistic illustrations of the powers of departed human Spirits must be regarded with a profound and peculiar interest by all believers in the present intercourse between the Spiritual and Natural Worlds, while the singular and startling, yet dignified character of the whole exhibition, can scarcely fail at once to awaken and to gratify the general curiosity to see *what the Invisible Powers have actually done.*

S. B. B.

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## TRANSPORTATION OF MATERIAL OBJECTS.

Messrs. Editors: *Variety* is said to be the "*spice of life*;" so I offer you a few *facts* in relation to "*modern manifestation*," which, if they don't "*cap the climax*," may prove of some interest to you and the readers of the TELEGRAPH.

Capt. Samuel Rideaut and myself left 181 North Front Street, Philadelphia, last July, for Ohio and the Canadas, *via* Cincinnati and Detroit, Mich., leaving in our store to attend business J. Greely, one of our firm. We took among other things with us a new *clothes brush*, upon which I put my private mark, it being my personal property. (I would cheerfully make oath to all I shall here relate.) We stopped at Harrisburgh the first night, where we both used said brush, and left in the first train of cars, before light. The next night we remained at Altoona; and on looking for the brush found it—missing. We both remarked, then, that we left it on our chamber table at Harrisburgh; and Mr. Rideaut offered to purchase me another brush as mine was new and he had undertaken to keep it in his valise, mine being very fully packed, but I told him to wait till we needed it more. Several times on our tour he offered to buy me a brush, but as often I put him off. We separated at Ni-

agara Falls, he returning to Maine and I going to Quebec and returning to Philadelphia, *via* Montreal, Hudson River, and New York. On my return, I left my baggage at Camden, where I boarded (Mr. Rideant still remaining in Maine), and crossed over to our place of business. The first thing in particular I noticed was the *identical clothes brush*! Mr. Greely affirmed he had seen said brush in the store for weeks before our return, notwithstanding he was quite sure he saw us pack it in our valise when we left. I remarked that the *Spirits* brought it back, for we had left it at Harrisburgh, Pa. He thought me joking, and no more was said. I left soon for Maine. While at a circle in Bangor, Me., the *Spirits* voluntarily spelt out that I had lost two things while on my tour. (I had not mentioned the fact to any one.) I asked what were the articles. *Ans.* A brush and memorandum book. *Ques.* Where are they? *Ans.* The *brush* we brought back to Philadelphia the next day after you left it, and the memorandum book is in Canada. I will here remark that I did lose a memorandum book, in which were several entries in figures, which I thought I left at Prescott, Ca. A few evenings after, I met Mr. Wood, a *deaf mute*, a clairvoyant of much merit as a *test* and healing *medium*. Mr. W. was a perfect stranger to me, we never having seen each other, and neither of us knowing that the other existed. After giving the circle several excellent tests, he wrote on his slate and handed to me the following: "You are going to Philadelphia soon." I remarked that was good, and then related to a gentleman by my side the brush story in a whisper so as not to disturb the circle. Just as I pronounced this sentence: "On entering my store the first thing I noticed was my *brush*," Mr. Wood wrote quickly on his slate again, and handed to me: "Where was Mr. Greely at that time?" (Recollect, Mr. Greely was the third partner, whom we left at home while absent.) I was delighted, and remarked, "That is *excellent*." He smiled and wrote again: "Where is the little *memorandum book*?" and then made some six or eight entries in figures precisely like those in the book I lost!

I have a "few more left of the same sort" which I will forward, when the "toe and knee-snappers," odic force, Psychological and Clairvoyant theorists can give the *modus operandi*.

C. H. DE WOLFE.

## NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

JANUARY 9TH, 1855.

Dr. YOUNG was disposed to argue the question of Spirit-forms temporarily produced, as it has been supposed. He objected to the reality of such appearances: First, on the ground of their being unnecessary—raps and other forms of manifestation being generally made without them. Secondly, these organizations prove Materialism, and not Spiritualism, as they prove only (admitting their reality) the existence of external forms. Thirdly, if they are objective spiritual phenomena, they can not proceed from human Spirits, because the province of creation belongs only to God. No power save his can create a human body or any of its parts. The spirit does not create its own tabernacle of flesh and blood on earth, nor is there any proof of its ability to compete successfully with the Creator in the world beyond. Fourthly, these supposed tangible forms appear at one time firm and solid as flesh and blood, and again are represented as offering no resistance by solidity of structure, to any substance. Such changes can not be predicated of substantial forms. He thought it more rational, therefore, to conclude them psychical impressions rather than substantial realities.

Mr. BENNING, under the full sense of his heavenly mission, made a meteoric descent upon Dr. Young's psychical theory, which he denounced as belonging to a system of world-philosophy, which could be profitably exchanged for a little more piety and trust in God. He stated facts that occurred under his own observation, in company with many other persons, establishing to his mind the reality of what we see and feel. He had seen a human hand, belonging to no visible human body, deliver a number of letters to members of the circle. His own hand, being by request placed under the table, a hand much larger than the natural size, placed a watch in his, the same watch having been unconsciously removed from the pocket of a gentleman present. A letter containing the autograph and a portrait of the Duke of Wellington was handed up, pronounced by an aged gentleman present to be good. The old gentleman wished to keep it, and was told he might if he could.

The same paper by request being put under the table again, was immediately handed back with every vestige of the Duke obliterated, and in place of it a profile sketch of what purported to be an undeveloped Spirit, with his name in red ink! This paper, after being thoroughly examined, and found to be the same on which the picture of Wellington had originally appeared, was then, by request, refolded, placed on the table, and held there. When the gentleman removed his hand and opened the paper again, the picture of the Duke and his autograph were restored as before! He had been slapped on the forehead once by what the Doctor calls a psychological hand, so hard as to leave an imprint visible to others several hours afterward. He had no particular delight in these things—they belonged to the A, B, C of Spiritualism, and had been presented to him only for the purpose of removing certain doubts in the way of his more perfect consecration as an especial vessel or spiritual watering-pot for the dry wastes of materialistic philosophy. The materialist can not understand these things. To understand Spiritualism, we must become spiritual ourselves. The Church was once a body of Spiritualists, but through dissension, division, and worldly wisdom, it has lost its spirituality. It subsists now upon the echo of fact rather than upon fact itself, and when interrogated by modern science as to its faith, it yields a smiling apologetic assent well calculated to raise a doubt whether it ever had any.

Mr. PARTRIDGE briefly recapitulated the objections of Dr. Young. He had no objection to theorizing, but when philosophy takes issue with the senses, *i. e.*, when philosophy teaches one thing and his senses the opposite, he takes the latter for his guide. With respect to those hands, and other like manifestations, the senses are pointedly at issue with the psychological hypothesis. His senses tell him they are substantial entities, and he is compelled to believe them, until it can be shown that they are ~~not~~ as reliable as the Doctor's theory. A hand is seen to present different objects to us, and it is seen to write; the psychologist admits the reality of the writing and of the substances thus presented, but denies the substantive existence of the hand, for the profound reason alleged by Dr. Young, "that you can't put the hand in your pocket and bring it away with the articles it produces." He might as well object to the existence of his own hand for the same reason. He could not see any offense to natural law or any invasion of the prerogative of the Creator in these things. Spirits in the body exert both a oluntary and involuntary influence over the grosser forms of matter

They are recognized as human beings by virtue of this power. We accrete and throw off organic particles so as to produce an entire change in the substance of our external forms many times during an ordinary lifetime, and we have much proof that the inherent power of the Spirit is intensified rather than diminished by its new condition of being. If this be so, ~~then~~ in that state as in this, the human spirit, retaining its original power over matter, may be supposed to exercise it at will, without regard to the element of time so necessary to its operations while in the body. But if all who have witnessed these things of daily occurrence now, are the dupes of unconscious mental hallucination, what are we to say of the flesh-and-blood appearance of Jesus after the crucifixion? Thomas seems to have been as skeptical as the learned fraternity of modern psychologists, until he brought the phenomenon to the touchstone of his senses; but if they played him false on that occasion, what are we to think of the morality of the deception? What is to be the test of truth in any case if our senses are made to bow thus to mere theory? If we have no means of knowing when we possess them in normal potency, the Doctor himself may be but a huge psychological phantom, notwithstanding the seeming reality of flesh and hair. If he were to present the Doctor with a letter, for instance, he would admit its reality at once. "Oh, yes," he would say, "do you not see, here are the A's and the B's, the words and the sentences, all plain enough." "Well, Doctor, I saw that letter given to me by a human hand, not belonging to any person possessing a visible body!" "Sir, *you were psychologized!*" "But why do you think so, Doctor? The hand seemed as real to me as the writing does to you. What proof can you give me that I was deceived?" "Why, Professor Dods once made a man hoist his umbrella to protect himself from a psychological thunder-storm. Now, Dods being omnipotent, and deception universal, you must have been deceived as to the hand, though strangely enough you are right as to the substantive character of the letter; but in this you have the benefit of my sound eye, which never winked at the nod of psychology, or you could not be sure even of that." He would not presume to disturb the profundity of that conclusion; but he had seen hands formed by Spirits that looked and felt much more substantial than this theory, and had certainly impressed him with much greater force.

The following paper on "odic lights," etc., was presented, and the substance of it stated by a gentleman present:

## ODIC LIGHTS.

Much speculation has occurred since the first observance of this phenomenon, and now, when almost every circle gives evidence of the presence of both diffused and concentrated lights, it becomes a fair subject of investigation.

All present have doubtless observed these lights, and know their character and appearance, hence it is only necessary to describe them generally before offering any rationale for their existence. Diffused lights are seen in different parts of the room, sometimes at the ceiling, and sometimes surrounding the head of the medium or some member of the circle. When the room is darkened, these diffused lights sometimes concentrate, and small masses, intensely brilliant, fall on the table and elsewhere. If these be caught between the hands and instantly rubbed, a slight smell of phosphorus is readily perceived, and with all the characteristics of potential phosphorus in contact with the cutis, the odor being the same.

From these facts many new considerations are suggested, such as—

Does phosphorus pervade space? If so, from whence does it arise? What is its use? How and why does it aggregate? What part does it play in the natural economy? What connection has it with Spirit-action, and what are the proofs?

It is well known to physiologists, that most organic matter is pervaded by phosphorus in the different states known as potential phosphorus, phosphoric acid (which is the combination of potential phosphorus with oxygen), phosphureted hydrogen, etc., and when combined with inorganic matters, phosphorus forms a whole line of salts called phosphates, as phosphate of lime in bones, milk, flesh, and in the ash of many plants. In this state even the application of a white heat will not separate the phosphoric acid from the lime. It is also, as phosphoric acid, combined with soda, potash, magnesia, ammonia, etc., and in such state pervades the whole vegetable kingdom; it is from such sources that animals supply themselves with the necessary amount for the formation of their bones.

When in gaseous form, as phosphureted hydrogen, it pervades all porous bodies, and all substances of which carbon is a chief constituent, and particularly when in process of decay, to liberate this carbon. Thus wood, while undergoing what is called *crumacausis*, a species of decay, will receive and retain phosphorus from the atmosphere, in addition to its own portion, until the quantity will be so great as to cause

it to shine in the dark. We all know it as *lighting-wood*. Fish during decay shows the same phenomenon; and many insects collect, intensify, and exude phosphorus, as the fire-fly, lightning-bug, etc.

All this is supplied by nature to the atmosphere, and from the atmosphere is again appropriated by nature's laws. Its use seems to be to give strength to plants and animals, and perhaps to furnish internal light in which the chemical changes during aggregation may proceed; for a plant grown in the dark without a strong excess of phosphorus, will have no color; thus plants grown in cellars, or placed there without light, will turn white, while those grown in the open air will always be more green, and the colors of their flowers more brilliant when phosphorus in any soluble form is present in the soil. It is fair to infer from finding both plants and animals stronger when supplied with phosphorus, that in addition to its supplying light to insure all the chemical changes which can not occur in the dark, it is mainly instrumental in giving strength. Thus, infants fed on arrow-root alone will not form bone; and the domestic cow when fed on food deficient of phosphates, will voraciously gnaw bones and other substances containing them; for unless the milk of the cow has its fair proportion of phosphates, the calf will not make bone; and the bone disease, so well known to farmers, is removed from animals by the use of phosphates in the soil. Even ground bones are sometimes fed to cows. Some German physicians have lately found that slight quantities of the soluble phosphates, taken internally, will ameliorate diseases arising from weakness of the mucus and other membranes, which they assert owe their strength in part to the presence of phosphates.

The Ignis-fatuus, or Jack O'Lantern of the swamps, shows clearly that phosphorus, as such, does pervade the atmosphere, and may be collated by efficient means, such as nature supplies in the exercise of her laws, for its reception. All decaying bodies give out phosphorus; and even the exudation of living bodies, particularly of over-fed men, supply it in large quantities; for its subtle character enables phosphorus to pass freely between the ultimate particles of most substances, the atmosphere included, and in which its chemical condition can readily be changed to the required state for potential purposes. More generally, phosphureted hydrogen, as a result of decomposition, is decomposed by the hydrogen combining with oxygen to form water, and thus setting free potential phosphorus. Sulphur in the same way imbues the atmosphere as *sulphureted hydrogen*, and from similar causes sometimes de-

scends as potential sulphur in a shower, covering the leaves of trees, etc. This phenomenon has often occurred since, and probably before, the days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

It may now be asked, what has all this to do with odic force or light? I have already reminded you that when these odic lights are caught and rapidly rubbed between the hands, the potential phosphorus may be smelled; and on one occasion when these lights were falling, I smelled the hands of a medium, found them free from phosphorescent smell, and then requested her to rub them rapidly; she did so, and the odic lights were thrown off from her finger ends. Those who attend dark circles, and have witnessed writing well executed in straight lines, done in these circles, must admit that a light or its equivalent, adequate to Spirit-purposes existed, notwithstanding the fact that it could not be perceived by those who were in their normal condition. Therefore may not this diffused condition of phosphorus in the atmosphere, and among the particles of more solid substances, supply a light entirely adequate to the purposes of Spirit-sight, while our organs are inefficient in perceiving it or its illuminations.

The diffusible character of both sulphur and phosphorus is well known. A few grains of powdered brimstone placed in the shoes may be tasted in the mouth in a few minutes after walking. Even the sulphur contained in the India-rubber of the webbing of our suspenders, tends to blacken silver carried in the pockets, forming sulphuret of silver, while the silver plating of the suspender buckle itself becomes black from the same cause.

Phosphorus, like sulphur, diffuses itself, and by similar means; and when we take into consideration the well-known facts of its diffusibility and ability to supply all the conditions for chemical action, like the sun's rays, with the fact that it forms a most important part in both the vegetable and animal economy, the fact is suggested that phosphorus has properties not unlike those which have been attributed to the sun's rays, and perhaps differing just to the extent which may render the one proper for Spirit-use, when absent from the form, while the other is better suited to the use of man in the form. If a certain class of mediums can really collate and dispense phosphorus from their hands, may not its diffusible character account for the cures performed by "laying on of hands;" and if so, may we not view the diffused phosphorus as an *excitant*, as it certainly is in vegetable growth, and may be in both the physical and mental development of man?



You will of course view the above as an hypothesis, and only intended to call forth the truths observed by others.

The term *odîc* is adopted above only from the absence of another term, and not from any confusion with the *odîc* light of Reichenbach.

Mr. FISHBOUGH was much interested in the paper, but thought the gentleman mistaken in supposing his hypothesis to cover the whole phenomena in question. The light he describes is *sui generis*. The *odîc* lights described by Reichenbach were not phosphorescent. He cited many curious facts from his "Dynamics of Magnetism" in proof of his position. This light radiated from magnets, human hands, crystals, etc. It differed from phosphorescent light, in that it was not visible to all. Even some of the impressibles who felt the effect of the substances which emitted it, did not see it. (The reader curious to know more of the nature of these lights can consult Reichenbach.) Mr. Fishbough thought the extreme economy evinced by a too rigid devotion to mundane law deprived us of some essential elements for the solution of many spiritual phenomena. The discrete degrees of natural law should not be forgotten. They all point to a "higher law," which must enter into the explanation of spiritual facts. There is a specific vegetable law, a degree above that of minerals, and of animals above that of vegetables. Now, let us suppose a conclave of vegetables before the full unfolding of the animal kingdom, in reasoning upon the phenomenon to insist upon explaining it by what they would call natural law. Natural law, to them, would necessarily mean the laws of vegetables and minerals; it could not explain the higher fact. The peculiarity of sensation and motion belonging to a horse can not be explained by the law of cabbage. Were some grave *head* of that illustrious tribe to contend they must not go out of the realm of cabbage to explain the manifestations of the animal kingdom, he would be voted down in any respectable convocation of full-blown vegetables. Following the successive order observed in nature, it is not to be supposed the facts of spiritual life are explicable fully by laws which operate only on the planes below it; and where these fail, we should look higher for an explanation. Nor is it impossible we may get it. There are minds yet in the form so developed in spiritual science, as to be able to unfold much of its truth, if we will but listen. But if the boy will not believe his teacher when he states an axiom above his comprehension, how is he to learn? Faith in his teacher is the first step in his progress. It gives him the necessary impulse to demonstrate for himself.

R. T. HALLOCK.

## PROGRESSION.

PROGRESSION is the great law of nature ; nor is this law the inherent property of matter, but it is the Divine law rendered manifest to man by the blessings surrounding us at all times ; nor are these blessings themselves of an even kind, but continually improving ; thus our food, raiment, household utensils, and education, are all superior to those employed by our forefathers ; and we can not select a single phase in nature that has not for its purpose progression.

Thus let us look at the icy hand of winter, and we will readily see that it is the cause of many blessings, and really tends toward the general progression of all matter, and hence of all mind. The cold of winter prepares the earth for a fruitful summer. The very snows as they fall seize on to the ammonia of the atmosphere given off by the breathing of animals and the decay of former organism, and descending to the earth's surface, deposits this ammonia in an advanced form to enter plants with the first hours of spring, and thus to be again rendered available for the use of man. The very coal which we dig from the bowels of the earth, by being burned to equalize the temperature for our comfort, sends its integrants in an aeriform shape into nature's great storehouse—the atmosphere—whence it is received by the soil as raw material for the production of a more advanced condition for these materials than existed among them when in the coal beds ; and even the wood of our forests, which is burned for the use of man, forms the raw materials to accelerate superior forms of growth. In districts of country where the greatest plenty prevails, the greatest plenty will continue to prevail ; for we can not put any thing out of existence by the ordinary modes

of consumption. Every transformation that matter undergoes in following nature's laws, progresses, and fits it for more perfect assimilation; for like the recrystallization of a salt many times, so the ultimates of nature at each of their configurations in organized forms, bear a superior relation to their previous condition. Nor is it true of material only, for education, either by its improved methods or the progression of spirit, is hereditary, and thus mankind in each succeeding age is more progressed, therefore wiser, and consequently better. Men respect the rights of each other, and their laws for mutual protection are the registry of their advancement.

Throughout nature we find this law of progression pervading all groups of natural law, as well as the exercise of individual exceptions. The wash of continents into the sea, instead of denuding the dry land of its powers of fertility, simply rests for a time in one of nature's great laboratories—the ocean. Here it furnishes the food for fishes, gives growth to algæ, feeds the birds of the ocean, and, in the form of shellfish, oil, guano, or seaweed, is washed upon our coast. Fish are an article of food, and their resultant gases arise from the ocean's surface, and are wafted over the surfaces of continents to be detained there by nature's laws. All these materials, originally washed from continents, are returned again to them in a progressed and advanced condition, again to produce a more refined and more valuable aliment for man. Thus the ultimates of a world ~~when~~ once assuming their form as a grand whole, can not but follow the great law of progression intended to render man in the form a continuous approximation toward the spirit-man, until it is fair to infer that the time will evidently arise when the line of difference now existing between spirit and matter will be scarcely definable, and man may then see God in all his works without exercising that wonder which now astonishes the student of God's laws.

PHŒNIX.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

If you or your readers desire any thing more spiritual than the following lines, which I copy from the *Barre Patriot*, an anti-spiritual paper, I opine you will have to go beyond the angels to procure it, for I should think *this* an emanation from their very interior souls !

I send you them as an accompaniment to an article which appeared in the TELEGRAPH Oct. 17th, as I should judge this to be the same style, language, and sentiment of that fragment of thought paraphrased into rhyme.

E. E. GIBSON.

They are with us—guardian angels—  
Spirits of celestial birth,  
Convoys from the heavenly portals,  
Bringing peace and joy to earth !  
They are with us ever—ever  
Floating in ethereal space,  
Fanning with their unseen pinions  
Every breath of heavenly grace.

When 'the storm-cloud darkly gathers,  
When the mad waves wildly roll,  
When the tear-drops of our anguish  
Flood the portals of the soul ;  
When the sunshine wanes in darkness,  
And the clouds of light are scattered ;  
When love's star forbears to glisten,  
And our earthly hopes are shattered—

Like the dove, with branch of olive,  
Gliding o'er the dreary waste,  
To our weary burdened spirits,  
Thus with smiles of peace they haste.

Like the foam-crest on the billow,  
Sailing o'er the restless deep,  
Thus they reintwine our heart-strings,  
And their ceaseless vigils keep !

When the parting words are spoken,  
And the tears of anguish fall,  
Then they gather up the pearl-drops—  
Give back hope-tints for them all.  
When the heart with sacred pleasure  
Sparkles like a festal cup,  
Then within their rainbow censers  
Swift they bear the perfume up.

Sometimes there are others near us,  
That, with stealthy, noiseless wing,  
Shook our spirits, till within them  
Is no trace of noble thing.  
Blessed watchers ! how they hasten  
In the strength of holy might,  
And through Him who granteth succor,  
Triumph in the good and right !

Glorious forms of angel vision !  
Dream-land spirits, bright and pure !  
Messengers of sweetest solace,  
To life's last end firm and sure—  
What would be this earth without them  
But a darksome way at best ?  
Like the lone dove should we wander,  
Seeking for a place of rest !

Guardians of poetic beauty,  
Spanning o'er unfathomed space,  
Who shall dare deny their mission ?  
Who dispute their mystic place ?  
Blest are they who at transition,  
When all earthly hopes remove,  
With such envoys pass o'er Jordan  
To elysian realms of love !

## "THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS."

SUCH is the title of the new work written by the hand of MR. CHARLES LINTON, of Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., which is about to be published with the indorsement of HON. N. P. TALLMADGE, who certifies to the spiritual origin and extraordinary character of the production. Early last Spring, while on a visit to Washington, D. C., for the purpose of delivering lectures on the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, we had several personal interviews with Mr. Linton, and were permitted to examine the manuscript of his book. For several days we frequented the apartments occupied by the Governor and Mr. L., and as the work was then in progress, we had favorable opportunities for analyzing the character and claims of the medium, and also, to some extent, for making observations on the process employed in the execution of the work. All that we saw and heard during our stay in Washington contributed to establish the conviction that Mr. Linton is not only a medium of extraordinary powers, but that he is, moreover, characterized by a deeply religious spirit and the most scrupulous morality.

We are indebted to the politeness of Gov. Tallmadge for the privilege of examining a portion of the proof-sheets of the forthcoming volume in advance of its publication, and we take this early opportunity to submit to our readers a brief analysis of its character and contents. The reader is introduced to the inspired portions of the volume by an able INTRODUCTION, in which Gov. Tallmadge presents the peculiar experience of Mr. Linton and the claims of his book in a concise and lucid statement. Very little is said of the personal history of Mr

L., save that he is now about twenty-six years of age ; that he has good natural powers of mind, but very limited acquirements, having enjoyed only such advantages as were afforded by the common schools of Pennsylvania some ten years ago ; that he served an apprenticeship at blacksmithing, and worked at his trade until some four years since, when he engaged as a merchant's clerk in Philadelphia, where he was soon after developed as a writing medium. Mr. Linton's own record of this part of his experience involves the history of this remarkable book.

Following this brief history of Mr. Linton and the book, the author of the Introduction proceeds to state the circumstance which first secured for the modern spiritual phenomena his respectful and serious consideration. Previous to May, 1852, he had regarded the alleged facts as utterly incredible, and therefore treated the whole matter as a delusion. At that time, however, his attention was suddenly arrested by reading a communication from Judge Edmonds, which appeared in one of the leading journals of this city. He had known the Judge intimately for more than thirty years, and had been associated with him in several positions of public responsibility, wherein the talents and fidelity of his friend had shone conspicuously. He felt that he knew his personal friend and public associate quite too well to question either the honesty of his purpose or the soundness of his judgment. He could no longer doubt that the subject was worthy of his notice, and at once resolved to engage in the investigation. In this connection Gov. Tallmadge pays a high and merited tribute to the education, judicial capacity, and personal integrity of Judge Edmonds ; after which he proceeds to treat of the spiritual phenomena generally, reviewing in a brief but cogent style their reception by the Pulpit and the Press ; at the same time he quietly disposes of the empty speculations of material philosophers.

Gov. Tallmadge is a member of the Episcopal Church, and while to some minds his language may occasionally seem to indicate that he attaches an undue importance to certain books and men, it must be evident to every candid reader that there is no dogmatism or theological hair-splitting in his Introduction to "The Healing of the Nations." Much less is there any attempt to bend Spiritualism to the support of his preconceived opinions, or to interpret its significant facts and inspired teachings by the light of the Thirty-nine Articles. The Governor employs no rhetorical drapery to cover up the truth, nor does he invest his subject with the theological second-hand clothing of his church, either out of respect to the "Apostolic Succession," or to render it fashionable. On the contrary, Spiritualism has found in our distinguished friend a fearless investigator who is not to be frightened from his purpose, and a witness who need not be sworn to tell the truth.

The writer insists that the current phenomena are not opposed to genuine Christianity, but that, while they demonstrate our immortality, they clearly and forcibly illustrate the divine principles of Christ, shedding at once a new and clearer light on the invisible laws involved in the marvelous displays of spiritual presence and energy which accompanied his dispensation. In confirmation of this general idea, and to illustrate the prevalence, among the purest and noblest minds, of faith in the doctrine of Spiritual Intercourse, Mr. Tallmadge refers to the New Testament writers and to many eminent modern authors. Speaking of the manifestations, and of the presumption of those who treat them with derision and denunciation, he says :

If, then, these manifestations are according to God's laws, how great is the responsibility of those who undertake to denounce them ; who undertake to set a limit to the power of the Almighty ; and to proclaim that there is neither the necessity nor the power for further manifesta-



tions to elucidate the truths of the Bible—truths about which mankind can not agree, and never will agree, till further light is shed upon them ! This responsibility is great here, but it will be greater hereafter. And none will see it and feel it with such crushing weight as the clergy who have denounced it ; who have shut out the light from their people, and caused them to walk in darkness, when the brightness of these manifestations has been shining around them. Let them take heed to themselves. This warning is founded on communications from a high spiritual source. And let them rest assured that, though they may stay for a brief season the mighty torrent of "Spiritualism," which is covering the earth as the waters cover the sea, they will not be able to check it in the world to which they go, but will there be held to an awful accountability ! If they had but a small share of practical common sense, they would investigate it, and proclaim it from the pulpit as confirming the truths of the Bible, and as re-affirming the doctrines which Christ taught and practiced. Instead of attempting to resist it, they would "take the tide at its flood," and endeavor to "direct the fury of the storm." If they do not, they will find the foundations of their antagonistic creeds washed from under them, and swept away by the resistless tide which is now setting,

"Like to the Pontick sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb."

They may as well attempt to stem the torrent of Niagara, and silence the thunders of the mighty cataract. The day for intimidation has gone by. Those liquid fires, whose terrors have been so long used, have been quenched by the pure waters of truth flowing from the fountain of Love ; and their lurid glare is lost in the brilliant light shed by the sun of righteousness which has risen with healing on its wings.

From the interesting narration of spiritual experiences contained in the Introduction to this book, we select the following striking example, in which the life of Gov. Tallmadge was preserved, as he now firmly believes, by the interposition of some guardian Spirit :

Of *impressions* which we receive, every one's own individual experience will bear me out in what I say. How often has it happened to

almost every body that he or she has been impressed to do or not to do, to go or not to go, and by obeying that impression, has been saved from accident or danger! I could cite abundant authorities in proof of this, but I will only relate one instance in regard to myself. I was on board the war-steamer Princeton, in the Potomac River, in the year 1844, when the dreadful disaster occurred by the bursting of the "big gun," which sacrificed the lives of several of our most distinguished citizens. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had been invited by Com. Stockton, the distinguished commander of the Princeton, to take a trip down the Potomac to witness the movements of the steamer, as well as the firing of the gun called the "Peace-maker," a gun of wrought iron, of immense weight and caliber. I had under my charge two ladies. It was announced that the gun would fire three times. When they were preparing for the first fire, I took my position at the breech of the gun. The vessel being in motion, the smoke, after firing, was immediately left behind, and in my position I could take the range of the shot of immense weight as it gracefully bounded over the water. I took this position at each fire. After dinner I went with the ladies on deck at the stern of the vessel, and soon discovered the gun was again being loaded. I immediately went to the gun at the bow of the vessel, and learning that the commodore, and the President and his cabinet, and other gentlemen, were momentarily expected up to witness the last fire, I determined to remain, and took my position as before. I waited a minute or two, and was suddenly impressed to leave the gun—why, I could not tell; I had no fear of the gun, for I supposed a wrought-iron gun could not burst. Yet, by an irresistible impulse, I was compelled to leave the gun. I went to the stern of the vessel, and was told the ladies had just gone below. I went down into the cabin, and immediately heard the report of the gun; and in a moment came the news that two members of the cabinet and three other distinguished gentlemen had been instantly killed by the bursting of the gun. I rushed on deck, saw the lifeless and mangled bodies, and found that the gun had burst at the very spot where I had stood at the three former fires, and where, if I had remained at the fourth fire, I should have been perfectly demolished! Here was a *spiritual impression* which I could not resist, and by obeying which my life was saved. It is not for me to say why my life was saved and others sacrificed. We can not fathom the mysterious ways of Providence, but we can derive benefit from the manifestations thus placed before us.

In the course of the Introduction we have a classification of media, and many interesting facts and communications are cited in illustration of the several phases of the phenomena. From among the examples of musical mediumship the Governor relates the following :

In June, 1853, after my return from New York, where I had witnessed many manifestations, I called on a writing medium in my neighborhood. A communication came through her to me, directing me to form a circle in my own family, and that a medium would be developed that would be all I could desire. I asked who it would be. It was answered, a daughter. I asked which daughter, as I have four daughters. It was answered, Emily. I was then directed, when a circle should be formed at my house, to put Emily at the piano. I asked, "Will you teach her to play?" It was answered, "You will see." Emily is my youngest daughter, and at that time about thirteen years of age. It is here proper to remark *that she never knew a note in music, and had never played a tune on the piano in her life.* The reason is this. The country was entirely new when we moved here, and there was no opportunity at that time for instruction in music. She was instructed in other branches of education at home by myself, or some member of the family. I soon formed a circle in my family, as directed. Emily took paper and pencil. Soon her hand was moved to draw straight lines across the paper till she made what is termed a staff in music. She then wrote notes upon it; then made all the different signs in music, about all which she knew nothing. She then threw down her pencil, and began to strike the table as if striking the keys of the piano. This reminded me that I had been directed to place her at the piano. I proposed it to her, and, though naturally diffident, she at once complied, and took her seat with all the composure and confidence of an experienced performer. She struck the keys boldly, and played "Beethoven's Grand Waltz," in a style that would do credit to one well advanced in music! She then played many familiar airs, such as "Sweet Home," "Bonnie Doon," "Last Rose of Summer," "Hail to the Chief," "Old Folks at Home," "Lilly Dale," etc. She then played an air entirely new, and sang it with words improvised or impressed for the occasion. New and beautiful airs continued to be sung by her, the poetry and sentiment being given as before. She was also soon developed as a writing medium, and

I have received many beautiful communications through her, and of the purest religious sentiment.

We have already intimated that the body of the work was written by Spirits; but of the intrinsic character and specific importance of this portion of the volume we can not now speak particularly. But few of our readers, we apprehend, will require further evidence on this point, after receiving the decisive indorsement of Gov. Tallmadge, in whose enlightened judgment it transcends the normal powers of the human mind in its mundane relations. We may however add, in this connection, that several professional gentlemen and many persons of refined taste and liberal culture have examined this portion of the book, and have expressed their high satisfaction with its various merits as a philological, ethical, psychical, and theological production.

S. B. B.

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### THE CRITIC.

THINK of the critic, if at all,  
As of a little wasp, who tries  
His skill to frighten summer flies,  
And builds himself a paper wall.

At best a pert, conceited boy,  
Bred in the world's material school,  
Who says to wisest sage, "Thou fool,"  
And in detraction finds employ.

NOTUS.

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DISHONEST men conceal their faults from themselves, as well as others; honest men know and confess them.

## SONNET.

EVENTS succeed each other, absolute ;  
 And known effects follow on causes known.  
 This rule acknowledged, none will dare dispute .  
 'Tis true in all of Nature to man shown.  
 All science is induction from this law ;  
 And all so-called exceptions to its sway  
 Are but apparent: for if we but saw  
 The future, as we do the passed day,  
 We'd see in both the fixed certainty  
 With which all Nature works. Our consciousness  
 Rebels against this dogged destiny ;  
 We will and wish. In our conceitedness  
 We think 'tis we that act, and think, and do ;  
 We are but puppets, prompted by some cue.

ION.

PHILADELPHIA.

## AN ANSWER.

Nay, nay, God works in man through willingness  
 To do His will. Man's inmost self is free,  
 And God preserves the soul's integrity.  
 Man through his freedom wins true happiness,  
 Choosing a medium for God's will to be.  
 The earth, the starry vault, thou too, oh, sea !  
 With thy tumultuous waves, art but a part  
 Of man's inheritance. Eternity  
 Is the soul's home. Man works with sacred art,  
 Building, through conscious freedom, noble deeds  
 Of love and virtue, scattering winged seeds  
 Of benefactions from his sunlike heart.  
 If man is but a puppet, Spirits are  
 But blind worms warming in a sepulcher.

NOTUS.

## CALVIN'S STRICTURES ON THE TELEGRAPH.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

UNDER the head of notices to correspondents we recently referred to a communication signed CALVIN, which we declined to publish, because the writer by withholding his name seemed unwilling to assume the responsibility of his own act. This is our invariable custom. If a man has not sufficient confidence in his own criticisms to give them the influence of his name, he has no right to expect us to give them currency by so much as an implied indorsement. In the great moral and spiritual struggle wherein we are actively engaged—engaged, it may be, from necessity, or because it is our destiny, rather than from deliberate choice—we are resolved to wear no disguise; nor will we go forth to battle with nameless and viewless powers, like one who beats the air. Those who confront us must come *unmasked*. We want to see whether they look well or ill—are most to be admired or feared. If we are honored by a visit from the shade of the Geneva Reformer, we desire to know it, and to ascertain, in every case, whether we have to do with substantial entities or with airy phantasms born of a waking dream.

At length Calvin (Mr. E. Burgess) comes to us *visor off*, and as he has authorized the use of his name, we intend the preceding remarks for others rather than for himself. Thus having complied with the proposed conditions, we now cordially give place to his strictures on our article entitled "SECTARIANISM, ETC.," and will reply to his objections and interrogatories as briefly as the nature of the case will allow. With a view

to a better understanding of the whole subject, we will number the paragraphs in our correspondent's letter, including under the same numbers his extracts from our former article and the appropriate parts of our present rejoinder.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR :

1. *Sir*—In your paper of Nov. 18 is an editorial headed "SECTARIANISM TRIED AND FOUND WANTING," some of the sentiments of which appear to be open to criticism, and I am impressed, as Mr. Davis would say (the Spirits actually urge me to express my opinion on the article), to offer a few remarks. I will preface what I have to say by stating, that for a few months past I have availed myself of opportunities to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, and I am free to say, I am convinced that Spirits of those who once lived on earth can and do communicate with those still in the flesh. If this constitutes me a Spiritualist, then such I am. But if to be a Spiritualist one must receive, even in general, all that is advanced by such papers as the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH* and *Christian Spiritualist*, then I am not one.

In a general and popular sense a man who believes in the intimate relations of the spiritual and natural worlds, and the existing intercourse between their respective inhabitants, may be said to be a Spiritualist. But he is a Spiritualist in a far higher sense, whose own nature and actual life have been divinely quickened and spiritualized. Such an one derives his chief pleasures from supersensual sources, and disregarding the letter and the form, believes and worships in spirit and in truth. In this view of the subject Calvin might readily solve his own question, as to what a man must believe to constitute him a Spiritualist; but we have no disposition to answer evasively. *It is not necessary to receive as gospel, or as truth, all that appears in the TELEGRAPH.* If it were so, the editor could never establish his own claim, as he never even pretended to believe all that is taught by his numerous correspondents. Nor do we deem it incumbent on us to seize and

throttle every writer who does not echo precisely what we *do* believe. At the same time we value freedom and respect the inalienable right of every man to think, and speak, and act for himself. It is the sacred gift of Heaven to the individual soul, and we are pledged to defend the just exercise of this right against every form of political and spiritual despotism. As a practical exemplification of our principles, we publish Calvin's questions and objections without perceiving their force or relevancy.

2. By Sectarianism, you appear to mean those churches usually denominated Evangelical or Orthodox. I shall not stop long on your use of the word Sectarianism. The term has often been applied to the orthodox churches by those who dislike their doctrines; but when thus applied, I believe it is intended to carry with it a slight degree of odium. Now would it not have been a little more manly and fair if you had chosen a caption which should have clearly indicated your subject, without the odious epithet? Will you define the word *Sectarianism*, and say whether in your opinion Spiritualists are a sect, and have or not among them some Sectarianism.

By Sectarianism, as employed in this relation, we would be understood to mean those forms of dogmatic theology which make the acceptance of certain prescribed formulas of faith and modes of worship the conditions of fellowship and salvation, and whose self-righteous votaries are accustomed to stigmatize those who do not accept some one of those forms, as *irreligious* and *infidel*. This is very nearly the sense in which we used the term, and we shall of course consider it "manly and fair" to employ another word when we can find one better suited to our purpose. Calvin desires us to say whether there are any sectarians among Spiritualists, and we answer, *yes*; but Spiritualism did not make them so. They were sectarians before. Every day witnesses in the churches the conversion of hundreds to the great truth which our cor-



respondent has recently received. *They are convinced that the Spirits of the invisible world do converse with us*, but they naturally enough enter the ranks with sectarian ideas and feelings, derived from early education and their former religious associations and prepositions. It requires time for such persons to outgrow their sectarian tendencies, and the disposition to organize similar institutions to those they have abandoned. For a while they are prone to think that every body is bound to venerate their gods, and to speak tenderly of their errors; not because they are more harmless and beautiful than other monsters conceived in darkness, but, perhaps, because they are *theirs*, and they have nursed them so long and have had them baptized. Yes, *there is Sectarianism among Spiritualists*, and hence some who accept the cardinal idea honestly think that we ought to inculcate the particular theological dogmas which they entertain. However, such a mistake will soon be corrected by all who have the sagacity to discover that there are many distinct individualities among men, and that God does not rule the world by the narrow standard of our self-love.

8. Your article is aimed against Evangelical Christianity. You say:

"Let no one imagine that we design to carry on a direct warfare against existing modes of faith. We have a higher object in view. It may be necessary occasionally to glance at the so-called Evangelical ideas and doctrines, in order to direct the attention of our readers to their influence and results as developed in the condition of society. What, we ask, has the popular theology accomplished in the great work of removing existing evils? What have all the old theories in morals and religion done to refine the nature and improve the condition of man? Have they been instrumental in working out a higher destiny for the race, or is the world become more debased in morals \* \* \* with each succeeding generation? It is our privilege to press this question."

This extract clearly indicates the drift of the article, as having respect to what are denominated Evangelical Churches; and if the article is not one of *direct warfare*, it is certainly very much like it.

We respectfully submit that the pure religion of Jesus, and the simple lives of the early Evangelists, bore as little resemblance to the imposing, fashionable, and gilded godliness which is most esteemed in New York, as the essential elements of divinity and the ordinary characteristics of human pride and selfishness. *No*; our article *was not* aimed against evangelical Christianity in a primitive and true sense, *but against those corrupt systems and institutions which are falsely so-called*. The principles taught by Christ are true, and will stand forever, but the whole vast pile of human mockeries is doomed to fall, and Calvin's children may remain to witness the catastrophe.

4. Further on, you say :

"We believe that the world is advancing ; that the general tendency is upward. \* \* \* Whether this is to be placed to the credit of popular theological influences, or whether it be the result of other causes, we shall not stop to inquire."

Now this is the very point in question—the point to inquire into which you took up your pen ; your avowed object is to *try Sectarianism*, and now, *without stopping to inquire* into the merits of the case, you proceed to pass judgment. But after such an avowal, that the world is growing better, the next paragraph appears a little singular.

"But if it be true that the present tendency is downward, that the general movement is retrogressive, we desire to know who is to be held accountable for the results. How can the advocates of the received theology escape from this responsibility ? They have had every opportunity to direct the course of the world, and to remove the existing cause of evils. They have opened the channel in which the current of human affairs is rolling on from age to age. They have explained the duty of *man*, and fixed the standard of faith \* \* \* in religion and morals—in all departments of business—in short, in every field of thought and action they have wielded a controlling power. For centuries they have guided the Church and State. \* \* \* In their hands is lodged the power which has ruled the world."

You had avowed your belief that the world is improving, and then add : "But if it be true that the present tendency is downward," etc.,

as if you would set up a man of straw, for the pleasure of knocking him down; and then in your eagerness for the contest, without stopping to inquire, you knock down the wrong man. For, after saying the world, in your opinion, is growing better, you describe the influence which the advocates of the popular theology have exerted in making it what it is; and your description excludes the idea of any other agency. "*They have opened up the channels in which the current of affairs is rolling on—they have wielded a controlling power in every department of business and every field of thought,*" etc. Without giving "the popular theology" so much credit, or thinking its influence has been so extensive as you represent it to be, I subscribe in general to the sentiment you have expressed, viz.: that the world is growing better, and that it is to the popular theology, i. e., the religious faith of the orthodox or evangelical churches that it is principally indebted for this improvement. Though this faith has not wielded quite so extensive an influence as you seem to think, it has controlled to a good degree the churches which have received it, and has exerted an influence more or less powerful in those states where it is tolerated. In this country it has done more than in any other, unless we except England and Scotland. In most countries of Europe, Evangelical religion has been crushed by the strong arm of despotism. But where it has been free to act, it has produced more glorious results than any other system. In fact, just in proportion as this faith has been received, or the principles of the churches who profess to hold it, carried out in any community or state, just in that proportion has not the condition of men affected by it been elevated and improved?

When we said that the world is advancing, that the general tendency is upward, we expressed a deliberate judgment formed from personal observation of men and things and the records of human history. But we did not pretend to decide any question which relates to the specific causes of that advancement. *That was not the subject we proposed to consider.* Nor was it our "avowed object to try Sectarianism." The assumption of Calvin that it was, is not supported by a single fact or intimation. But we proposed to show that *Sectarianism had already been tried by a far more decisive ordeal than any which*

*we are competent to institute or even to suggest, in the practical application of its principles for centuries. Are we understood?* Moreover, when—in the paragraph last quoted—we reasoned against Sectarianism as an instrumentality of improvement, we were granting, for the sake of the argument, that the general testimony of the churches themselves, respecting the fearful declension in morals and religion, is true. That this is the common complaint is probably known to nearly every body but Calvin. It is not long since the Baptist churches in Massachusetts and Rhode Island reported that religion was in a very low state within their borders; that church members, forsaking their devotions, were “side by side with sinners in hot pursuit of wealth,” and that no less than *seven hundred* of their number had left the church in one year, and “gone after the world, the flesh, and the devil.” Indeed, it is the general complaint among the sects that there are but few revivals of religion in these days; that the stated services of the sanctuary are cold and powerless; that backsliders are rapidly multiplying, while but few are being added to the church of such as shall be saved; and, lastly, it is alleged that Satan is let loose to deceive the nations, and that, having appeared in the form of Spiritual Manifestations, he is rapidly subverting the true faith and leading mankind away from God. Now, admitting that the popular religion is as cold and spiritless as it is represented—the saints themselves being the witnesses—and that its influence on the world is daily diminishing, we desired to know where the responsibility belongs, and we apprehend that our former paragraph will not appear more singular than Calvin’s unskillful evasion of the point it involves.

5. But let us proceed to another extract from the editorial, where we shall probably find the chief point you have in view:

“In this country they (the advocates of the popular theology) have had a period of two hundred years to make their experiment in morals,

They have framed the institutions and formed the character of a great nation. They have occupied the seats of learning, and controlled the legislation. It may almost be said they have made society what it is, and molded the minds and manners of the people at pleasure. We would not admit, even by implication, that all the master spirits of our country have entertained the popular opinions in theology. We are aware that a Washington, a Jefferson, a Franklin, have secretly cherished a better faith. \* \* \* \* Give to those men all the influence they have possessed and exercised, and still it is true that the power of the Church has been felt in all the departments of government and in every walk of life; and yet with all these means and opportunities at command, instead of performing a great work, according to their own confession, they have accomplished nothing. If any one is disposed to question the entire correctness of this remark, let him listen to the communications from the pulpits and read the popular religious journals."

Now I do question the entire and even the general correctness of this remark. Evangelical Christians *do not confess* they have accomplished nothing in this country. True, you may sometimes find a paragraph in a religious paper lamenting the low state of piety in the churches, and occasionally, perhaps, after, hear a sermon to the same import; especially may you meet with preachers and writers who sound an alarm on account of the demoralizing influence from that great influx of foreigners who are flocking to us from the Old World, where evangelical ideas are scarcely known. But it is not true that evangelical Christians confess they have done nothing. Though they do not claim to have exerted so extensive an influence as you have attributed to them, yet they do claim that it is to their religious principles mainly that our country is indebted for whatever there is of excellence in our institutions and morals, above what is found in other countries, and that whatever there is in these institutions and morals which is to be deprecated, is to be traced to other influences than those of evangelical ideas. Evangelical Christians claim that their principles, received and carried out, invariably produce glorious results, such as no other system can show, and that the reason these principles have not effected more is, that they *have not been received*. Such are the claims of the "advocates of the popular theology," in behalf of their religious faith.

Thus much for your assertion that we confess we have done nothing. Now to show that these claims are well grounded, let me refer you to those communities where this popular theology is most received.

Where do you find a more moral, intelligent, industrious community than in the New England States, in which a larger proportion of the people than anywhere else are members of evangelical churches, and of course embrace the so-called *evangelical ideas*? But, you will say, even in New England there is a vast amount of vice and crime—more than there was a hundred years ago. This may be true, but it is not among those who are members of the evangelical churches. True, you will meet with backsliders, professors, or those who were professors of religion, and many worldly members of the Church who do not honor their profession. But still I challenge you to produce a sect, or fraternity, or community, whose members will surpass (I might say equal) for strict morality, general intelligence, integrity, industry, and every thing that makes good fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, and citizens, the members of the evangelical churches of our land.

If the assumption that the world is waxing worse is not virtually saying that the popular theology has not only not improved its condition, but has not even been able to preserve the early standard of its moral and religious life, we will thank Calvin to tell us what conclusion is legitimate from such premises. Our correspondent refers to the state of morals and religion in New England to illustrate the superior efficacy of the doctrines of the self-styled evangelical churches. But why not refer to Louisiana, where those churches hold almost undisputed sway? In New England the Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, and Comeouters form a very large proportion of the entire population, and it should be observed that *none of these are admitted to be orthodox*. Calvin must go elsewhere to ascertain the unmixed practical effects of what he is pleased to denominate “evangelical ideas.” In Boston there are many other religious notions not recognized as evangelical which exert an extensive influence, but in New Orleans such heretical views are inoperative and almost unknown; consequently we may there expect to find the unadulterated results of what, according to Calvin, constitutes evangelical teachings

As it respects the state of public morals and practical religion in the two places, our correspondent can, at his leisure and without our assistance, make the comparison. If we are not misinformed, horse-racing, gambling, and dueling are regarded in New Orleans as polite and gentlemanly accomplishments; the places of amusement are all open on Sunday; and even preachers of the gospel carry deadly weapons.

6. But I must give one more quotation from the editorial:

"We regret that the acknowledged faith and opinions have done no more to elevate the innate affections and improve the external condition of man. They have utterly failed to correct the heart or the life. They have disturbed his present peace, and darkened his prospects for the future. Thousands of the young and innocent have been induced to relinquish whatever is most beautiful in life—to give up all that renders religion attractive and divine—for a miserable superstition which, like the upas, fills the very atmosphere with death. We are reminded that this dark theology, like a great idol, has been rolling its ponderous car over the world for ages. We follow its desolating track by the wreck of noble minds—by the fearful wail of the lost spirit, and the crushed hopes, and affections, and bodies of those we love."

Charity, Mr. Editor, induces me to think you penned this paragraph *without stopping to inquire*, and that you thought more of throwing out a strong idea, with a high-sounding, rounded period, than you did of strict or even general accuracy. For where are your facts which warrant such a sweeping denunciation against Evangelical Christianity? "*They have utterly failed to correct the heart and the life.*" But have any faith and opinions done more to correct the heart and life of those who embrace them than those of Evangelical Christians? Give us your facts or the ground of your conclusions. "*Thousands of the young have been induced to relinquish whatever is most beautiful in life.*" Give us illustrations. I know there is a variety of sentiments as to what is most beautiful in life. Some seek it in such society as is found at the Five Points in your city. Some find it at the theater; some in the intoxicating cup and other kinds of sensuous gratifications. Now, Evangelical Christians do try to persuade the young to forsake such things, and lead lives which accord with the pure precepts of the Gospel. Do you refer to such things? If not, what do you mean by your

sweeping sentence? What do you mean by such expressions as wreck of noble minds? wail of the lost Spirits? What, some Spirits lost? Is this Spiritualism? Crushed hopes—and *bodies*! Do illustrate. Tell us, do you seriously think such language appropriately applied to the influence of Evangelical Christianity?

On reflection we do not perceive that our language, as cited by our correspondent, is particularly obscure, but for his satisfaction we will elucidate its meaning. At a very early age we had the misfortune to be indoctrinated in the creed of John Calvin. Accordingly we were taught that dancing and other rational, healthful, and innocent amusements were exceedingly offensive to God; that his anger was fearfully excited whenever there was a ball or sleighing party in the neighborhood, and this was confirmed by legends respecting sudden deaths in ball-rooms, and other pious fictions. It was said that God sometimes raised a thunder-storm, sent a pestilence, or produced an earthquake, for no other purpose but to destroy those who disobeyed him. Nature, with all her beautiful and divine revelations, we were virtually taught to regard as a semi-infidel and profane institution, which a man could not study thoroughly without endangering his soul. The truths of Astronomy had been condemned as opposed to God's word, and Geology was said to be a device of the devil to overthrow the authority of Moses and the religion of the Bible. Occasionally, while yet a little child, we were led to the *oven* when it was full of flame, for the purpose of receiving what was conscientiously but falsely denominated Christian instruction. Our young imagination was taxed to conceive how much hell was hotter than that oven, and how many millions of affrighted ghosts would howl forever through the measureless realm of fire! And then we were told that we must despise ourself and the beautiful earth; that we must agonize and feel as wretched as possible if we desired to be saved. With such views—and they



were popular theological ideas—is it strange that we could see nothing attractive or divine in religion? On the contrary, the very name and all the forms of religion were naturally rendered supremely repulsive, and we could not but regard existence itself, with such a fearful hazard, as the greatest possible calamity.

You will perhaps comprehend what I mean by resigning all that is most beautiful in life. What is life with such views but a terrible consciousness of being and the dread apprehension of impending and immortal terrors? And thus, for years, life was to me what it has been to thousands of the young and innocent—a horrid nightmare! Calvin must understand what I mean by *crushed hopes*. By *lost Spirits* I did not mean to sanction the Calvinistic Evangelical (?) doctrine of endless hell torments. No; never! But those who are filled with darkness, doubt, and despair; whose minds are confused by distracting apprehensions, may be said to be lost. There have been many such lost Spirits—how many, God only knows. While I write, the hopeless wail of one whose physical and mental image I bear, and whose name I venerate, seems to smite anew the troubled sense, and to send its mournful echoes through the startled soul. More than thirty years have elapsed since the writer heard the low wail of the broken-hearted one, but the memory of that hour may never pass away. Calvin may also know what we mean by *crushed bodies* if he will read the history of modern religious persecutions for opinions' sake, and heed the voices which speak to him from the dungeons and the sepulchers of modern heretics.

7. One remark more and I have done. Is it strange that in view of such language and sentiments as your editorial contains, the *advocates of the popular theology* oppose Spiritualism? Seeing their own religious opinions so violently opposed—the Bible rejected, and that precious faith, which has done so much for man, vilified and despised, they

naturally conclude the whole system of Spiritualism is of the devil ; and with the data they have before them, is not the conclusion legitimate? But I am persuaded that the present results of Spiritualism—at least many of them—which so much excite opposition, do not flow legitimately from the facts and data rightly interpreted. These facts and data do not, in my opinion, warrant near all the conclusions that have been arrived at. The truth is, the whole is yet in its infancy. Again, Spiritualists seem to forget that there are facts besides those on which they have based their philosophy. What! is man's past history and experience to be ignored? They are drawing conclusions before they properly understand their data.

Mr. Editor, almost every number of your paper—and the same is true of most of the papers of your school—contains some condemnatory allusion to the denunciatory spirit of your opponents. But have you ever seen any thing from them which, in regard to such a spirit, surpasses the article which furnishes the basis of these remarks? You accuse your opponents of condemning Spiritualism without investigating it—without knowing what it is. The accusation is, in a measure, just. But do you not do the same thing in regard to the Church and its principles? I think so. I scarcely take up a paper devoted to this subject which does not contain, as I think, some misrepresentation respecting the Orthodox churches and their doctrines. (Of other churches I will not speak.) And perhaps, with your permission, I will occasionally point out, through your columns, such misrepresentations.

It is not we who ignore the experience of the past, but in the light of that experience we affirm that the theology of Sectarianism has been tried and found wanting in the power to redeem the world from the existing evils, or even to purify the Church of its inherent corruptions. It is in no spirit of blind zeal or thoughtless denunciation that we write. We know that there are thousands of pure, devout, and loving men and women in all the churches. We offer no objection to the religion of such people. We respect and venerate all its divine principles and graces ; but we can not confound these things with the Sectarian creeds and theological dogmas which they may often render harmless, but can never adorn or sanctify.

8. I designed to make a few remarks respecting the claims of Spiritualism, but this letter is already sufficiently long. I will only remark, you have thrown down the gauntlet and set up exorbitant claims for your system.

The "popular theology" "has utterly failed;" "a new power" has arisen, which is to accomplish what "old opinions" have not done. Now is the time to show your faith by works. Spiritualists should be up and be doing. That Ragged School you have started in New York—though I believe you have not the honor of starting it—is one thing; it is a move in the right direction. Go on. Go to the Five Points and try your spiritual philosophy. New York alone furnishes a glorious field in which to test the reformatory power of your systems. I do not, in these remarks, undervalue Spiritualism; but giving it all the credit to which I think it entitled—not quite so much as you claim for it—it will not compare as a reformatory power with the faith you think it is supplanting. In fact, I believe the Gospel, as held and promulgated by the Orthodox churches, constitutes the only real reformatory power which is able to remove the evils of man's condition in this world and fit him for happiness in the next, and that no other system will succeed except in so far as it allies itself to or adopts the principles of the Gospel.

Yours, respectfully,

CALVIN.

We do not know that Spiritualists have any religion or practical goodness to boast of, and if they have, we may venture to leave the world to discover it without our aid. If the Gospel, as dispensed by "*the Orthodox Churches*," constitutes the only real reformatory power," it is surprising that so many of the noblest modern reforms have been originated and carried on outside of the Church, and in spite of its uncompromising opposition. If an Orthodox clergyman labors fearlessly in those reforms, he is very liable to lose his standing among the so-called evangelical believers. Only last week we heard that the Committee of a certain "Young Men's Christian Association" had concluded not to invite Henry Ward Beecher to lecture before them, *because he is not so purely evangelical* as those who leave the world alone, and confine their labors

within the Church! Those evangelical young men will probably learn wisdom when they can not help it, and until then we trust that Calvin will be persuaded to look elsewhere for the agents and instruments of popular reformation.

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### THAT STORY FROM THE PIONEER.

THE *Tribune's* San Francisco correspondent, in his summary of news from the Pacific side, under date of Dec. 23d, has the following paragraph:

There is a joke out, which will probably attract great attention on your side of the water. The editor of the *Pioneer*, some months ago, inserted in his magazine an article which pretended to contain communications from the Spirit of a Mr. Lane, in the other world. The story was written with a good deal of power, and created a great sensation, particularly among the Spiritualists, who supposed it to be all true. The leading medium here, in a communication to the *Chronicle*, spoke of it as true; but the editor of that journal hinted that it was not true, for he had seen the manuscript two weeks before "the eventful nights of the 20th and 21st August," which was the title of the article. It is said that not long since Mr. Ewer, the editor of the *Pioneer*, received a letter from New York, signed J. W. Edmonds, with information that the writer had received a communication from the Spirit of Mr. Lane, and felicitating Mr. Ewer on his success in interpreting the truths of Spiritualism. Now, it happens that there was no such man as Lane. The Spiritualists will, no doubt, ascribe the mistake of Mr. Edmonds to lying Spirits.

There certainly are many Spiritualists in this region who never had the slightest confidence in the *Pioneer's* story of "the eventful nights," etc., notwithstanding it was so ingeniously told. We believed it to be a fiction from the beginning, and hence neither transferred it to our columns nor made the slightest allusion to the subject.

## NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF JAN. 16TH, 1855.

Dr. YOUNG was still in travail to be delivered of the monstrous absurdity of supposing Spirits able to produce a hand, as had been so frequently asserted by eye-witnesses. He had found it necessary for the last three sessions to mount guard to protect the attributes of the Creator from usurpation by Spirits to whom these witnesses, he persisted in asserting, ascribed creative powers. The Doctor went through the regular cut-and-thrust passes of former contests, and having put to flight a whole legion of imaginary objections, he quietly sheathed his sword and sat down to breathe.

During the pause, Mr. BENNING took occasion to state some interesting facts of recent occurrence. In a circle (the same to which Mr. Partridge referred in his "Night with the Spirits"), last Sunday evening, among other things was the production of a very curiously written letter. It was first put into the hand of a skeptical lady, who by request of the Spirits was invited to a seat in the circle, apparently for the purpose of witnessing the experiment. Mr. Benning exhibited the letter. It was curiously illuminated, and written with different colored inks in the old English letter and quaint style of the days of "fire and fagot," in which its reputed author (*Johannes Beery*) claims to have lived. The subject of the letter was mainly a statement that he had been roasted by that process, and he rather thought justly, for his predilection as an artist for lascivious paintings rather than the production of sacred subjects with which to embellish the walls of cathedrals, etc. After the letter had been inspected by the whole circle, sixteen in number, and its peculiar brilliancy of colors, etc., fully noted, the whole was obliterated, or nearly so, and the paper, after being duly identified, was directed by the Spirits to be burned. The lady, in the presence of the whole sixteen persons, put it upon the fire, where they saw it burn to ashes. Just as the last flickering flame ascended, he put his hand under the table and received, apparently, the identical paper with all that had been upon it restored as before! The reception and production of letters

in that circle is very curious indeed. On one occasion he saw a letter drop from the ceiling of the room. It was dated almost simultaneously with its delivery—thus, 4 minutes to 8 o'clock P.M. Several other facts were stated by Mr. Benning, such as the removal of a pocket-knife from a desk in the room by Spirits, etc. The Spirits had requested him to come to the Conference and exhibit the paper with the foregoing description of the phenomena attending it. He thinks we are too much given to philosophizing. If we should pray more, and philosophize less, we would get on faster. We have conned the A B C long enough. We want more of the spirit of Jesus—charity. People at 553 Broadway won't come here, and some here won't go there. Another set are afraid of Dodworth's Hall, and thus we are split up into sects and parties. Mediums are captious, and will not bear the truth as he understands it, and altogether we are too fond of raps and tips, when we should be listening to the distillations of Divine wisdom through the accredited vessels of the sanctuary. He belonged to none of these cliques. He prayed to be kept out of all "*side issues*" in which his carnal nature was disposed to dabble a little in common with his less developed brethren, and was disposed to hold his nose to the grindstone of spiritual dictation until every protuberance of human will and wisdom was effectually obliterated.

Mr. HUDSON testified to the facts stated by Mr. Benning.

Mr. LEVY wished Mr. Benning to instruct us how to get rid of the party spirit of which he complained. Mr. Benning referred him to Mr. Brittan for an answer.

Mr. BRITTAN did not know what his reply would suit Mr. Benning, but he would try to answer to please himself. Differences of opinion among men are inevitable. Each has a theory in harmony with his own mental organization, and each looks upon a given fact from the standpoint of his own individuality. If this is to be deplored as an evil, its remedy would be a much greater one, for it can only be removed by obliterating all distinctions of mental development. But this is not the difference which distinguishes the sects, and what have we here at 300 Broadway that possesses the character of a sect? What formula, creed, or system have we here? The speakers are as free as they choose to be. Each addresses the public from the stand-point of his own perceptions. The only bond of union is the law of affinity or the mutual attraction of individuals. But if that be objectionable, then is heaven itself faulty, for we are abundantly taught that it has its spheres, its

circles and societies, where a similar attraction constitutes the only bond of union. He could see no objection in the attraction of affinity or in the legitimate distinction which it involves. It is the soul of union among families and in all kindred and social relations on earth, and, as we learn, grows more potential in the life beyond. But of that sectarian feeling of which complaint is made, where are the evidences of its existence here? Is not Mr. Benning free to come or stay away as he chooses? Are we not all so? Who ordered us here on pain of his high displeasure? Where is the authority to try delinquents or absentees? We come here drawn solely by the one law, we listen freely to the various ideas and opinions as freely expressed, from our own opinions, and go away with all the liberty we brought with us. If this is the evidence of the existence of a sect, what is the test of freedom? The speaker could not altogether sympathize with Mr. Benning's reproof of the "wonder seekers." Mr. Benning appeared to enjoy these wonders very well himself; he has testified his high pleasure in them on the present occasion. The whole Conference had been interested in his recital of what he had witnessed, and well it might be, with such proofs of man's existence beyond this life. His power to demonstrate that existence by physical and mental phenomena which are cognizable by mortals, is beyond comparison in dignity and utility with all mundane phenomena. Mr. Benning professes to have derived all this before from ancient revelations or by influx from the Divine Spirit. But all men are not alike susceptible to that kind of proof. The "still, small voice"—so potent with the prophet when the whirlwind and the tempest had passed by—must give place to demonstrations of spiritual presence and power among the outward elements when the collective ear and understanding of the race are to be successfully appealed to. To his conception, high or low in the sight of God are vain distinctions. That which turns the feet of the wanderer to him—that which shows him his upward pathway—guarded by the angels, is to that soul "the power of God unto salvation!"

Dr. Young wished to know what was understood by physical manifestations? Mr. Benning had access to a circle where they were of constant occurrence, and yet he is all the while condemning them as beneath his notice. He had been reared a Christian, and had been made a skeptic against his sympathy and his wishes. If he was ever brought back, it must be through the same channel by which he had gone astray—his reason and natural senses. Facts he could understand—"influx"

he knew nothing about. He thought if the world was ever to be redeemed from its acknowledged skepticism, it must be by facts. Influx had done but little hitherto. Mr. Benning could not demonstrate it, nor could he tell us what it was. The world wants something more tangible.

Mr. BENNING explained that he had spoken as he had been directed by the Spirits who sent him here. They had told him to move on from the A B C. They may do well enough for the learner, but not for him. This is all he means by "high and low." Of course the Doctor can not understand the meaning of influx. Who, that is befogged with the theories and philosophies of Materialism, can? He would not be understood as undervaluing the physical manifestations too much. They were a stumbling-block to him at first, and it was hard work for him to bring his mind to accept them; but after finding that they were likely to serve an important purpose, he thought he might venture, and he had no doubt of their instrumentality in the conversion of many honest skeptics.

Mr. FISHBOUGH thought he saw in Bro. Benning and Dr. Young the oil and water which, with the addition of an alkali, might conjoin and make a kettle of spiritual soap, which might cleanse the whole company, and which he forthwith proceeded to compound. They were both right, but they could not mingle without a medium. Nature is a system of planes and degrees. No two objects can occupy the same plane, nor can two men. Each is true in his own sphere, and understands as far as he has advanced. We are like boys at school. One has got to b-a-g, "bag," and the other to b-a-k-e-r, "baker." Now it would seem rather absurd for the "bag" boy to deny all beyond him; he has got some truth, to be sure, and if he is determined to repeat that lesson forever, under the profound idea that he has exhausted the universe, he ought to be let alone with his modicum of faith. Let him ignore "baker," and deem "Constantinople"—which the other boy may see in the dim future as a possible achievement—a mere fog-bank in the world of letters. His reply should be, "Well, if you are determined to stay where you are, do so; if you can't get beyond the A B C, stick to them; they are true; but you have no right to clip the wings of my aspirations for higher truth in the realms of literature." If Dr. Young, whom he takes as the type of a class, knows nothing of the nature of influx and of the more spiritual process of man's divine nature and immortality, he should say nothing. He is right where he stands, and if




he don't want to get any further, let him alone. He did not deplore controversy, but the necessity for it. Let every thing be brought to light. Let the good, the bad, and the indifferent in Spiritualism be brought out, so that we may see what it is. It is God's movement—this modern Spiritualism—not man's, and he wants to see God's purpose in it. There are abominable things in Spiritualism, because there are such things in the human heart. When they come to the surface we shall know each other. He would not have Spiritualism screened by the suppression of any thing. Men may disgrace themselves, but they can not injure the truth, so there are good and *glorious* things in Spiritualism, which we should likewise be desirous to have stand forth in their *true* character.

Mr. TAYLOR had a fact in the "A B C's" that he wished to state for the benefit of that class. Some friends had called at his house this afternoon, and a lady present asked if her husband would communicate with her. They all sat down with the expectation that he would, but the raps indicated otherwise. Another person was addressed through the alphabet as follows: "My dear, you have just left my body in Greenwood, but I am here." This was duly signed, and the person to whom it was addressed said, "She was a cousin of mine, and I have just returned from her grave." Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

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 It is announced in the St. Louis *Morning Herald* of the 9th inst., that Dr. Spencer was about delivering a series of lectures in that city, and that he would produce all the spiritual phenomena by scientific means. He contends that Spiritualism is an unmitigated humbug. It is only necessary to say, that Dr. Spencer himself is either what he alleges Spiritualism to be, or otherwise he is so far behind the times that his attacks can never reach any one of his cotemporaries. The world is bound to *go on*, and if Dr. Spencer is determined to go back, we presume that the antediluvians will make room for him, and that he may become a shining light. S. B. B.

## HYMN TO JOY.

SPIRIT, who vailest thy splendor  
In bliss, where wert thou born?  
Rarely thou comest to us,  
But evermore dost woo us  
With voices mild and tender  
To thy far, golden morn.

O, had we wings, the heaven  
Should draw us to its light;  
Borne o'er the starry river,  
We would pursue thee ever,  
Through dewy dawn and even,  
Till gladdened by thy sight.

To Poets in their dreaming,  
To Maidens in their love,  
Thou comest and thou goest,  
Like melody thou flowest,  
Thine eyes are ever beaming,  
But only from above.

What home of light infolds thee?  
What Paradise is thine?  
O, tell us; we are weary,  
And life and death are dreary;  
No human sight beholds thee—  
No earth-unfolded clime.

Thy silver feet in silence  
Press Heaven's ambrosial vales;  
Thy robes of gold and azure,  
Thy breath of sweetest measure,  
Move in these happy islands  
Where deathless life prevails.

Thou wearest in thy garland  
The rose that hath no thorn.  
O come to us, despairing,  
We faint for thy appearing ;  
Haste from thy distant star-land—  
O, leave us not forlorn.

MORNING (Aug. 8).

NOTUS.

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### INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

WE have often had occasion to observe that Psychometry might be of service in enabling us to determine the actual origin of written communications which purport to emanate from departed Spirits. On several occasions we have subjected such writings to trial by this method, and have always witnessed interesting phenomena. We will briefly state the result of a recent experiment of this kind. One day last week we called on Mrs. Jennie E. Kellogg, at her Rooms, 625 Broadway, in company with Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Stephen Dudley, Esq., and Miss Jay, the medium. The last-named gentleman had in his possession a piece of writing which was executed in the Spirit Room of Jonathan Koons, and in the presence of Mr. Dudley himself. No mortal medium was employed to execute the writing, but the illuminated Spirit-hand, with a portion of the arm, was distinctly visible during the process, which was rapid beyond the utmost capacity of man. This document was signed KING, and the Spirit claims to have lived some *ten thousand years before Adam!* This communication was carefully inclosed in a new envelope and submitted to Mrs. Kellogg, when her impressions were spoken as follows. The medium, taking the paper in her hand,

was suddenly entranced, and pointing upward spoke thus, with unusual emphasis :

*Mrs. K.*—A person of great might and power—a power unknown. I can not compare him to any one on earth. He has the power to wield a mighty weapon. I can neither describe nor explain the influence that emanates from that mind. I can only compare that power to One of whom we read in the Bible—WHO RULES THE WORLD! It [the writing] does not seem to have been done by any human being. It does not appear to me that a mortal could have been employed even as the instrument for writing it—it is beyond human effort.

I behold a sea of light extending everywhere—a never-fading light; not of the sun, nor of the moon. Oh, that I had power to describe it! I'll call it a Divine light. It will never grow dim—I see no limit but an immensity of light.

It really seems to me that this writing fell from Heaven untouched by mortal hands. I wonder at my ability to hold the paper. The sun fades beside this light; the moon and stars are nothing. Some must shrink beneath its influence. The source appears like Light creating light. I can not give it human form. I can conceive of such a form, but it is all light.

Here Miss Jay was entranced and said :

*Miss J.*—Yes, it *has* human form, but developed to gigantic proportions. The outlines are lost to the vision in the intensity of the light.

*Mrs. K.*—It will no more be dark.

*Miss J.*—That form is like the brightest light, infinitely subdued. Every feature seems woven of burning sunbeams. Ordinary beings clothed with robes of splendor can not attract material atoms from the earth-sphere, so as to render visible so much as a hand. It must be a power so far exalted in the scale of development as to grasp the great laws that govern all material combinations.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

He does not seem to be of earth, but to belong to another race of beings whose spiritual growth has continued for ages. As perpetual, material transformations ultimate in the refinement of the elements, so has this Spirit been refined until all its tissues and fibers seem to be woven of the finest rays of divine light. Could you once gaze on that being in all his transcendent beauty you would value life as never before, and be quickened and strengthened to go forward to your immortality.

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### THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH.

SINCE the beginning of the twelfth century, vast numbers have suffered death at the stake or upon the rack. The quivering flesh has been torn from the bones of the living man! Numerous modes of torture have been invented and put in operation, by those who have claimed to be the ministers of God, and the heartless inquisitor has kept his jubilee amid the dying groans of thousands. Darkness has covered the earth and gross darkness the people, and corruption with all its withering power has fastened upon the very vitals of the Church. Christianity, downtrodden and despised, has bled at every pore. Her legitimate children have been wandering outcasts upon the shores of time, and the ashes of her martyrs have been scattered to the winds of heaven!

When I pause to consider the iniquity that has been practiced in the name of Jesus; when I look over the history of the Church, and think of the gross abominations committed by the pretended servants of God, I am painfully reminded that the Christian religion has been most deeply wounded in

the habitation of its professed friends. This bitter, intolerant, and persecuting spirit—the spirit manifested by the corrupt dignitaries of the Church—appears in bold and striking contrast with the mild temper and disposition of Jesus. It is strangely at variance with the holy precepts of that meek and loving Reformer. Indeed, the light and glory of Heaven, and the deep darkness of Pagan Idolatry, are not more widely different than the divine influence of his mission, and the foul sectarian spirit that in his name has labored to desolate the earth.

S. B. B.

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## SPIRITUALISM THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

### FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE MISSES HAVENS.

DR. OSGOOD, pastor of the Church of the Messiah in this city, has heretofore been known as a very decided opponent of Spiritualism. We are happy to learn from his own announcement, as reported in the *New York Tribune*, that he has become a medium for impressions from the Spirits of departed members of his congregation, his language being, "that he has a *feeling—an intimate sense of the presence of the departed—telling him to speak words of comfort to those who are left.*" Thus the opposers of Spiritualism are driven, in seasons of great trial, to draw consolation from the very truth which they usually affect to despise. We trust that such words, when employed on occasions of great solemnity, are not designed merely for *rhetorical effect*, but that they spring from a profound conviction which, under the inspiration of woe, and, it may be, influence of the departing spirit as it ascends to the plane of its immortal life, breaks over its ordinary restraints, and claims a free utterance. When the soul is startled and almost para-

lyzed by the overshadowing presence of a great calamity, it is most likely to relinquish every earthly disguise, and to express its deepest convictions. It is well, and we are satisfied if the mourner is comforted.

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**SPIRIT-HANDS, LIGHTS, ETC.**—MR. JOSEPH BARNSDALL, of Rome Township, Crawford Co., Pa., writes us concerning some interesting Spirit-manifestations which are occurring in his family. He says there are four mediums in his house, three of whom are in the habit, while in their normal state, of daily talking with the Spirits face to face, and of shaking hands with them, grasping a solid, tangible hand like the hand of a person in the flesh. At other times the mediums become entranced, and the Spirits speak through them on subjects of which they (the mediums) are ignorant. On one occasion one of them saw a Spirit-hand write a name upon the wall with chalk. On another occasion, while a medium was entranced, the light accidentally became extinguished, and streams of phosphorescent fire were seen to proceed from her hands; and the name of Benjamin Franklin was written on the bed-quilt by her finger, in letters of the same fire, which continued visible for some time. The girl afterward drew her finger across our correspondent's forehead, whereupon his head immediately became encircled with a ring of light. The heads of the other persons present were then touched in the same way, and the same luminous phenomena followed with them—the lights continuing visible for about two minutes. "At other times," says our correspondent, "and indeed almost daily, Spirits assist the mediums in their household duties; and more than once during the sickness of my wife, the girls have retired to rest worn out with the duties of the day, leaving the kitchen and buttery all in disorder, and when they have got up in the morning they have found all things put to rights, and that, too, by Spirit-hands." Two of the mediums being sick, received medicines (invisible to others, from the hands of the Spirits, and those medicines never failed to do them good. A large table has been moved about the house without hands; knives, forks, spoons, tongs, and many other things, go from one apartment to another in mid-day without visible agency, and in two instances the whole house was felt to vibrate by spiritual power.

## CREATION.

We wonder how the world was made,  
We talk of earth's primeval times,  
And seek to know where bloomed the clime  
Of old when Love's first sunshine played;

But better 'twere to look within  
When chaos glows, informed with light,  
And morning splendors chase the night,  
And thoughts their deathless life begin.

The true creation day by day,  
Within the obedient soul proceeds,  
Where thoughts mature in generous deeds,  
While angel-hosts the work survey.

The morning stars together sing,  
The sons of God rejoice to see  
The crowning work of Deity—  
The perfect man—creation's king.

EVENING, August 2.

NOTUS.

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A REQUEST GRANTED.—A friend of ours—a lady who is a medium—being recently seated in a circle, suddenly found herself, without provocation or “malice prepense,” committing an assault and battery upon a young man who sat near her, and whom she dealt a most vigorous blow in the face. She was surprised and mortified at her own unpremeditated and altogether involuntary exhibition of pugnacity, but it was explained by the young man himself, who said he had *mentally* requested the Spirits to strike him in the face as a demonstration of their presence. The demonstration he received was certainly a *striking* one, and it “served him right.” Here was certainly a clear instance of Spirit-thought reading.



## HYMNS OF THE INNER LIFE.

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### PROEM TO AN UNPUBLISHED EPIC.

THE inspirations of my youth return—

Love, Wisdom, Beauty, Joy, and Liberty.

The ashes of my life, requickened, burn.

Gloom, sickness, years depart. My soul is free.

The great procession of the Wise Departed

In solemn vision glorifies my sight.

Though all who live were old and broken-hearted,

Youth, Love, and Hope would change their hoary night

To freshest morn, with sun-illumined brow,

Could they behold and live, as I do now.

Oh, Earth! Oh, Time! and Man and Woman, ye

Shall from your wintry dying freshly rise.

Death's hungry heart, that like the moaning sea

The freight of shipwrecked life with food supplies,

Cries from its hollow depths, "No more, no more."  
Death sits, calm-browed, upon the snow-white shore,  
In love with Immortality, whose breast  
Pillows his form to its eternal rest.

Now Death is pillowed on the lap of Life,  
And dies in happy dreams. There is no deep,  
Hungry and dark, with agonizing strife,  
To swallow up Love's argosy, and sweep  
All the great Past into its sunless caves.  
God smites the tomb, and saith, "Ye hollow graves,  
So still and secret, ope your lips and tell  
The Nations that My children sleep, nor dwell,  
Nor fade, nor crumble in your drear abyss,  
But share the vast dominions of My bliss.

God's heavens to earth have spoken. In the glow  
Of the New Era's dawning it is sweet  
To wake and see dull Night from Nature go.  
The cycle of the ages shines complete.  
Man came from God; he goes to Him again.  
From Him came down—to Him aspires the flame.  
The friendly Angels ope Love's Eden door,  
Man enters in—departs not ever more.

The seers and saints of all the centuries past  
Have set their seal unto the sacred page  
That images sweet peace and promise vast—  
Heaven's beauty, and the new-delivering Age.

Hark, music sweet! from yon immortal train  
They sing—"We hoped, loved, labored, not in vain."

The rocky Patmos where I dwell recedes—  
The outward fades. Lo, in immortal trance  
I spring to light. A mighty Angel reads  
My heart, mind, gladness, wonder, at a glance.  
Fulfilled, O Son, thy trial-hour, he says.  
Upon my soul the immortal light-beam plays.

Into the Heaven of Spirits I am led;  
On mountain summits they are throned apart.  
The Empires of the Free are widely spread,  
Temple, shrine, palace, angel-peopled mart,  
Where glorious thoughts and mighty deeds are made.  
Sky, landscape, city, music, splendor, shade.  
Where the heart's inner loves in form outrolled  
Shine amber skies and atmospheres of gold.  
All life to love in light and rapture tends;  
All thought on chariot-wheels of glory runs;  
All sorrows, like the rays of setting suns,  
Are made celestial splendors. Far extends  
The pure domain. Love blends in this bright sphere  
Hope's longed Hereafter with her Now and Here.  
Here kindred souls who dwelt on earth apart  
Blend in the sweet embraces of the heart.  
On the calm shore the happy dwellers throng,  
Greeting each distant bark with sweetest song.

Homeward they fly, by the swift life-winds driven,  
And furl white sails upon the shores of heaven.

The gradual dawn of day upon the earth  
Is wonderful, when from the royal east,  
Attired in Tyrian robes, the sun comes forth,  
Led by the stars to his Assyrian feast.  
My soul is like that day-dawn—like that sun  
Outrolled into a golden orb of light.  
I see heaven's vast ecliptic round me run,  
From its own motion made intensely bright,  
Encircling, with triune Saturnian zone,  
God's inner sphere, perfect, supreme, alone.

Here let me gather thoughts, as heaven for aye  
Ingathers all the stars into its day;  
And let me form from out their sphere sublime  
A glorious Poem, fragrant, pure, divine—  
An Epic of the World. Be this my theme.  
Favor my soul's desire, O Lord supreme!  
Give me to breathe a charm of love so full,  
That Earth shall from it drink the Beautiful,  
As angels rapture from Thy infinite  
Sweet melody of love and love's delight,  
And wake to joy, as might a widowed bride,  
Who, startling, finds the lost one by her side;  
Immortal life, love, rapture—to her eyes,  
A Bridegroom sun-descended from the skies!

## VOICES FROM ABOVE.

I HOLD the hearts of all men in my hand—  
I speak, harmonious, in the Spirit-land.  
On every heart I breathe a blessing there—  
That blessing grows to music in the air.  
That music to the earth I bid descend,  
Making each man to each a more than friend—  
A brother, filled with Love's immortal breath,  
Lifting the lowly from the shades of death,  
Healing the broken heart with life divine,  
And pouring in sweet peace, the immortal wine,  
Pressed from the clusters of the living tree—  
The tree of heavenly immortality,  
Whose blossoms fill the skies, and scatter down  
Garlands of hope earth's weary brow to crown.

I am the Resurrection and the Life !

I spake to man in centuries dark and old,  
And scattered o'er the blood-wet fields of strife  
Germes of the future age—the Age of Gold.

I dwell with man, as in the ages past,  
The mantle of my Presence o'er him cast ;  
The glory shining downward from my face  
Kindles his spirit for the upward race.  
I fill his heart, as waters fill the sea,  
With Love and Wisdom—and I make him free.

I plant on earth my Paradise again,  
And speak in truth, and love, and hope to men,  
Inspiring them with infinite desires.  
I light in human souls immortal fires.  
I speak, and man grows eloquent. My voice  
Bids all my loving offspring to rejoice  
In the great promise, whose fulfillment, given,  
Transforms the earth to Paradise and Heaven.

I wake mankind as Morning wakes the world.  
Down from his throne despotic Night is hurled.  
From chains and darkness, with delivering might  
Of truth, and love, and holiness, and right,  
I set my children free. I fill the air  
With sovereign beauty. Souls divinely fair  
I set, like stars, earth's mental dome above.  
They shine, and sing, and tell my boundless love.

'Tis thus through hearts where all the graces reign,  
THE FATHER speaks. The stately Angel train  
Repeat the holy utterance to mankind—

Man, wake thee from thy slumber, rise and find  
Celestial angels whispering at thy gate.  
'They come, attended by the Spirits great,  
By all the pure and heavenly sons of time.  
All have one heart—inspired by Love Divine.

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## THE CHALICE OF TEARS.

"I BRING for thee the Cup of Tears,  
Filled from a thousand weeping eyes ;  
The anguish of uncounted years  
Within the goblet lies.

"Drink, drink the cup of death and pain,  
Seek not the untasted cup to flee ;  
'Twill ope the inner life again,  
And make thy spirit free."

Thus the veiled Angel of the Night  
Spoke through the dense and awful gloom,  
Deathlike, appearing to my sight  
In garments of the tomb.

"Give me to drink the Cup of Death,"  
Shuddering, yet inly strong, I cried.  
I seized, and with suspended breath  
Indrew the deadly tide.

Then time and space, like mist, uprose  
From the great Landscape of the Skies.  
Morn opened like a crimson rose  
Upon my Spirit-eyes.

Swift as a winged thought I clave  
The glowing ether, unconcealed  
By earth-born shades of death or grave,  
The heavens were now revealed

"Drink, drink again," the Angel said ;  
"Thy inner vision opes apace."  
I drank. The heavens around me spread  
Grew bright from God's own face.

Oh, Cup of Grief! oh, Cup of Tears!  
Filled from a thousand weeping eyes,  
The glory of celestial years  
Within the goblet lies.



## A STORY FOR CRITICS.

I HEARD a critic Fly

Discourse, and wisely criticise the sky ;  
Because, of course, it was not to *his* liking.  
He flew along and found some ants a-fighting,  
And, sapient, to the ants spoke words like this .

“ If you and I

Had had a voice in making up that sky,  
Instead of building up a great abyss,  
Where heavens are piled on heavens,  
And all things numbered in a scale of sevens,

And all our ant-hills quite  
Forgotten in the maze of stellar light,

And even lofty man  
Inferior made to Him who formed the plan,  
We would have builded on a different scale,  
Or, seeing the wonder, told another tale.  
Surely God built yon ever-rolling skies  
To serve the purposes of ants and flies,  
And whatsoever ants and flies deny,  
Hath no existence in the earth and sky.”

An Eagle and a Lion passed that way,  
And, seeing them, the Fly went on to say :  
“ Yon Eagle is a well-developed fly,  
And ants compose that Lion's ancestry ;  
Angels themselves are flies of larger stature,  
And God an ant of infinite high nature,  
Who shapes the ant-hill of the heavens where dwell  
The full-fledged antlings who have left the shell.

“ Men say Truth lies in books. This I disprove.  
Truth never rests. No book did ever move  
(Except when carried). Thus the human fable  
Of truth in books is laid upon the table ;  
Nay, tell no fly that truth dwells in a page  
That flies and ants in their superior rage  
Can bite and scratch, and quite efface the letters—  
Ant-reason spurns such superstitious fetters.”

I passed that way  
Upon another day,  
But Ant and Fly were gone,  
And the supernal heaven still shining on.

The critic race of men,  
Who think, with ink-drops shed from out a pen,  
To blot out Truth, run their ephemeral race,  
And pass like ants and flies from the creation's face.

## A VISION OF THE INFINITE.

This Poem was dictated while Br. H. was in a trance, which occurred shortly before his departure for the South.

I SAW in sleep a Form sublime ;  
Above Him shone a light divine ;  
He sat upon the rising sun,  
As on a throne of Spirit-fire ;  
In his left hand He held a lyre,  
And with his right he played thereon  
The hymn of ages yet to be.

Mightier than Jove or Saturn old,  
Elder than old eternity,  
God ! the Divine Humanity !  
Appeared, and from His thought outrolled  
The mighty anthem, and His brow,  
Calm in its ever-conscious Now,  
Was like a sun of mind whose rays  
Illumed the Spirit-universe.  
I looked and listened in amaze,  
For Life was in that epic verse,  
And every note an orb of souls.

I trembled, as, when thunder rolls  
From heaven, the earth and air and sea  
Respond and vibrate audibly.  
My nature blossomed like a tree  
That wakens into summer bloom—  
I rose from out the body's tomb ;  
My arms out-moved like wings of flame ;  
My soul's interior form became  
A white-winged Angel. I ascended  
And stood upon the upper deep,  
Where space in God's own thought is ended.  
I saw and felt the fire-waves leap  
Around my path like living things ;  
The vault above was formed of rings,  
Or circles of concentric spheres.

An Angel said, " Dismiss thy fears ;  
Thou standest now, through heaven-lit grace,  
Where angels rise to see God's face ;  
And when thou dost to earth return,  
The vision in thy heart shall burn,  
Consuming every low desire,  
Till, like this sea of heaven-lit fire,  
Heart, mind, and life shall all aspire,  
And, burning through the gloom of night,  
Thy speech unfold the Infinite!"

I wakened from my trance, but still

I felt the inspiring glory fill  
 My inmost essence. Tell me not  
 Of earthly joy; there is no spot  
 In all the world where joy is given  
 Like that the soul may find in heaven.

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"STAR ISLANDS."

[Poem of Three Unknown Star Islands; being an extract from "An Epic of the Sun."]

The following Poem originated, in the external, under these circumstances: Br. H., in company with Mr. S. E. Brownell, called at the residence of a friend in this vicinity shortly before his departure for New Orleans, and while seated in the family circle, in conversation, was observed to become incapable of natural speech or vision. In a few minutes he became entranced, and while in this condition dictated the entire Poem, with as much rapidity as was compatible with the pen of the scribe. The title was also given, at its conclusion, in the same manner. It is needless, perhaps, to add, that it is published as delivered, our copy being a verbatim transcript from the MS of Mr. Brownell, who acted as amanuensis on the occasion:

SLOWLY ascended in the East  
 A Planet vast upon my view;  
 All outward thought and motion ceased,  
 I rose. My spirit flew,

As flies a soul attracted home.  
Strange lights, like lamps, around me shone—  
Those lamps were Spirits moving on.

Through a dense grove of firs I passed ;  
A torrent rolled, tumultuous, vast,  
And black as night beneath my way ;  
Above, the clouds, without a ray  
Within them, whirled as if they were  
Dense vapors from a sepulcher ;  
The air was thick ; it seemed to be  
Exhaled from out the Land of Death.

The charm, the joy, the ecstasy,  
The glow, the smile, the breath,  
The beating heart, the kindling brain  
Departed, and I felt the chain,  
The evil, the terror, the despair  
That souls in slavery's darkness wear.

My spirit gradual rose above  
This gloomy entrance. Suddenly  
A new-born splendor broke on me.

A voice said, " Oh, thou Love,  
Thou Child of Melody and Grace,  
Come, rise, traverse yon brightening space ;  
Eastward direct thy flight afar,  
Thou satellite of Christ ! There are  
Three worlds unknown to mortal men ;  
Each, like a Spirit fair and young,

Glistens the heavenly hosts among.  
 Take thou this Spirit-diadem,  
 And place it on thine angel brow ;  
 It will thy inner mind endow  
 With wisdom kindred unto theirs.

" Each Orb a different glory wears ;  
 The first is like the human brain,  
     Circled with atmospheres like snow.  
 The second, wrapt in crimson flame,  
     Throbs with a living glow,  
 As if it were a human heart,  
 Love's emblem and its counterpart.  
 The third's a globe of whitest pearl,  
 Like the white bosom of a girl—  
 The new-born Eve of Paradise.  
 These Planets are like melodies ;  
 In structure three, in essence one,  
 Farthest in orbit from the sun,  
 Yet nearest like of all the stars  
 To him. They are like burning cars  
 Or chariots drawn by flaming steeds,  
 Through the far-distant, circling meads  
 Of solar space. They are so bright,  
 Their fire consumes the dust of night,  
 And changes it to Spirit-flame.

" In ancient times a Spirit came

From one of these, and smote the flood  
Of Egypt, and it turned to blood;  
And he shall come again and smite  
Siberian snows with wand of might,  
And scatter flowers where death prevails,  
O'er dreary Iceland's arctic vales,  
And all those wintry wastes shall bloom  
Fair as the Tropic Isles, and cast  
Rose-clouds of music and perfume  
Upon the southern blast."



## MUSIC FROM THE SKIES.

The following stanzas originated in this wise. On Saturday, Jan. 14, while on board a steamer on the Alabama River, on my journey from Montgomery, Ala., to New Orleans, I suddenly became conscious of a peculiar vibration in the cardiacal region, at first like distant music, which was so powerful as to drown all sensation of the various discords around me, occasioned by the jarring motion of the vessel, and by the clamor of its two hundred passengers. After a moment the music formed itself into words, which appeared to echo in my mind, and the strain was repeated with exquisite modulations of harmony during the few moments which elapsed while I was transcribing them into an external form.

MUSIC o'er the waters, gliding  
Through the twilight, come to me;  
Tell me of the Loved, abiding  
In the Golden Isléd Sea!  
Dreamily, O dreamily  
Sang the music through my soul.  
Yielding to its deep control,  
All its voices flowed through me.

"Yes! I'll tell of souls abiding  
On the Golden Isléd Sea!"  
Spake that fairy music, gliding

From the Twilight Land to me.  
Dreamily, O dreamily  
Sang the music through my soul.  
Yielding to its pure control,  
Heavenly voices flowed through me.

Through that fairy music, gliding  
From the Golden Isléd Sea,  
Loved ones, in the heavens abiding,  
All the twilight sang to me.  
Dreamily, O dreamily  
Flowed their music through my soul.  
Yielding to their sweet control,  
All their voices flowed through me.

Now their Angel forms came gliding  
Through the love-light unto me—  
Lovely forms they wear, abiding  
On the Golden Isléd Sea.  
Dreamily, O dreamily  
Shining, singing through my soul.  
Feeling Love's divine control,  
Heaven itself came down to me.

Through my bosom silence gliding  
From their Golden Isléd Sea,  
Loved ones, in the heavens abiding,  
All the day sing on for me,

Dreamily, O dreamily  
Singing ever through my soul,  
And I feel their sweet control.—  
Evermore they dwell with me.

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## ODE TO THE SOUTH WIND.

*Dictated from the State of Interior Illumination.*

SPIRIT, who dwellest where the Summer smiles  
Upon a thousand Isles,  
And opes her azure-lidded eyes to gaze  
Through cloudless ether on the golden maze  
Of constellations, moving through the sky  
In the swift circles of eternity ;—  
Spirit, who movest with thy viewless breath  
The sultry vail of death  
From the parched ocean, that, unmoved, expands  
Like a red waste of sands,  
Where ships, becalmed, lie moveless like the dead  
Or dying camels of the Nubian lands ;—

Swift, dew-lipped Wanderer, thou art to me  
Most welcome, coming as thou dost from far  
With secret ministries. Thy breathings are  
Filled with the essence of all poetry,  
The joy of all religion. Silently  
Thou hoverest, with viewless wings outspread,  
O'er the wide landscape. Flowers that drooped unfed  
Open their dying eyes, and, looking up,  
Drink life from thee. Thou fillest every cup  
With honey-dew. Thou comest, and thy kiss  
Wakens the Spirit of the Wilderness,  
And she comes forth to greet thee, riding on  
Her panther, like a beauteous Amazon  
Whose spear is tipped with lightning, and whose arrows  
Sharp as the morning star, whose brightness narrows  
Into a single point, and through the air  
Flies from the sun. With locks of tangled hair  
That wildly stream upon her shoulders bare,  
Strong Spirit, beautiful and mild and proud,  
She flies to greet thee. Like a smile that quivers  
On Youth's enamored lip, when from afar  
Love dawns upon him, throned upon her star,  
The languid Earth receives thee. Thou to her  
Descendest like a youthful Emperor  
Scattering sweet odors from his rustling robes.  
Thou bringest her, from far celestial globes,  
Sweet perfumes tongued with music, halcyon gales  
That sing immortal songs, like deathless nightingales,

And wake the bosom of her quiet sea.—  
Sweet Spirit of the South Wind! hail to thee!

Thou comest like a youthful Shepherd Boy  
Filling the air with carolings of joy  
From the Celestial Mountains. Thrillingly  
The glad airs tremble at thy minstrelsy.  
O, Presence! dear and glorious and blest,  
What troops of melodies within thy breast  
Dance to the music of thy heart's delight!—  
Thou twinest round the forehead of the Night  
A veil of odors, musical and rare.  
Silence and Song alike thy praise declare.

The Spirit of the North Wind bows before  
Thy gentle coming. Regions bleak and froze,  
Where Winter sat, turning the Earth to stone,  
Making the ice-bound forests creak and groan,  
Murdering the hapless Dryads in their groves,—  
Thrill with sweet life. Thy genial breath removes  
From earth and sea their fetters. Thou dost break  
His icy coffin, and from sleep awake  
The Genius of the Spring. He at thy breath  
Rises like young Adonis. From their death  
Thou wakenest all the germs of living things.  
Thou wreathest lilies o'er the water springs.  
The crocus, hyacinth, and snowdrop bloom  
In the trim gardens, and a faint perfume

Rises like incense. Troops of daffodils  
Wave brightening in the sunshine. O'er the hills  
Thou scatterest daisies, and in meadows low  
    Bidd'st the sweet violets blow.  
Joy! joy, O, Spirit! thou whose bright career  
Is one perpetual triumph over fear  
And death and sorrow. Speed thee on thy way.  
Hark! from her prison-house of snows young May  
Cries for deliverance. Break the icy bars,  
Give to the flowers their Queen, thou child of Southern stars.

In the Arcadian heavens where Beauty smiles  
    Forever, in the isles  
Of the Immortals, tropical and vast,  
Far to the South, where snow-white mountains cast  
Transparent, milky shadows, tremulous,  
And Spirits, over death victorious,  
On thrones of alabaster sit supreme,  
And LOVE DIVINE shines like a sun, whose gleam  
Of undulating splendor fills the sphere  
With visioned forms of beauty, which appear  
With every change more glorious; thou wert born,  
O, Spirit of the South Wind, when young Morn  
Herself awoke; and thou wert cradled where  
The undulating bosom of the air  
Is tremulous with love. Thou did'st receive  
Thy swiftness where inspired celestials breathe  
Their hearts away in tenderness divine.

Thy wings were energized with strength sublime  
Where all the rustling airs their plumes unfold,  
Within that shrine of crystal and of gold  
Where thoughts originate, where Wisdom, bright  
With the clear vision of the Infinite,  
Utters the secrets of eternal truth.  
Joy taught thee music. Thy immortal youth  
Is older than the Himalayan snow.  
From land to land like morning thou dost go,  
A floating Benediction, from thy mouth  
Breathing delight, O, Spirit of the South!

Before thy gentle breath the thunders die.  
Thou whisperest, and the lightnings harmlessly  
Dance in the golden zenith. Thou dost tame  
The angry sea. Far o'er the levee main,  
As on a floor of sapphire, thou dost pass.—  
Now thou art gone, Wind of the South! alas!  
My heart forgets its music, and the spell  
Of song is broken. Spirit sweet, farewell!

NEW ORLEANS, *February*, 1854.

## THE BEAUTIFUL IN HEAVEN.

The following Poem was obtained in a manner similar to the little song entitled, "Music o'er the waters gliding," received while on the Alabama River, and from the same source. It was given me to perceive that the music flowed from a choir of celestial women pervaded by the affection of conjugal love.

MUSIC o'er the waters gliding  
From Love's golden isled sea,  
Thou art come once more to me.  
Loved Ones, in the skies abiding,  
Sing another melody.

Of the Beautiful in Heaven  
Wouldst thou hear? Wouldst thou know?  
Hark! 'tis to thy spirit given,  
Given, given!  
Hear celestial music flow.—  
They are where the lilies blow  
In Heaven's golden morning-glow,  
And sweet roses all the year  
In their bridal bloom appear,  
Flowering through Love's endless year.—  
Listen, Dear.



Of the Beautiful in Heaven

Wouldst thou sing to souls below ?

To our blended voices listen.

Are we blessed ? Listen, listen, even so,

Where the red love-lilies blow,

In Heaven's crystal summer-glow,

All the joy-encircled year,

We in bridal bloom appear

All the endless marriage year.

Listen, Dear.

Of the Beautiful in Heaven

Wouldst thou seek, their joy to know,

Bearing it to bosoms riven,

Riven, riven ?—

Tell the fond, true hearts below,

“Where the white love-lilies blow,

In Heaven's golden morning-glow,

Hearts of Love, to Angels near,

Crowned with roses shall appear,

Blooming through Heaven's bridal year.—

Listen, Dear.”

So, amid the Southern roses,

To this haunted breast of mine,

That in heavenly love reposes,

Came sweet music from the clime

Of the Beautiful in Heaven ;

And I heard the melody  
Sung by Angels, and 'twas given  
From their golden isled sea.

NEW ORLEANS, *Feb.* 8, 1854.

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A DREAM OF EXILE.

OUT from our Paradise we passed,  
My weeping love and I ;  
Dark fell the night, chill swept the blast,  
No light was in the sky,  
But on before an Angel vast  
Swept grand and mightily.

Like a vast organ, all the air  
Throbbled through the darkness lone ;  
The silent stars were tranced in prayer,  
But earth could only moan ;  
Her rains were icy with despair,  
Her soul forsook its throne.

Now fell the red, electric showers ;  
    We saw that spirit-flame  
Consume lost Eden's groves and bowers ;  
    Its vast interior fane,  
With diamond walls and amber towers,  
    Exhaled to heaven again.

Tranced in that fearful dream we spent  
    The waste and solemn night.  
At morn the mental spell was rent—  
    We woke in drear affright ;  
The flames their arrowy shafts had spent,  
    And,—Eden fled from sight ;

But in its place a quiet glade  
    Where tender grass upgrew :  
The sky, where angel lights had played,  
    Bent cold and calm and blue ;  
Shuddering and faint at heart we strayed  
    The haunted valley through ;

Till weary and forlorn we came  
    To where we first were wed ;  
And then I said, " Thou dost remain,  
    Sweet Eve,—all else is fled—  
Thou lovest on, in love the same,  
    And I am comforted."

ALABAMA RIVER, Jan. 9, 1854.

## BREATHINGS OF THE INFINITE.

"TELL me what is Inspiration?"  
Once I heard an angel cry;  
And a Spirit made reply,  
"'Tis the breath of Deity;  
'Tis the rising of the sun;  
'Tis the blooming of the soul;  
'Tis man's normal life begun!  
Where the sea-like fables roll,  
Many walks forth and saith, 'be still';  
And they calm beneath his feet,  
And entranced he standeth till  
All his spirit is the seat  
Of the order that obtains  
Where the crowned Eternal reigns."  
Thus the Spirit made reply  
Passing in his glory by.

Louder, loftier through creation  
Thrilled that angel voice afar—  
"Tell me what is Inspiration?"  
Then from out a distant star

Came a loud, harmonious voice,  
" 'Tis a crown of Spirit-fire  
Garlanded by God's own hand ;  
'Tis an utterance clear and grand  
Wafted from His seven-fold lyre ;  
'Tis the poetry of God  
Breathed through mortal instrument ;  
'Tis the angel in the tent  
Quickening man, that sleeping clod,  
Straining in divine embrace  
Earthly form to heavenly face ;  
'Tis the rushing of the wind  
When the Infinite draws nigh ;  
'Tis the effluence of the mind  
Of the one Divinity !"

Thus that second angel sang,  
And I heard the stars rejoice.

" Tell me what is Inspiration ?"  
Loud and clear the echo rang  
Once again ; then calm and still  
Came the Spirit of a thought  
Never yet in words outwrought ;  
And it stood with face uplifted,  
And it answered, " What is man ?  
What is man ?" A spirit gifted,  
All God's uttered thoughts to scan.  
Wheresoe'er the worlds are drifted

O'er the ocean tides of space,  
Man, the Spirit, lifts his face  
With the immortal splendor burning  
To the Eternal Father turning,  
Seeking from the Father's mind  
Wisdom deathless, unconfined.  
And the Father, drawing near,  
Fills the soul's calm atmosphere,  
And the diamond orb of mind,  
With the breathings of a wind,  
Redolent of harmonies,  
Quickening man with ecstasies  
Of divinest love, that thrill  
All the hidden founts of will.  
Love is Inspiration's child  
Wed to Faith, the undefiled,  
And the twain in Eden dwell,  
Watching there Truth's living well.

*March 30, 1854.*

## THE CAPTIVE FREE.

The young man whose happy entrance into immortal life is shadowed forth in the ensuing Poem, departed into that exalted existence from an obscure cell in a Neapolitan prison. During his external career he thought freely and acted nobly. He suffered imprisonment at the hands of the present despotic king of Naples, where he left the chains of despotism and mortality but a few weeks since.

“TAKE off those tattered garments. Haste and bring  
Celestial raiment. Sing, sweet Lyra, sing.

The earth-child from the darkness, the decay,  
The agony, the terror bear away.

He fell asleep within the dungeon cell,  
His broken heart beat heavily to rest,  
But he shall wake a new-born angel, drest  
In kingly glory, where the angels dwell.

“Haste, gather blossoms fed by honey dew,  
Now fallen from lips of lovers kind and true,  
And wreath for him Life’s fresh-blown coronal.  
Sweet Zara, pluck the new-born asphodels  
And fragrant-scented jasmines, in the dells  
Of deep Elysium hid from sight. Distill

Their fragrance into unguents ; bathe his brow  
With purest dews from summer-shaken bough,  
That he may wake transfigured. At his feet  
Place golden lilies. Waking he shall greet  
Their sweet bloom lovingly.—Now stand away.—  
Brother, arise !”—

He wakes. The twinkling ray  
New fallen from the Guardian Angel's face,  
Fills with immortal light the holy place,  
And all the aromatic sphere ere long  
Pervades his bosom. From afar the song  
Of thousand thousand angels floats to him.  
Mists of delight his waking eyes bedim.  
Sweet bubbling tones, as if a waterfall,  
Began to speak, articulate, rise and fall,  
Thrilling at last to blessed speech complete.  
He wakes ! His eyes the golden lily meet ;  
He sees it blooming ;—looks amazed, and tries,  
With hand upon his forehead, and with sighs,  
To call himself to consciousness. He stands  
Erect. He looks above ; he feels no bands.  
He sees, entranced, the angel-peopled sky  
Above him vast.—He whispers, “ Where am I ? ”  
“ Is this a dream ? fade not, O Dream divine !  
Still linger.”—“ 'Tis no dream, sweet Brother mine,”  
The fairest, rosiest Spirit drawing near  
Whispers : “ 'Tis Heaven, and thou art welcome here.”



## THE ASCENDED POET.

"TEMPLES not made with hands,  
In heaven's far, golden lands,  
Rise, thronged with angel bands  
Of the Ascended.

Stars of the Soul, that shine  
O'er the dim cope of Time,  
Be your calm life with mine  
Deathlessly blended.

"Souls of great Poets gone,  
Whom God hath breathed upon,  
Speeding in glory on,  
Upward forever,  
Bidding the world adieu,  
Breathless I fly to you ;  
Shine on my longing view,  
Aid my endeavor."

Thus in his turret dim,  
Watching the bright stars swim,  
Chanting his vesper hymn,  
Fair as a maiden,  
Death found a Poet young,  
Whose life-song paused unsung,

Like music on the tongue  
By love o'erladen.

Gently he soared away,  
Led by a wingéd ray,  
Into Life's inner day,  
Angels before him.  
Space, like a morning mist,  
By the swift Sunrise kissed  
To cloudless amethyst,  
Vanished from o'er him.

Bathed in celestial balms,  
Tranced in untroubled calms,  
As saints who pray with palms  
Crossed in sweet slumbers,  
Found they the Poet dead,  
And, full of awe, they said,  
Came from the stars o'erhead  
Mystical numbers.

"Joy! for a Soul of Fire  
Joins our angelic choir.  
Sweep, sweep the mighty lyre,  
Haste to receive him;  
Free him from Earth's alarms,  
Greet him with fairest charms,  
In Love's immortal arms  
Deathlessly wreath him."

*May, 1854.*